THE Considerations OF *DREXELIUS* UPON DEATH.

For *Well*, *Sick*, and *Dying Persons.*

Done into English *by a* Fellow *of the* Royal Society.

LONDON:

Printed by *S. Bridge*, for *H. Walwyn*, at the *Three Legs* in the *Poultrey*, over against the *Stocks Market*. 1699.

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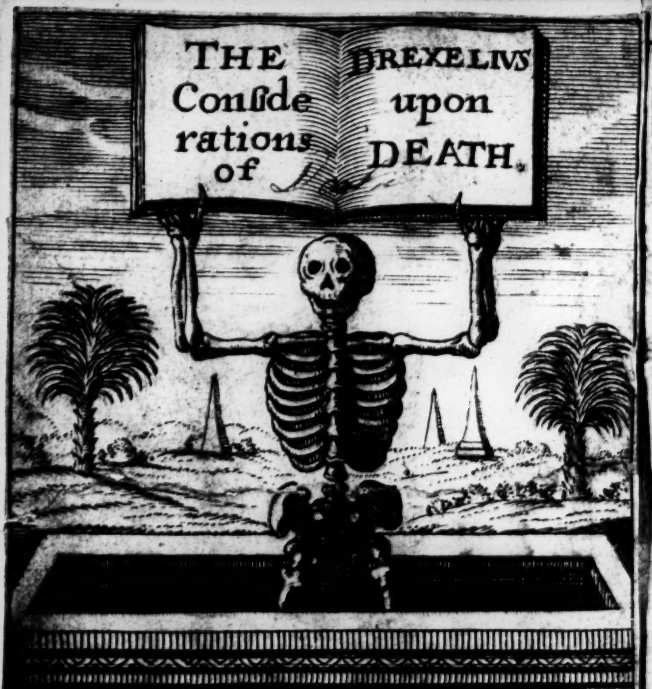

Many Shapes
Hath Death, & many are ye ways that lead
To his Grim Cave, all Dismal, yet to sense
More terrible at ye Entrance than within.
Miltons P. Lost. l. XI

F.H. Van. Hove. sculp:

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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THE BRITISH MUSEUM

A translation of
"Aeternitatis prodromus
mortis nuntius"

TO THE
Right Worſhipful
Sir *James Houblon*, Kt.
ALDERMAN
OF THE
City of *LONDON*,
AND
One of their Repreſentatives
IN
PARLIAMENT.

THIS *Tranſlation of* Drexelius *is Humbly Dedicated by*,

SIR,

Your Worſhip's
Devoted Servant,

A translation of
"Aeternitatis prodromus
mortis nuntius"

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SIR,

Your Worſhip's
Devoted Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

I *Know no Buſineſs I have to do in a* Preface, *unleſs it be to acquaint the* Reader, *That I think my ſelf not at all oblig'd to make Excuſes for this Undertaking. For* Death *has been long ſince in* Engliſh; *and* Mortality *is to be read in* Characters, *that grow daily more and more legible. Yet hath not any Man (that I know of) before me, took ſo much notice of it, as to put into the ſame Tongue theſe* Conſiderations *thereupon: Which is Apology enough for my Performance. For altho the common Tendency of* Mortal Nature *towards its Final Diſſolution, were ſufficient one would think to awaken the* Human Part of it *into* Conſiderations *of approaching* Death; *Yet, ſuch are the wretched diſpoſitions of* Men, *that they Chuſe to fall* backwards

backwards *into the Grave, with their* Hearts *and* Affections, *as well as* Faces, *ſet upon the preſent Life. To Correct which unhappy* Bias, *No one hath more effectually endeavour'd than the Divine* Drexelius. *Nor hath any Man, that ever I met with, ſo well accommodated* Thoughts *to General* Uſe; *Which I am the more poſitive in Aſſerting, becauſe I find my ſelf confirmed in this Opinion by many of the Greateſt Writers of our Nation, who have freely adopted into their moſt celebrated* Pieces *numberleſs Paſſages out of the following* Book. *Particularly the Learned Biſhop of* Down *and* Conner, *in his excellent Treatiſes of* Holy living and Dying, *and in moſt of his* Works, *hath ingenuouſly preferred theſe Thoughts of* Drexelius *to his own, by placing them in their ſtead. And indeed it is* Drexelius's *own method; who the more to enforce his Conſiderations, firſt ſtrengthens them as he goes with the Opinions of the Antient* Philoſophers *and* Fathers, *and then Illuſtrates them with pertinent* Examples: *ſtill mixing* Hiſtory *with* Divinity: *Well knowing, that the Generality of Minds are more attracted with the* Delight *of the* one, *than the* Uſe *of the* other; *which therefore he works into ſo happy a Compoſition, that they are betray'd into Religion at unawares. For while they Greedily take in the*

Remarkable Inſtances, *they are obliged to Remember the Introducing Senſe, in order to have the ſtories at the beſt Advantage: By which means his Doctrine is to the Reader* Matter of Fact, *and carries along with it irreſiſtable Conviction, to any Man that will but Ingeniouſly apply it. But I leave* Drexelius *to ſpeak for himſelf about the occaſion of his undertaking this* ſubject, *which you will ſee in the* Introduction; *To the which I the rather referr you, becauſe the* Reaſons *he there gives hold good ſtill, and ſpeaks as well for the* Tranſlator *as the Author. Theſe* Conſiderations *on* DEATH *do Naturally go before his others on* ETERNITY, *Although thoſe were firſt in* Engliſh, *But I will not Anticipate thy Judgment, by telling thee they go beyond them in Performance, as well as in Natural Order.* May we all compaſs a happy Death; and we cannot fail of the Bleſſing of Eternity. *Which that we may the better effect,* Drexelius *hath as it were put a Bell about the Neck of our Devourer, and watches his ſteps ſo narrowly, that he cannot ſtir towards his* Prey, *without our notice of his Approach. So that he is happily made to Circumvent himſelf; And when he thinks to throw us rudely into the* Grave, *doth kindly put us to* Bed. *For here we have Warning before-hand, and may, if we pleaſe, be undreſs'd againſt his Coming. The*

Well

To the Reader.

Well *are taught how to bear* Sickneſs *with Comfort: The* Sick *how to* die *in hope: And the* Dying *how to commence a Joyful* Immortality. *All men may here furniſh themſelves with a ſet of Thoughts ſuitable to their mortal Circumſtances: And that in a* Method *ſo memorable, in a* Style *ſo friendly, and in* Senſe *ſo touching, that I cannot but hope for an Abundant Harveſt from Seed ſo Judiciouſly as well as Charitably ſown.*

To the *READER*,

Upon the following Considerations of Drexelius *upon Death.*

WE are, my *Friend*, alas we are all afloat
On a rough *Stream*, and in a crazy *Boat*:
Our *Bodies* are too ſlender and too weak
To bear this load of *Life*; they'll wreck, they'll wreck,
Or over-turn, or ſpring a mortal Leak.
And yet we 're hurried on a pace to *Sea*,
To the wide Ocean of *Eternity*: (*Shore*,
Which knows no Bottom, and diſowns a
And laughs at the vain Effort of an *Oar*.
Then if we *Work* at all it muſt be *here*;
TIME we ſhould *Navigate*, and learn to *ſteer*,
And ſhift the flying Sails of *Hope* and *Fear*.
With *Skill* and *Labour* we may reach the Coaſt,
Perhaps, before the ſhatter'd *Veſſel*'s loſt:
Or if it ſinks within the ſight of *Land*,
Some *Friend* on t'other ſide may lend a hand.
A very dangerous Road 'tis true we have,
And a dark Entry to go thro the *Grave*;

But

But here's a *Pilot*, uſe him, he'll not fail
To turn to thy Advantage every *Gale*.
Tho' the *Sky* thickens, and the *Winds* increaſe,
And rowling *Billows* drive thee to the *Seas*,
Thou ſhalt triumphant ride o'er every *Wave*
And deſcend eaſie to a peaceful *Grave*.
Oh then take *his* Adviſe, for thou muſt *go*,
And 'tis a horrid Gulph you muſt paſs through.
When all the toſſings of the *Flood* are o'er,
And you ſhall need to laſh the *Waves* no more,
But are arrived at the Eternal *Door*,
Let me not ſee thee then look back, and *pale*,
Thy *Soul* ſtand ſhivering, and thy Courage fail.
Thy Sorrow and Concern is then too late,
You muſt plunge in, and bear your endleſs *Fate*.

W. H.

Ad Mortem; *&* Drexelium
Carmen Sapphicum.

Pulchra ſalvebis *Dea*; pulchra ſalve,
Millies ſalve Libitina pulchra!
Grata curarum requies, laborum
Dulce levamen!

Qui tuum, dudum trepidante turpi
Præ metu audivi, reſipiſco demum, &
Corde diverſo ſaliente motu
Audio nomen.

Te nihil majus meliúsve noſtro
Dí benigni unquam generi dederunt;
Te ſacri cultûs bijuges tulerunt
Munera fratres.

Anxiæ vitæ vacuos labores,
Et feros luctûs recolens, mihi vix
Tempero quin præripiam Deorum.
Optima dona.

Quod vocant *Mortem*, mihi vera *Vita* eſt.
Hoc mihi *Mors*, *Vivere Suſtinere*;
Drexeli hanc *Mortem* tolerare monſtra,
Haud moror illam.

R. A.

on.

On the Conſiderations of Drexelius *upon* Death.

Death, how I love thee! Give me one Embrace, (Caſe:
Claſp thy kind Arms around my brittle
Thy Chaſt Careſſes *Bleſſedneſs* beget,
For which in vain we labouring *Mortals* ſweat
In life's dull Courſe, in vain for it we ſtrive;
He all his *Hopes* and *Happineſs* Survives,
Who ſeeks it not in *Thee*: To thee I come,
Quite ſick of Life, O make a little Room
In thy ſick *Hoſpital*; A *Tomb*, a *Tomb*,
Or Elſe I *Die*; I mean or elſe I *Live*
In a *Dead* World, which can no ſolace give.
My *Mind's* on t'other ſide, I'd be above,
I'd fly thro' the back Door of thy *Alcove*
Unmiſs'd: Then prithee *Death*, but let me go,
The *World* is *buſie*, and it would not know
Of my Eſcape.
I would not *tamper* with the Fatal *Lock*,
Nor pick the *Wards* of *Life*, I do but knock;
Wil't thou not Hear? Well I have met with *One*
Will ſhew the *Way*, and get the Buſineſs Done.
Lead on *Drexelius*, I'll thy ſteps purſue,
Thy ſteps I know are *ſure*, thy Counſel *true*;
Here is my Hand, I'll follow thee to *Death*,
And run along till I am out of *Breath*.

T. N.

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Con-

The Explanation of the Emblem.

A THO' Death *with drowsie Eyes does wink at* Health,
And lets you live a little while by stealth;
Yet he'll awake, and vext at past delay,
Snatch you with sad surprizing haste away.

B *The* Healthy Man *leads on the wanton Dance;*
Th'unable Sick *are by that kind Mischance*
Detain'd from Ill ——

C *Over the* Well *strong Appetite prevails,*
Whose Gluttony devours the shower of Quails.

D Zephir *with smiles the infant Spring betrays,* (*did raise;*
And strait deserts what his warm breath
For tho' he strews the naked Earth with Flowers,
Another Wind *the fragrant Crop devours,*
Within the compass of few treach'rous hours,
Nature *again does her* dead *Issue mourn,*
And Grieves *and* Joys, *and* Joys *and* Grieves *by turn.*

E *And* Phebus *too affected with* her *Case,*
Now shows, and now agen in Clouds conceals his Face.

F *The* healthy Man *it is, just Rules defies,*
A stubborn Ram *to* Virtue, *soft to* Vice.

G They *jocund Madmen sport themselves the* while, (*guile;*
As if they thought they could the Grave *be-*
Fools on that While *Eternity depends.*
Oh! then with Sickness *and with* Death *befriends.*

F. H. van. Hove. sculp

Conſiderations
UPON
DEATH,
Recommended to ſuch as are in
HEALTH.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

The Introduction.

MANY have written Conſolations for Sickneſs and Death: which is alſo my Deſign. But they are ſo far from deterring, that they animate me to Write. Some (with Sub-

miſſion) are too tedious, and tire the ſick and crazy Perſon with infinite Inſtructions. Others, not ſo forgetful of Brevity as Order, write too conciſe and obſcure. They had better have left off while it was well, as *Apelles* ſhould have done by *Protogenes*. Others have Diſcourſed excellently well (as I may ſay) but not practically enough. In other things we admire the Theory, in this the Practice is to be prefer'd; and we muſt produce Deeds for Words. Some accoſt the ſick or dying Perſon with nothing but meer Dreads and Terrors, and kill them even while they're dying. Well, my Reader, I know thy mind; thou would'ſt be equip'd for Death as cheap as may be. I'll try to fit thee. I'll *Briefly*, *Orderly*, and *Pleaſantly* conduct thee to the Port of *Death*, ſo that thou ſhalt ſcarce perceive, that thou art brought thither. *Briefly*, indeed; for I write a *Breviary*, not a large Volume; a *Manual*, that may be always at hand. As for the *Order*, not a preciſe exquiſite, but a familiar one. There is Order in a Way that hath turnings and windings in it, if they be delightful ones. *Pleaſantly*, not ſingly by Scripture, but with a contexture of Verſes, and Epigrams apt to the Purpoſe. It's requiſite

Plin. l. 35. *c.* 38. *poſt init.*

requiſite that the depreſſing Melancholy ſubject be allay'd with a more elevated Style, and not unpleaſant. I thought fit to tell thee this before hand.

CHAP. II.

Of the daily Remembrance of Death.

HE's a happy Man, who always, and in all places ſo lives, as though he daily ſpent his laſt Day, never more to return. *Epictetus* wiſely ſaid, *Let Death and Baniſhment, and whatſoever are accounted Evils be daily in your eyes; But above all Death, and you will never think of any thing baſe, nor anxiouſly covet any thing.* *Epictet. Enchir. c. 28.*

Miſerable Men! why do ye project ſuch long hopes? enter upon ſuch cumberſome Affairs? It may be to morrow you will be Duſt and Aſhes. O Man! tread warily, *Death* hovers over all our Heads, and with a vigilant and impatient Eye, watches for the lateſt Sands of our vital Hour-glaſs, and doſt not thou expect it?

Ortum quicquid habet, finem timet;
Ibimus omnes,
Ibimus; immenſis urnam quatit Æacus umbris.

What had beginning, muſt an ending know,
And we began, *and therefore we muſt* go.
Death holds our Glaſs in his cold paſſied hand,
And with inceſſant ſhaking waſts the Sand.

Neither is any *Age* exempt from Death. At our very Birth we become Tributaries and Stipendiaries of Death.

——— *cum tremuli ſeſe oculi exerunt*
Primævamque avidi percipiunt diem.
On the firſt day, when our new wakened ſight
Breaks through the eyes, which trembling view the Light.

Then we begin to die. The ſame Death that ſeized her Maid, aſſaults the Queen. Therefore,

Horat. l. 1. Epiſt. 4. *Omnem crede diem, tibi diluxiſſe ſupremum.*
Count every Day thy laſt.

Say every Evening; *To day I ſtand at the Gate of Eternity.*

CHAP. III.

The Remembrance of Death *a Sovereign Antidote againſt Sin.*

THE ſerious Meditation of *Death* expels all ſenſe of Pleaſure, and makes Honey Gall. The expectation of impending *Death*, ſuffers us not, ſaith *Chriſoſtom*,

ſtom, to reliſh the Pleaſure we have in our Hands. And what won't *Death* do, if we ſurvey not only its Fingers and Beard, but its whole Body too? It ſpares no Age nor Quality. One dies a Youth, another an Infant, another an old Man. One falls by the Sword, another by Poiſon, or a Fall; one's drowned by the dropping of a Spout, another by a Shower, another by a Storm and Floods, and this is Thunder-ſtruck. Among ſo various, dubious, and ſudden Accidents what ſecurity is there? What Stomach to ſin at ſuch Uncertainties? why ſo? Becauſe we are daily dying. Look upon the Hour-Glaſs, the Antient one of Water, or the Modern of Sand; Is not the upper part emptied, the lower part fill'd? Think the ſame of Life: Something falls from it every moment; the preſent Time ſteals away, and flies ſomewhere. There is nothing ſafe, not one Hour from another, not one Moment from another. Happy Man! to whom every Day is his laſt; happier to whom every Hour; happieſt to whom every Moment. He that thinks every Day decretory, who thinks every Moment his laſt, wont put his hand to ſin.

Chryſ. tom. 5. Serm. de nequitia depulſa initio mihi. p. 678.

O vain Hope! How many doſt thou cheat? How many doſt thou hurry away in the very midſt of their Life, while thou flattereſt them with Old Age? Believe thou art in as much Danger as other Folks. How many die with a guilty Mind, tho' a harmleſs Hand! How many, while contriving Sin, have met with *Death!* How many hath *Death* aſſail'd and cruſh'd in the Attempt it ſelf! How many hath *Death* attack'd, and taken away in the midſt of their Crimes! How many in the very beginning of their Wickedneſs! Raſh Attempts have been intercepted by Puniſhments! How many have ended their Sins by *Death* the ſame moment they began them! What if thou art one of that number? What hour or moment is ſurer to thee than to another? Who would deſire the Accompliſhment of a Sin that's attended by *Death*, and *Death* by Puniſhments? No wiſe Man will dance on a ſingle Board in the midſt of an angry Ocean; nor excogitate wicked Deſigns, while hanging on a dangerous Precipice: No naked Man will ſing amidſt armed Enemies. He's a greater Fool, that in continual fear of *Death*, when every Hour is doubtful, every moment uncertain, preſumes on thoſe

Scribanius in Polit. Chriſt. lib. 1. c. 27.

thoſe things that inevitably bring an eternally unhappy Death. O Fools! How long will ye ruſh into eternal Miſery? Why do ye not take the Counſel of *Jeſus* Son of *Syrack? In all thy Deeds*, ſaith he, *remember Death, and thou wilt never ſin.* *Eccl.* 7. 40.

CHAP. IV.

The worth of a good Life, out of Seneca.

TELL me, my *Seneca*, who the Great *Pliny*, envying the Honour, calls the Prince of Learning? Tell me what thou thinkeſt of Death, eſpecially an untimely one? Hear young Men, give ear you querulous old Men: Life's like a Comedy, it's no matter how long but how well acted: It's no matter where thou endeſt; end where thou wilt, only make a good one. So ſays *Epictetus* too; *Remember*, ſays he, *you act a Play, ſuch as the Maker pleaſes, if he pleaſes a long one, if not a ſhort.* And ſo ſays *Varro*; *They have not liv'd beſt, that have liv'd longeſt, but that have liv'd moſt honeſt.* In truth 'tis juſt ſo: 'tis no matter where, or when, or how we end. When God will we muſt; but let's make a good one. *Plin. l.* 14. *c.* 4. *Med.*

CHAP. V.

Every Man is Nothing Out of *Arbiter:*

HEU, *heu nos miſeros,*
Quam totus homuncio nil eſt?
——*Ah miſerable we!*
Mankind is nothing *in Epitome.*

'Tis ſo indeed. But we are the more miſerable, the leſs we know it. The whole Man is nothing, (the old Satyriſt hit it;) but then I dare ſay, he begins to be ſomething, when he knows himſelf to be nothing. O Man know thy ſelf, and be wiſe; for *Death* equals the Lilly to the Thorn. O miſerable, empty Creatures, what are *We*, *Learning* and *Fame? We* are Duſt, *that's* Opinion, *this* is Wind. And of us that live, thrive and flouriſh, it ſhall be quickly ſaid, *Viximus, We did live.* This one *Exitus* belongs to all. Our Life decreaſes, while it grows: We ſhare the very day we live with *Death*; for part of it is daily cropt off. And as the laſt Sand does not empty the Hour-glaſs, but what is run out before; ſo the laſt and final Hour, wherein we ceaſe to be, does not effect, but only finiſh *Death.*

Seneca Epiſt. 24. *Poſt Med.*

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Mortals of one DAY.

THere is a Flower, a *Hemerocallis* (or *Day Lilly*) whoſe Life and Beauty is but diurnal *. There is a Bird named a *Hemerobios*, near the River *Hypanis*, that lives but one day; the ſame light that ſign'd her Birth, ſeals up her Death; ſhe expires with the ſetting Sun, quite unacquainted with the life of Boy, or Youth, or Aged Man: She's born in the Morning, flouriſhes at Noon, at Night grows old and dies; and yet this Four-footed Bird makes no leſs proviſion for a Day, than if it were to live to the Age of a Crow or a Raven. Human Life is very like this little Animal. Its always at the Floud of Fleeting Time, ſwifter than any Bird or Arrow; oft times a Day, ſometimes a Moment a little more drawn out, does bound its Pomp. Why then do we depend on Years and Ages? ſhorter liv'd than Flowers or their Shadows, or any thing more vain and ſhort.

* Plin. l. 11. c. 36. *Hoc culicum genus etiam in* Arari *naſcitur, eodemque die mortuum. aquis innatat, piſcibus avidiſſime conſectantibus* Lugdunenſes *Piſcatores vocant*, de la mare.

It's an unaccountable thing, that the rapid velocity of Life ſhould be proclaimed by Divine Prophets, and confirmed by Writers of all Ages, and yet poor wretched Man ſhould be ſo deaf to all their words. Says *Hezekiah* by *Iſaiah*, *From day even to night thou wilt make a full end of me*, *Iſa.* 38. 12. The Royal Pſalmiſt crys out, *My Days decline as a Shadow*, *Pſalm* 101. 12. The Prince of *Uz* complains, *Man cometh up as a flower, and is cut down, and flieth away as a ſhadow*, *Job* 14. 2. Lo Man is a Bubble, all thy Life the flight of a ſhadow, and doſt thou think on an abiding-place, a quiet Habitation? Why heapeſt thou up thou Miſer? Why doſt thou ſcrape together as though thou ſhouldſt live to the Age of *Neſtor*? Death is behind thee; thou muſt be gone before thou expecteſt, unleſs thou lookeſt for it ſoon. Make haſte, Eternity is at thy Heels.

CHAP. VII.

A Confirmation.

NO Life is long; theirs is ſhorteſt, that forget things paſt, neglect things preſent, regard not things to come. *Job* ſaid excellently; *They*, ſays he, *that ſaw it*

it ſhall ſay, where is it? as a Dream that paſſes away it ſhall not be found, (to *dream* is an empty thing, to *fly* a ſwift thing) *it ſhall paſs away as a Night Viſion.* He ſays the ſame of himſelf, *My days,* ſays he, *are ſwifter than a race, they paſs away and ſee no good* (the moſt wealthy Man ſaid this) *as ſwift Ships, or an Eagle to the prey; for we are but of yeſterday, and know nothing, becauſe our days are like a ſhadow upon the Earth.* Our days are indeed as a ſhadow upon the Earth, and *there's no delay*; we Feaſt and Dance, *there's no delay*; we prodigal away our time in Tales, and droll away our hours with ſoft Romance, *there's no delay*; our years paſs on, and ſteal, and fly away. None e're enjoy'd ſo favourable and propitious Fates as to call to Morrow his. So, that while we Dream, we travel to Eternity either of Heaven or Hell. *Suidas* ſaid excellently, * "O Mortals of one day, acquainted with preſent things, neglecting future, conſider to what Eternity you poſt.

Job 20. 7, & 8. 9. 26, 26. c. 8. v. 9.

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* *Verbo Ephemerii, beari. mihi*, p. 358.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Of hope of long Life and vain Wiſhes.

WHat *ſhall I do*, ſaid the Rich Man with his Soul, *for I have not room to ſtow my Goods?* well, *I'll do this, I'll pull down my Barns and build greater.* Poor Wretch, Alas twice wretched! Wilt thou enlarge thy Granaries? to Morrow thou ſhalt poſſeſs a Tomb, and Oh that it were not an Infernal one; *This Night thy Soul ſhall be required of thee, and then whoſe be theſe things thou haſt gotten?* Virtue, if thou haſt loved any, the Vice thou haſt practiſed, ſhall go along with thee, and ſhall be all the Company thou muſt have.

Very like the Fate of this Rich Man is that of *Senecio* in *Seneca*, who often calling over the Affairs of this fleeting Life that we precariouſly poſſeſs by piece-meal, ſaid, *Every Day, every Hour ſhew us what very Nothings we are, and by ſome new Arguments admoniſh us, forgetful of our frailty, by compelling us by meditating on eternal things, to reflect our thoughts on* Death.

Senecio Cornelius, a *Roman* Knight of extraordinary Frugality, no leſs indulgent to his Purſe than his Perſon, having ſat all day by his ſick Friend, and paſt hope of Recovery, at Night ſupping chearfully, was ac-

Sen. Ep. *p.* 101.

accoſted with an unexpected Quinſey, and ſcarce drew his impriſoned Breath through his contracted Jaws till the Morning; and a few hours after he had performed the office of a well and healthy perſon, expired. He that hunted Money by Land and Sea, farming the Cuſtoms, leaving no ſort of Gain untried, in the very Zenith of Proſperity, and affluence of Riches, was ſnatched away. So it is, Men die in the greateſt hurry; as the Winds, when they rage with greateſt violence, exhauſt their Strength, and are commonly moſt ſuddenly laid when they blow hardeſt.

Job full of Wonder enquires of God, and almoſt complains, *and doſt thou ſo quickly hurry me away?* *Tertullian* ſaid well and truly, *Strong Ships*, ſaith he, *ſecure from the* Capharean *Rocks, driven by no Storm, nor rack'd by mighty Waves, in a proſperous Gale, a good Courſe, and with a jolly Crew, founder, notwithſtanding all their ſecurity, by an inward Ballaſt ſhifting.* Such are the Shipwrack of Life, and Events of Death. What a Folly is it then to Mark out the courſe of our future Life? We are not Maſters of to Morrow. How mad are they who form remote Deſigns? I'll build, buy, ſell, encompaſs Honour, and then enjoy my tired Age in ſoft repoſe. All things (believe me) are uncertain to the proſperous. None ought

ought to promiſe himſelf any thing *in futuro*. What we have is ours, and that we may uſe, but of that we poſſeſs, a Caſualty may deſpoil us. But we deſign long Voyages, and late Returns to our Native Country, Campaines, Embaſſies, ſlow Motions, and tedious Affairs, a continued Series of Employment, one Office after another. We hope for the Age of *Neſtor*, and Fortune of *Metellus*, while *Death* is at our Elbow, ready to throw us down from this Mole-Hill of Life into the Ocean of Eternity.

CHAP. IX.

Man is Duſt.

REmember Man, *Duſt thou art, and to Duſt thou ſhalt return*, *Gen.*2.19. this is a ſorrowful Song our Mother Church ſang, when ſhe ſcattered Duſt on the Heads of her Sons, and admoniſh'd them of Mortality, and at a time too when they leaſt thought on't. In this the Church imitates the Eagle, who about to encounter a Buck, got betwixt his branchy Horns, and raiſing Duſt with her fluttering Wings, therewith fill'd his Eyes, ſtill galling him with her Beak, till he fell headlong from the Rock. So the Church ſets upon Man poſting

ſting to Miſchief, as it were, in the middle-way, and burys him in this deadly Duſt. The ſame Epilogue of Funeral Ceremonies the Prieſt ſings, when he thrice buries the interr'd Corps by an injected clod, with this Monition, *Remember Man, that thou art duſt, and to duſt ſhalt return.* So he opportunely ſings this, not to the dead Corps, but the living Spectators.

Wiſe was *Philip* of *Macedon*, who admoniſh'd by this daily Verſe, *Philippus homo es, Philip thou art a Man*, behaved himſelf more moderately.

The Cranes teach us this, who in their Night-Watches hold a Stone in one Claw, by its Fall to be a timely Monitor to their weary'd forgetfulneſs; and when they fly over the Sea they carry Sand in their Throat. The Tomb-ſtone and Sand with which they are covered admoniſhes Mortals. The Calf indeed which the *Hebrews* worſhip'd was a golden one, but it turn'd to duſt. *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Image was terrible, but broken by the blow of a ſtone. The Apples of *Gomorrha* are fair, but when cruſh'd vaniſh into empty Duſt. Let the Great Man boaſt of Wealth and Beauty, yet theſe ſhall be all reduced to Aſhes. This is the beginning of Human Pomp, this the end; therefore do what is to be done, Eternity is at thy Heels.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Man is truly Miſerable.

'TIS hard to determine, Whether Nature is a tenderer Mother to Man, or a ſeverer Mother-in-Law. Him only, of all other Animals, ſhe clothes with others Riches. To others, it gives various Coverings, Shells, Barks, Hides, Thorns, Briſles, Hair, Plumes, Wings, Scales and Wooll. She has defended Trunks of Trees from heat and cold with Bark, and ſometimes a double one too. But caſts out Man only naked into a wide World on his very Birth-Day with Crys and Moans; She deals ſo with no Animal elſe, and theſe in the very entrance of Life too. In the very Inſtalment of Life, Bands entwine his Joints, enfold his Limbs, ſo now the New-Born-Babe lies manicled both Hand and Foot, a *weeping Animal* deſtin'd to rule the reſt. Commencing Life with Puniſhment for one poor Fault, becauſe he's Born. Alas! how Mad are they that think, from theſe Originals they are born to Pride. And it does the ſame by Brutes in Strength and accompliſhments as by Man. But how long is it e'er Man goes? When does he ſpeak? How long is it e'er his Mouth is tempered fit for Meat? How long e'er his Mould is cloſed

cloſed, the greateſt token of Imbecility among all Animals! And then there is an Army of Diſeaſes, and as many Remedies, and they often foil'd by new Diſtempers. We ſee other Animals preſently perceive their own Inſtinct, to ſwim, to go, to fly, to creep, Man knows nothing without teaching, no not to go, to ſpeak, to eat, nor any thing naturally *but to weep.* One Animal is infeſted with Querulouſneſs, another with Ambition, another with Avarice, another with an exceſſive deſire of living. None has a more frail Life, a more inſatiable Deſire, a more confuſed Fear, nor a greater Rage. Laſtly, Other Animals live well with their own kind, they congregate and ſet themſelves againſt their Enemies. The Lions fierceneſs does not vex themſelves; the Serpents poiſon does no hurt to them; nor do the Monſters and Fiſh of the Sea fight but againſt other kinds. But many evils come to Man by Man.

CHAP. XI.

What is Man.

IF we will hear former Generations. Man is the Sport of Fortune. The Picture of Unconſtancy. The Looking-Glaſs of

of Corruption. The Spoil of Time. The Slave of Death. A walking Sepulchre. A brittle Image. A ſlender Shadow. The Dream of a Shadow. A breathing Carcaſs. A living *Death*. A Ball God plays with.

If you aſk *Seneca* What is Man? He'll tell you, 'A Body weak and brittle, naked, 'naturally undefended, wanting others 'help, expoſed to all reproach of Fortune, 'the food of every wild Beaſt, a Sacrifice 'to every thing. Let us enquire of the ſacred Writers, Man is the fleſh of Worms, a Sack of Dung, the Sport of Calamity, a Pattern of Weakneſs, a Page, a ſailing Ship, a flying Bird, a vaniſh'd Smoak, a ſlender Froth, the Scale of Envy, a Drop of a Bucket, the Duſt of the Ballance, a Drop of Early Dew, a Gueſt of one Day, a Flower, Hay, univerſal Vanity, Duſt and Aſhes, Empty nothing. In the mean time we poor Mortals form great Sirnames of ſpecious Titles, and fatigue our ſelves for plauſible Encomiums, and hear without reluctancy the Titles of Magnificent, Illuſtrious, Happy, Pious, Mighty, Auguſt, Invincible, Beſt and Higheſt. What remains, but that we imitate *Sapores* King of the *Perſians*, who thus ſubſcribes himſelf in an Epiſtle to the Emperor *Conſtantine*: Sapores *King of Kings*, *Confederate of the Stars*, *Brother of the Sun and Moon*, to Conſtantine

ſtantine *my Brother, much Health.* Or if we had rather derive our Titles from that *Indian* King, who was ſaluted, *The Bridegroom of good Fortune, The God of great Provinces, The King of Mighty Kings, Lord of the Horſe, Maſter and Inſtructor of them that ſpeak, Emperour of Three Emperours, The Purchaſer of all he ſees, The Preſerver of things gotten, whom the Eight Parts of the World fear, an Unparalel'd Horſeman, The Conqueror of all Valiant Men, A Hunter of Elephants, Lord of the* Eaſt, South, North, Weſt *and Seas.* Theſe *Peter Iarricus* reckons up. Have you Titles enough? if you han't, I'll help you to that Series of Eulogies that the *Soldan* ſent in a Letter; Salmander *Omnipotent before* Carthage, *Lord of* Jordan, *Lord of the Eaſt, Lord of* Bethlehem, *Lord of Paradice, Lieutenant of Hell, Greateſt Emperour of the* Conſtantinopolitans, *Lord of the dried Fig-Tree, Lord of whatſoever the Sun and Moon ſeeth. Protector of the firſt Prieſt* John, *Emperour, King of Kings, Lord of* Chriſtians, Jews *and* Turks, *Friend of the Gods. Solyman* wrote much after this manner to our *Cæſar*: *To* Charles *the Fifth, Emperor of* Germany *always Auguſt,* Solyman *his Contemporary, ſprung from the Noble, Conquering Race of the* Ottomans, *Emperor of the* Turks, *King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, Emperor of the*

Tra-

Trapezuntians *and* Conſtantinopolitans, *Lord of the World, and Admiral of the Sea*, &c. What would you have more? O truly ſplendid Miſeries! O Aſhes and nothing! O Vanity of Vanities! It's a baſe Forgetfulneſs, for Man to forget that he is Man.

CHAP. XII.

To the Haters of Funerals.

GET ye gone, not Men, but Kites, who though very ravenous, always hungry, yet never Prey upon Funeral Preparations; though you are luxurious, ye never like to touch any thing that ſmells of a Funeral or Burial. Any manner of Food under another Tree is more grateful to you, than the moſt ſumptuous Feaſt under a Ewe-Tree or Cypreſs. Ye perfectly hate all Funeral Ceremonies, neither is there any thing you deſire more than the Abolition of all Memory of *Death*. But ſee how you dote; when the Holy Scripture Admoniſhes you, *It is better to go to the Houſe of Mourning, than to the Houſe of Laughter*; but you had rather do any thing than mourn holily, and remember

Eccl. 7. 3.

ber Death. But take heed, left while you fear a ſhort mourning, you do not prevent an Eternal one.

CHAP. XIII.

The whole of Life is Sorrowful.

Every one of us, ſays *Cyprian, when he is born, and takes up his Inn in this Life, begins with Tears.* Every one ſhould ſay of himſelf, *Cypr. Serm. de Patientia.*

Ut lacrimis cœpi, lacrimis ita finio vitam,&c.
My Life is more a Voyage than a Race,
For with my ſteps my tears keep equal pace.
With well tim'd Sorrow I my Life began,
And ſtill becauſe I live, *keep weeping on.*
Yet when the upſhot of our Days are come,
We play the Child, and weep at going home.
At thoughts of Death we drown our ſelves in Tears,
And make our Sorrows to fulfil our Fears.
Since mortal Nature does ſuch Leſſons teach,
He's only happy that's beyond her reach.

Would you have the Sum and Epitome of Humane Life? * *Daniel* the Archbiſhop and Elector of *Mentz*, in a Book of Prayers,

ers, with his own Hand wrote theſe Inſtructions of living:

1. *Life is ſhort.* 2. *Beauty deceitful.* 3. *Money moveable.* 4. *Empire hateful.* 5. *War hurtful.* 6. *Victory doubtful.* 7. *Concord fallacious.* 8. *Old Age miſerable.* 9. *Death a felicity.* 9. *The Fame of Wiſdom everlaſting.*

And as the Fame of that Wiſdom that diſpoſes of Kingdoms, ſhall never ceaſe; ſo it being eternal, ſhall never have an end.

CHAP. XIV.

God Comforts Mourners.

KNow the Voice of the *Comforter* and *Promiſer* together: I am with him in Tribulation; I will deliver him and glorify him. *Pſal.* 90. 15. *Pſal.* 33. 19. And, in truth, the Lord is nigh to thoſe that are of a contrite Heart, and he will ſave the humble in Spirit. Concerning theſe Promiſes *Auſtin* Diſcourſes excellently; *Don't fear*, ſaith he, *when thou art in Affliction, as though God were not with thee: God is nigh to them that*

Aug. tom. 8. *Pſal.* 90. *ante finem.*

that are in Affliction. God helps on the Warfare he has begun; conſider that. God does not look upon thee ſtriving in thy Race, as the People do upon a Charioteer; they know how to cry out, but know not how to help; they can beſtow the Crown, but can't afford help to win it: For he is Man, and not God; and, it may be, while he looks on, he takes more pains in ſitting, than the other in ſtriving.

When God beholds his Wreſtlers, he helps them when they call on him; for that's the Expreſſion of a Wreſtler in the *Pſalms*: If I ſaid, *My Foot was moved, thy mercy did help.* Therefore when thou beginneſt to be troubled, rouſe up thy Faith, and know, that he will not forſake thee: But thou therefore thinkeſt he hath forſaken thee, becauſe he does not deliver thee when thou pleaſeſt. He deliver'd the Three Children from the Fire: And did he that deliver'd the Three Children forſake the *Machabees*? God forbid: He delivered one as well as the other. *Thoſe* bodily, that Infidels might be confounded; *theſe* ſpiritually, that the Faithful might imitate.

Idem in Pſal. 32. *conc.* 2. *Poſt med.*

The Lord is nigh to them that are of a contrite Heart, and he will ſave the humble in Spirit. God is high, the Chriſtian

is

is low. If he would have the high God near him, let him be low. It is a great Myſtery, Brethren; God is over all. If thou lift thy ſelf up, thou canſt not touch him; but if thou humbleſt thy ſelf, he will come down to thee: Therefore call upon this Faithful Helper, and he'll come for one ſigh, if it be a ſerious one. *God ſhall wipe away all tears from thine Eyes: and there ſhall be no more Death, nor mourning, nor crying: nor ſhall there be any more pain: for the former things are paſſed away.* Truly ſaid the ſame *Auſtin*; How ſweetly does he lament in ſighing, who Prays! The Tears of praying Perſons are ſweeter than the Joys of the Theaters.

Rev. 21. 4.

CHAP. XV.

Death is our Nativity, or Birth-day.

Val. Max. l. 3. c. 2. & l. 2. c. 6.

THE dying *Theban* ſaid, *This is not an end of my Life, but a more ſpacious and better beginning. For now, Fellow Soldiers, is your* Epimanondas *born, becauſe he dies.*

And

And indeed what reaſon have we to indulge Humane Grief, or Envy the Divine Being, becauſe he's willing to beſtow his Immortality upon us.

The *Trauſi*, a People near the *Thracians*, which in other things follow the *Thracian* Cuſtoms; in this one are peculiar, That the Infant being born, the Neighbours ſit round about bewailing what Calamities the new-born Babe muſt ſuffer. And on the other hand they carry out a dead Man with Sport and Joy, recounting how many Evils he is taken from. This Nation deſervedly claims the Praiſe of Wiſdom, which celebrate the Nativity of a Man mournfully, and his Funeral joyfully. The ſame thing is affirm'd of the *Cauſiani* and *Getes*, who mourn'd at Births, and rejoiced at Burials. Therefore let the natural ſweetneſs of Life be taken away, which cauſes to do and ſuffer ſo many unworthy things, and the end of Life will be found more bleſſed than the beginning. *Death* is not to be fear'd as an Evil, but to be received as the End of Calamities. *Plinius Secundus* therefore ſaith truly, There have been many, who have not thought it beſt to be born, but ſoon to die;

Stobæus in Encomio mortis.

Plin. Præf. in. lib. 7. Hiſt.

therefore *Silenus*, taken Captive by *Midas*, being ask'd, What was beſt for a Man? held his peace a long time; at laſt being conſtrain'd to ſpeak, anſwered; *It is beſt of all never to be born, and next to that, to die as ſoon as may be.*

I would not omit this wonderful, unparallel'd, and pleaſant Relation of *Ludovicus Cortuſius*, a *Patavian* Lawyer, who in his Will forbad Lamentation and Weeping at his Funeral, and order'd Fifty Pipers, Harpers, and Muſicians of all ſorts to go before his Corps, accompanied with the White Friars, and Fifty to follow; and to every one he gave half a piece of Gold: And order'd the Bier to be born by twelve Virgins cloth'd in Green, which were to ſing with a loud Voice what *Joy* ſhould dictate; beſtowing upon each of theſe Virgins a certain Sum of Money for a Dowry. And ſo he was buried in the Church of St. *Sophia* in *Patavia*; being attended with a Hundred Flambeaus, and all the Clergy, and Monks of the whole City, thoſe only excepted that were of the black Habit, for theſe he forbad by his Will, leſt they ſhould marr the Publick Joy by their mourning Dreſs. And ſo from this Funeral proceeded Nuptials. This Nuptial Man died, in the Year of our Lord 1418, on *July* 17.

Bernard

Bernard ſaid excellently; 'Let thoſe lament for their 'Dead, that deny the Reſur- 'rection: They are to be 'bewail'd, that after Death 'are buried in Hell by De- 'vils, not thoſe that are pla- 'ced in Heaven by Angels. *De modo bene viv. Serm.* 7 c. *idem de tranſf. Mar.* Pretious is the Death of Saints; indeed pretious, being the End of Labours, the Conſummation of Victory, the Gate of Life, and Ingreſs of perfect Security. The *Hebrew* Sage ſaid wiſely: *Better*, ſays he, *is the day of Death, than the day of Birth.* *Eccleſ.* c. 7. v. c.

CHAP. XVI.

Death *is every where.*

LET thoſe Wretches torment themſelves, to whom it would be better to be annihilated, than to have a being, ſeeking with Care and Terror how they may get out of this Life. Let them whet their Swords, compound Poiſon, provide Halters, find out Precipices, as tho' there were need of ſome extraordinary exquiſite Preparation, to diſſolve the ſlender tie of the Soul and Body's Society. *Coma*, the Bro-

ther of *Diogenes*, made uſe of none of theſe, but his Life encloſed in his Breaſt found out an end for it ſelf. And indeed, ſo fading a Felicity the poſſeſſion of which, periſhes with ſo ſmall a blaſt, is to be retained with but little deſire. *Death* is every where; it lies in Ambuſh, in all Places, and at all Times: Whereſoever thou comeſt, thou wilt find it ready; it is never out of the way, it meets thee every where.

But ſeeing one Man is to die but once, why do ſo many Deaths kill miſerable Man before the *laſt*? ſo that one juſtly complains.

Guttula cum mihi ſit vitæ tantum unica, cur me
Mille necis ſpecies, funera mille premunt?

Since I poſſeſs but one poor drop of Life,
Why do the Powers ſo many Deaths contrive?
Why find they out ſo many ways to kill?
For now a Thouſand Fates my Vitals ſpill.

Hear what St. *Bernard* ſays; *Lib. de honeſta vita.* *Idem, in Medit.* c. 3. *de dignit. animæ.* *The continual Meditation of Death, is the chiefeſt Philoſophy: And therefore ſo many* Deaths *aſſail thee. Whatſoever happeneth to others,* ſaith he, *may happen to thee becauſe thou art a Man. Man of the Ground, Dirt of Dirt. Thou art of the Earth,*

Earth, and liveſt on the Earth, and to the Earth thou ſhalt return. When that laſt day ſhall come, which will come ſuddenly, and perhaps ſhall be to morrow. It is certain thou ſhalt die, but uncertain when, or how, or where; becauſe Death *waits for thee every where. If thou be wiſe, do thou alſo wait for it every where.* So ſays *Seneca* too: *It is uncertain,* ſays he, *in what place* Death *tarries for thee; therefore do thou be ready for it every where.*

CHAP. XVII.

Death is at every Man's Houſe.

NUgamur, mortemque procul, procul eſſe putamus, &c.

We trifling Mortals thoughts of Death *adjourn,*
And think it none but Aged Folks concern.
Becauſe the diſmal Feature*'s not in ſight,*
The very Aged *too his coming ſlight.*
Fools not to know that as their Heart*, their* Breaſt*,*
So Death *was of their* Heart *from their firſt hour poſſeſt.*
Each painful Mother *bears unhappy* Twins*:*
For with our Life*, alas! our* Death *begins.*
Our ravenous Brother *does his Birthright plead,*
Our Strength, our Health, our Time, and then we're dead.

Time, brib'd by him, gives up our ſlighted Cauſe,
And, with us, throws it ſelf into his Jaws.
If to a lingring Age he lets us crawl,
We've nothing left that we a Life *can call:*
But Motion, that's the only Sign we have,
And but enough of that to find the Grave.
On whoſe ſad brink we ſcarce can give one ſigh.
So ſpent is Nature, and our Lungs ſo dry.
But while I'm telling this, I wear my Breath,
And am by ſo much nearer unto Death.

In the *Northern* Ocean nigh *Moſcovia*, there is a Fiſh they call *Death*. This Sea-Monſter is full of Teeth, and therefore of his Teeth, as *Cardanus* reports, they make Hilts of Swords. O Mortals! every one of our Bodies has a *Death* within it, therefore we need not go ſo far ſee to this Monſter *Death*: Every ones own *Death* is at his own Houſe.

CHAP. XVIII.

Death *is Inexorable.*

Surda ſit & cautes, & cæcæ tigridis ira, &c.
Altho' the Rock be not endow'd with Ears,
Nor the fierce Tyger's Thirſt be quench'd with Tears.

Altho'

Altho' the Seas devouring Billows riſe,
Threatning Deſtruction to the Earth and Skies.
Yet one mild Zephyr *quickly does aſſwage,*
The others Prey does pacify his Rage.
But Death *will not be tam'd with Prayers nor Threats,*
But ſtill requires the more, the more he gets.
In his wild Ravage he no Mercy ſhows,
But is far leſs reclaimable than thoſe.

Prophane Antiquity has feigned the *Deſtinies* (unto whoſe Diſtaff, Thread, Warp and Shears, the Deities have transferr'd all the Power of Life and Death) to be Inexorable.

Certo veniant ordine Parcæ
Nulli juſſo ceſſare licet,
Nulli ſcriptum proferre diem.
The Deſtinies *obſerve Supream Command,*
None e'er her time dares uſe her fatal hand.
None dare contract th'already meaſur'd thread,
Nor venture to prolong the ſentenc'd Dead.

Neither can any Perſon entreat the *Parcæ:* the Day they have ſet they keep to a moment. And therefore after this manner Painters and others Artificers delineate *Death*, deſtitute of all the Accompliſhments of a Man; without Ears, leſt it ſhould hear Entreaties; it wants Eyes, leſt it ſhould commiſerate thoſe that weep; it has no Forehead and Cheeks, that it may not bluſh at its own Cruelty; deſtitute

of Tongue and Lips, that you may not expect any word of Comfort from it; It has no Fleſh, that it may not be touched with a ſenſe of Humanity: There's nothing remains, but Nerves and Sinews, Muſcles and bare Bones, like Bows and Arrows, Darts and Slings to kill poor Mortals for the nonce. And, if at any time this Monſter diſplay'd its fierceneſs to the utmoſt, it was when it ſo inſulted over the World with a daring boldneſs, as to ſtrike our Lord Chriſt, the Son of God, the Author of all Life. When the Rocks ſighed in vain, the Earth trembled, the Stars mourn'd, the Sun grew pale, and Angels grieved, whilſt he acted his tragical Part on the very Life of Life it ſelf.

Therefore whoſoever thou art, if thou art a Man, *Death* is not to be entreated by thee. Live mindful then of *Death*, the Time haſtens away, this Time I ſpeak in is ſome of it. Therefore every day ſhould be diſpoſed on as though the Laſt, or Firſt of Eternity.

Per. Sat. 5.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Death *is moſt certain, and yet uncertain.*

WHAT is more certain in Humane Things than *Death?* (St. *Bernard* crys out.) What is there more uncertain than the Hour of *Death?* It is got within the Old Man's Doors, and lays wait for the Young. Therefore, boaſt not of to morrow, not knowing what to morrow will produce. *Horace* was not ignorant of this.

De Conv. ad Clericos, c. 7.

Prov. 27. 1.

Quis ſcit, an adjiciant hodiernæ craſtina ſummæ
Tempora dii ſuperi? ——

Hor. lib. 4. Od. 7.

Who knows if God will to our preſent ſtay
Adjoin another day? ——

The Apoſtle *James* (*chap.* 4. *v.* 13, 14.) ſaid very excellenly; *Behold now,* ſays he, *you who ſay, to day or to morrow we will go into ſuch a City, and continue there a year, and buy, and ſell, and get gain, (who know not what will be on the morrow); for, what is your Life? A Vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vaniſheth away. For you ought to ſay, If the Lord will, and if we live, we will do this, or that.*

We all go, all of us, every one of us; for we all die, and are as Water ſpilt upon the Ground, that cannot be gathered up again. Nei- canſt thou be ignorant, that thou art admoniſh'd by the nature of Things, that at the very ſame moment the Law of Life and Death commenceth: And as no Body dies but who hath lived, ſo neither can any Man live, that ſhall not die; but when, is uncertain. Therefore Chriſt ſtirring us up by this faithful Monition, ſaith; *Take heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is.* And by and by repeating this over again: *Watch ye therefore*, ſaith he, (*for ye know not at what hour the Maſter of the Houſe ſhall come; at even, or at midnight, at cock-crow, or in the morning*) *leſt when he comes ſuddenly, he find you ſleeping. What I ſay unto you, I ſay unto all, Watch.*

2 *Kings* c. 14. v. 14.

Mark c. 13. 33, 35, 36, & 37.

CHAP. XX.

Death *is untimely to many, unlook'd for almoſt to all.*

WHO would not ſtand upon his Guard, againſt the inſults of *Death*, which

which at all times lays wait for us, and ſets no peculiar time to attack us? Which creeps, flies, leaps, with a ſoft tread, a ſlow pace, without antecedent Signs, without Cauſe or Caution, in Sickneſs and Health, Danger and Security, ſo that there's nothing ſafe and Secure from his Paws.

Tarquin was well and merry, when choak'd with a Fiſh-bone. *Fabius* in health, when a ſlender Hair, which he drank in Milk, cut the thread of Life. A Weezel bites *Ariſtides*, and he preſently gives up the Ghoſt. The Father of *Ceſar* the Dictator, roſe chearfully from his Bed, and while he puts on his Shooes expires. Another *Ceſar* hitting his Foot againſt the Threſhold, ſtrikes out his haſty Soul. The *Rhodian* Ambaſſador having deliver'd his Embaſſy with great Applauſe, preſently dies in the very Entrance of the Palace. *Anacreon* and *Sophocles* the Poets (if we believe *Lucian*) were kill'd by a Grape-ſtone. A little prick of a Needle ſlew *Lucia* the Daughter of *Marcus Aurelius*. *Cn. Bebius Pamphilus*, having juſt ended his Pretorſhip. while he asks a Boy the hour of the Day, preſently ſaw his laſt. A haſty and uneaſy Joy has hurried away the Lives of many, as it happen'd to *Chilon* the *Lacedæmonian*, and *Diagoras Rhodius*,

Rhodius, who embracing their Victorious Sons in the *Olympick* Games, immediately died on the ſpot. Beſides *Death* hath many ways of breaking into our Houſes, and creeping in ſometimes through the Windows, ſometimes by the Cellar, ſometimes through a Crevice, and ſometimes it conveighs it ſelf in at the Tiling, and if in the Houſe or City it find no Traitors, that is Humours of the Body, Diſeaſes, Catarrhs, Pleuriſies, and other cauſes, that its wont to make uſe of as its Creatures to bring about its Ends. It batters the Gates with its Ordnance, and ſacks this beſieged Life with Fire, Water, Plague, Poiſon, Beaſts, Men, and all ſorts of Engines.

Iſhboſheth Son of King *Saul*, was ſlain by Domeſtick Thieves while he was refreſhing himſelf on his Bed. *Puleo* King of *Jeruſalem* falling from his Horſe while Hunting a Hare, was trod upon and died. *Joſias* the moſt pious, holy and liberal Prince of all the Kings of *Judah* (*David* excepted) leading his Army againſt *Necho* King of *Egypt*, being wounded by an Arrow, died in his Tent. *Divus Ludovicus* died at 57 Years of Age, on the Coaſt of *Africa*, in the midſt of his Army, which the Plague deſtroyed. *Egillus* King of the *Goths*, and their beſt Prince, was cru-

elly

elly murder'd by a Mad *Bull*, which his ſeditious Subjects impatient of the ſeverity of the Laws had ſent out. *Maleom* the firſt King of the *Scots*, after many Specimens of Juſtice, was choaked by Night, ſurveying his Kingdom.

Have not many gone to *Bed* well, ſlept their laſt, and been found dead? It is needful that the Mind be in readineſs. *Uzziah*, no obſcure Officer in *David*'s Life-Guard, while he ſtretched forth his Hand to bear up the inclining Ark, when it was carried to *Jeruſalem* in a Triumphal Chariot, was ſmitten from Heaven. The hand of the Lord armed a Lion coming out of the Wood, againſt the Prophet that eat *Bread* contrary to the command of the Lord, by which he was ſlain. *Ananias* and *Sapphira*, ſome of the Firſt Followers of Chriſt, were ſtruck, as with a Thunderbolt, by the ſudden Voice of *Peter* for their crimes, whoſe Souls, ſome Divines think diſcharged from Eternal Torments by this blow. I come to other more Modern Inſtances.

In the Year 1559, *Henry* II. King of *France* was kill'd at the Plays, and in the Triumphs, and common joys of Men. For while at *Paris* he celebrated the Marriage of his Daughter, in a Match at Tournament, a piece of a broken Lance

ſtruck

ſtruck with that violence into his Eye that he died.

In the Year 1491, *Alphonſus* the Son of *John* II. King of *Luſitania*, a Prince of a moſt Noble Genius, and great Hope, at Sixteen Years of Age Married *Iſabella* Daughter of *Ferdinand* King of *Spain*, whoſe Dowry was the vaſt Inheritance of her Fathers Dominions. The Nuptials were celebrated with Six Hundred Triumphs; there was every where Plays, Troys, Tournaments, and Feaſts; ſo much to excеſs, that the very Footmen and Slaves glitter'd in Liveries of Cloth of Gold and Silver, Silk and Velvet being but of ſmall account: but alas! 'twas ſcarce Seven Months e'er the Prince juvenilely braving it on his Horſe at the Banks of the River *Tagus* was thrown, and his Head ſtruck againſt the Ground with a mortal blow, whence born into a Fiſhermans Tent, ſcarce containing him and two Servants, he breath'd his laſt on a Couch of Straw. The King the young Man's Father, with the Queen his Mother, ſaw the miſerable Spectacle, their Pomp turn'd into lamentation, the growing hopefulneſs of their Son, his Virtues and Wealth, as ſpringing Flowers ſhaken by a ſudden North-Wind, all to be buried in a direful Tomb. Oh the ſudden Hurricanes of

Human

Human Affairs! The headlong Falls of the Firmeſt States!

Why do I mention any more? *Baſil* the Emperour as he was Hunting was wounded by the branchy Horn of a *Buck*, of which he quickly died. An old Monument, in the Caſtle of *Ambroſs* near *Inſpruck* in *Germany*, commemorates a Noble Young Man who eſſay'd to leap over a Ditch Twenty Foot broad; he leapt over indeed, but both Horſe and Rider fell by one Death: Which the Horſe Trappings, and young Man's Clothes witneſs to this day.

Hipp. Guar. l. 6. de abominandis gentis hum. l. 20.

But this ſudden Fate is common to good and bad, neither does it indicate the unhappy State of the Soul, unleſs the Dart of Divine Vengeance ſtrike any one in the interim of a burning Impiety. Such was the end of *Dathan* and *Abiram*, whom the gaping Earth miſerably ſwallow'd up, acting rebelliouſly againſt *Moſes*. Such the Death of *Abſalom*, whom a deadly Lance pierc'd, guilty of Uſurping his Father's Title.

Vide *juſta Henrici* IV. *Regis Gall. a Ludovico Richeomo ſcripta.*

Such that of the Fifty Armed Men, who not carrying it Reverently to *Elijah*, the Heaven

Heaven armed with Globes of Fire devour'd them. Such was the Deſtruction of the *Hebrew*, whom an avenging Sword ſlew with a Midianitiſh Harlot, and turned the polluted Bed to a Funeral Bier.

So many Pores as there is in the Body, ſo many Gates there be of Death. Death does not ſhew it ſelf every where, but is preſent every where. What is more fooliſh, than to wonder at a Thing done *any* day, which may be done *every* day. There is indeed an appointed time to us, where the inexorable neceſſity of Fate has fixed it, but none of us knows how near it is. So therefore let us order our Life, as if we were come to our laſt: Let us put off nothing.

Senec. Epiſt. 101. *Med.*

Death hath infinite Paſſages. It is really ſo; and I add to what has been ſaid. A certain Man, as it is ſtoried, dreamed that he was deſtroy'd by a Lion; he gets up regardleſs of his Dream, goes with his Companions to Church, and in the Porch, ſees a Lion made of Stone with an open Mouth, which ſupported a Pillar: And, relating his Dream to his Companions, laughing; Look here, ſays he, is the Lion that kill'd me laſt night. Thus ſaying, he ſtrikes his hand into its ſtony Jaws; and ſaid, Now thou haſt thine Enemy, ſet

ſet thy Teeth if thou canſt, my Lion, and bite this hand. He had ſcarce ſo ſaid, e'er he received a mortal Wound from this harmleſs Statue, as he thought. For a Scorpion lay hid in the farther part of his mouth, which feeling the hand, ſtung him, ſo that he died. What! is there in Stone a ſort of a Death too? Where is Death not, if Lions of Stone devour? The young Man *Hyalas* periſh'd by a like Fate, whom a Viper, lying hid in the mouth of a Bear of Stone, ſlew. Which ſort of Death *Martial* deſcribes in his Third Book, and Nineteenth Epigram.

What need I relate the Story of a Boy killed by a drop of Ice falling on his Head, paſſing under the Eaves of a Temple? whom *Martial* la- *Lib.* 4. *E-*ments in this elegant Verſe. *pigr.* 13.

Qua vicina pluit Vipſanis porta columnis,&c.
A Temple on whoſe roof ſome Snow had fell,
(To qualifie, perhaps, o'er-heating Zeal)
Was viſited upon a Froſty day,
By an unhappy pious Boy— (Life,
Who came, poor Youth, to pray for proſperous
A toward Fortune, and a fruitful Wife:
But Fortune, always Jealous of our Good,
Fear'd his Succeſs, and his gay hopes withſtood.
For e'er the Sacred Porch his Feet receives,
An Icecle that hung upon the Eaves,

Taught

Taught by her Rage, and pointed with her ſpight,
Broke looſe and ſlew the young Religious *quite.*
On his bar'd head a raining Death deſcends,
And then, as if it thought to make amends,
In the warm Wound the thawing Weapon lay,
And with relenting Pity melts away.
Fortune! If thou canſt arm ſoft Waters thus,
Well may thy other Engines murther us.

CHAP. XX.

An Antidote againſt ſudden Death.

READER, I here preſent thee with three Prayers (although out of my Order, as a Specimen) againſt an untimely Death. Its at thy own Pleaſure, to uſe one or all of them every Day heartily; they are Three, that Three Times a Day we may fall down at the Feet of our Lord Chriſt, being to aſk a thing of ſo great Moment. And know this, that in this thing none can be too careful, or careful enough.

A Prayer for the Averting ſuddain Death.

The Firſt.

O *Moſt Merciful Lord Jeſus, I entreat Thee by thy Tears, Paſſion, Bloody Sweat, and Death, deliver me from a ſuddain and untimely Death.* The

The Second.

O *Moſt bountiful Lord Jeſus, I humbly pray Thee by thy moſt bitter and ſhameful Scourging, and Coronation, by thy Croſs and bitter Paſſion, and by all thy Goodneſs, that thou wouldeſt not permit me to go out of this Life by a ſudden Death.*

The Third.

O *My moſt loving Jeſus, my Lord and my God, I earneſtly intreat Thee by all thy Labours and Sorrows, and by thy precious Blood, and thy Holy Wounds; and by thy laſt Words on the Croſs moſt ſweet Jeſus:* My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me; *by that mighty Cry;* Father into thy Hands I commend my Spirit, *that thou wouldeſt not take me away ſuddainly; thy Hands O my Redeemer, have made me and formed me all about, I pray Thee do not thou ſo ſuddainly take me away. Give me I Pray thee ſpace of Repentance, give me a happy End by thy Grace, that I may Love Thee with my whole Heart, Praiſe and Bleſs Thee for ever.*

In Truth O good Jeſus, all things are in thy Hands, neither is there any that can reſiſt thy Will; My Life is at thy Nod, it Ends when thou pleaſeſt. I do not deſire any thing, my ſweet God, more than thy Will to be done. In whatſoever Place, Time, or Diſeaſe thou pleaſeſt to extinguiſh me, ſo let it be: I commit

mit all theſe things to thy great Goodneſs, and Divine Providence. I except no Place, or Time; no ſort of Death though never ſo ignominious, and bitter. The only thing I beg O Chriſt my God, is that I die not by a ſuddain untimely one: Yet not my Will but thine be done. If it ſo ſeem meet unto thee, that I be taken away by a ſudden Death, I do not refuſe.

Let thy Will be done in all things O God! I hope, and truſt in thy great Mercy (by which I Pray for this one thing) that I may Die in thy Grace and Friendſhip, in which if I Die, Death how ſuddain ſoever ſhall not be able to ſeparate me from Thee. For a Juſt Man if he be taken away by Death, it ſhall be a Refreſhment. Death is not untimely to him, whoſe Life was provident; and if a time and ſpace ſhall not be given me (which thou, O God! only knoweſt) by which i may commend my ſelf to thee, and behold I do, and moſt humbly and ſubmiſſively I cry to Thee in Heaven out of the Deeps. Have Mercy on me O God! according to thy great Mercy; let thy Will be done O Lord, as in Heaven ſo in Earth; into thy Hands I commend my Spirit; thou haſt redeemed me O Lord God of Truth. Let all things created, Bleſs and Praiſe Thee: In Thee O Lord have I truſted, let me not be aſhamed for ever.

Sap. c. 4. v. 7.

Pſalm 30. v. 1.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

The Days of Life are few and Evil.

HOw old art *Thou?* Threeſcore. And how old *Thou?* Seventy. Well, tell me what Year of thy Life doſt *Thou* Live? The Eightieth. Alas! O good Men, where are your Years? Where are *your* Threeſcore? Where have you left *your* Seventy? And where wilt *thou* find thy fourſcore? What makes you count thoſe you have loſt? *Lælius* the Wiſe ſaid Wittily to a certain Man; ſaying, *Sexaginta habeo Annos*: Doſt thou call thoſe, ſaith he, ſixty Years that thou haſt not? That which is Paſt, and that which is to Come is not thine; we hang on a Moment of fleeting Time, and it is great Advantage to us to have been ſparing of it.

Pharaoh the *Egyptian* King aſked the Patriarch *Jacob*; how many ſays he are the Days of thy Life? The Old Man anſwered, the Days of the Years of my Life, are few and evil. Hear you *Tantalus*'s that thirſt after a Series of Years of a periſhing Life; know that you are Sojourners, not Inhabitants, neither are you Sojourners in a long Journey; your way is

Gen. c. 47. *v.* 8. & 9.

is ſhort and Evil; ſhort, becauſe perhaps it will be finiſhed before this Hour, which ye divide with Death. And whoſoever is in it, can't but know that it is an Evil one; it offers us Thorns oftner than Roſes to tread upon: And ye miſerable Men do ye ſtill cleave to, and hug theſe Thorns, as though unmindful of your Country. *Gregory* ſays very notably, that this Life is the way to Heaven, and many Travellers are ſo taken with the pleaſantneſs of it, that it pleaſes them better to be a great while a going, then to come there quickly. Alas we doting Men! we are pleaſed with Flowers, and gather pretty Stones, and neglect great Treaſures. We ſcrape up the filth and froth of Caves, forgetting how great, and real Treaſures we looſe, while we ſeek falſe ones. Miſerable and vain Men! what has a Stranger to do with Flowers and Pebble-ſtones, if he come not unto his Country? What harm will it be to leave theſe if he arrive at his own Country? To Labour in this way, to Toil, to Sweat, to ſuffer many Troubles, are to be eſteemed great gain. For the Country ſhall ſo much the more pleaſe, by how much the more Exile is unpleaſant.

L. 23. *mor.* *e.* 23.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

How a Young Man may die an Old Man.

AS you may find old Men not old Men, but Boys, ſo you may find young Men, not young Men, but old. *Barlaam* the Hermite, of Seventy Years of Age, when King *Joſaphat* required of him his Age, ſaid; He was Forty-five Years old: And when the King wondred, he anſwer'd, That on purpoſe he had ſaid nothing of Twenty, becauſe theſe being ſpent in the Vanity of this Life, he accounted altogether loſt. So *Similius*, who being buried in the Cares of the Court, had rather lived to the Emperor and his Grave than to himſelf, order'd that it ſhould be written on his Tomb, *Here lies* Similius, *an Old Man of Seven Years Old.* The *Chronicles* of the Kings have tranſmitted theſe things to Memory, concerning *Saul* a *Hebrew* King: 1 *Kings* c. 13. v. 1.

And Saul was the Son of one Year when he began to Reign, and he Reigned Two Years over Iſrael. *Saul* in the beginning of his Reign was as pure from Wickedneſs, as an Infant of a Year old; but in this Purity of Life he remain'd but One Year, although he

he Reigned Twenty in all. Some arrive at old Age very early, and before old Age; many never, who being old ſtill, retain the Vices of Children. Hence Boys of an Hundred Years old ſhall die. The Goodneſs of Life does not conſiſt in the ſpace of it, but in the uſe: It may be, yea often is ſo, that he that hath lived longeſt, hath lived leaſt. Wherefore nothing is more mean, than a very old Man, that hath no other Argument to prove he hath lived long than his Age. S. *Ambroſe* ſaid very Elegantly of *Agnes* the Virgin; That *ſhe was an Infant in Years, but very aged in the Endowments of her Mind.* The Oracles of Divine Wiſdom proclaim, That Venerable old Age is not long laſting, nor it it to be reckon'd in the number of Years; the Underſtanding of Man is old Age, and the Date of old Age an immaculate Life. Therefore Manners are more venerable than grey Hairs. He is much more venerable, who is ancient before Years. An honeſt Life is the beſt old Age.

Serm. 90. *de S. Agn.*

But it may be thou wilt ſay, could a Man that died ſo ſoon arrive at Grandeur, and be ſo very uſeful to the Publick? Nay, (that which is more to be feared) he might become like others. Conſider how

how many young Men Luxury draws into all Vices, to whom no day passes without some notable Impiety. He was therefore taken away, lest Wickedness should change his Understanding, or left Deceit should deceive his Soul: Being perfected in a *short*, he perfected a *long* time. Whosoever comes to the end of his appointed Time, he dies an old Man. Often in a long Life, 'tis but a little that is lived. It is more Glorious to grow old in Virtue, than length of Time. He hath lived long enough, who hath lived well: He hath fought long enough, that hath conquer'd.

CHAP. XXIV.

Whosoever would has lived long.

A Short time, says *Tully*, is long enough to live well, None dies too soon, who, if he should live longer would live no better. A Stripling may reckon up Years enough, that hath lived to Virtue and Eternity, to which he is born. Has he not spoken enough that hath perswaded, though it be but with a beck or nod? Has he not run long enough, who hath won the Prize? Has he not sail'd long enough, *Lib.* 1. *Tusc.* qq.

that has touch'd the Port? He beſt of all that does it ſooneſt.

Only let not Death come before we are prepared for it, and then by how much the ſooner, ſo much the better.

Curt. Lib. 9. c. 12. Med.

But I (ſaith the King of *Macedon* in *Curtius*) who reckon not my Years but my Conqueſts. If I well compute the Gifts of Fortune have lived well. How much more boldly might he that devotes all his Life to God, and ſtudies only to pleaſe and ſerve that Maſter, ſay; If I reckon rightly the Benefits of God; if I do not count my Years in which I ſerve God, but my Deſires, I have lived well. So it is indeed: he lives a hundred, yea a thouſand Years, yea Ages, and ſerves God; whoſoever from his Heart truly deſires to ſerve God Thouſands or Millions of Years, if he might live ſo long. For with God the Will is taken for the Deed, with whom to will to do any thing in good earneſt, is accounted the ſame as doing of it. So he may be a Martyr, and ſhed his Blood with Chriſtian Bravery, although he die in his Bed; and ſo may live long, and do and ſuffer Valiantly for Chriſt, whoſoever deſires ſo to do. No body dies out of ſeaſon, that dies by the Decree of Divine Providence.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

We muſt die, we muſt die.

THE Emperor *Auguſtus* having taken *Peruſia*, puniſh'd many. They that asked Pardon, or endeavour'd to Excuſe themſelves, he anſwered with this one Reſponſe; *You muſt die.* So he commanded Three Hundred to be killed like Victims at an Altar erected to *Julius Ceſar*. *Juſtin* and *Irenæus*, antient noble Writers, wittily obſerve, that after the pronouncing Sentence in the Fall of Man, no Mortal, according to God's Calendar, lived a whole Day. For not only the Prophets, but alſo the Apoſtles being Witneſſes; *One Day is with the Lord as a Thouſand Years, and a Thouſand Years as One Day:* But no Man ever lived a Thouſand Years, therefore never any a whole Day. Ye muſt die, although you live Nine hundred Years and more, you muſt die; this is moſt certain, by Scripture, Humane Reaſon and Experience. The Divine Oracles proclaim Six hundred times, *You muſt die.* Reaſon convinceth it ſelf by moſt evident Demonſtrations, That a Thing

Suet. in Aug. c 15. *Dio ait* 400.

2 Pet. 3. 8.

compounded of Contraries, is Corruptible, and therefore *we muſt die*. Experience, the Miſtreſs of both Fools and Wiſe, pointing with her Finger to the immenſe heaps of the Dead, perſwades even our Eyes, that hitherto none of that whole number have eſcaped Death. *We muſt die*. 'Tis more clear than the Sun, that *we muſt die*: Did ever Thunder more loudly ſtrike the Ears of all Men than this? *We muſt die*. No body can be deaf to this: Whether we will or no, we muſt hear it; this Thunder makes them hear that would not: *We muſt die*, whether God be angry or pleaſed.

Æſchilus of old ſaid; Death only of all the Goddeſſes does not love Bribes, nor regard Promiſes. Wherefore *Seneca* ſays wiſely; Let us fix this in our Memories, and con it over ever and anon, ſaying, *We muſt die*. When? thou hadſt better not know this, than know it. Death the Law of Nature, Death the Office and Tribute of Mortals, is then to be paid, when it is demanded. Wherefore, omitting every thing elſe, think on this one thing, leſt thou be afraid of the Name of Death: By often thinking make it familiar; that if there be occaſion, thou maiſt be ready even to meet it.

Nat. 99. lib. 6. in fine.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

The Memory of Death, is variouſly to be renew'd.

1. THEY ſay a Scull dried in an Oven, and beaten to Powder with a Peſtel, and mixt with Oyl, is a good Medicine againſt the Gangrene or Canker. To grind a Skull and Dead Mens Bones ſmall by ſerious Contemplation, and to uſe for Oyntment, thoroughly Cures all Peſtilence of the Mind.

2. *Plato* accounted any one to be ſo much the wiſer, by how much the more he Thought on Death; therefore he gave this Law to his Diſciples that were ſtudious of Philoſophy, that when they went a Journey, they ſhould never cover their Feet. The Wiſe Man deſign'd to be ſignified by this Ceremony, that the End of Life ought to be continually Thought upon.

3. *Nicholaus Chriſtophorus Radzevilius*, Prince of *Poland*, affirms; that in *Egypt* thoſe that excel others in Prudence, do at this Day carry about with them the likeneſs of the Bones of Dead Men made

Epiſ. 2. *de itinere in Paleſtin. mihi*, pag. 134.

of Wood or Ivory, or elſe real ones; thereby mutually to excite, and exhort one another to meditate on Death. The *Egyptians* alſo ſerve up a Deaths Head at their Banquets; and end their Feaſt with this Melancholy laſt courſe, *Memento Mori.*

4. The *Caliph* of the *Tartars*, in the City *Bagdad* on a Feaſt-day which they call *Ramadam*, being to preſent himſelf to the view of the People, Rides forth on a Mule adorned with Veſtments of Cloth of Gold and Silver, and a Mitre glittering with coſtly Jewels, but above the Mitre he wore a black Vail ----- by which Ceremony, he ſignified that all the Ornaments of his Body ſhould be hid in the darkneſs of Death.

Baron. Tom. 7. *Ann.* 565

5. There was a Pall made, for *Juſtinian* the Emperor being Dead, in which were the Effigies in Embroidery of the Cities, and barbarous Kings he had vanquiſh'd. See the Image of Death, even among Battels, Triumphs and Victories. Death indeed Sports her ſelf with Empires, and Knocks at the Cottages of Beggars, and Palaces of Kings without Diſtinction. Pope *Martinus* the V. had this ſymbolical Picture, or ſpeaking Poſie; on a Pile new kindled, juſt ready to flame out lay a Popes Mitre, Cardinals Hat, a Biſhops Cap, Emperors

perors Diadem, Kings Crown, and Dukes Coronet and Sword, this Motto being added: *Such is the Glory of the whole World.*

6. I approve the Answer of a certain Seaman, I know not the Man, who being asked where his Father Died? Answered at Sea. When the same Man had asked of his Grand-father, Great Grand-father, and Great Great Grand-father by Name and one after another; he gave him the same Answer concerning every one of them; say you so says the other, VVhy then are you not afraid to trust your self to the Sea? The Mariner evading the Answer, asked him saying; Where did your Father Dye? Says he, in his Bed. But where did your Grand-father, Great Grand-father, and the rest of your Ancestors? Says he, they all Died in their Beds; then says the Sailor, art thou not afraid to go to Bed, that has been fatal to all thy Ancestors. Well answer'd indeed, and ingeniously of a Tarr. Let our daily Expectation be like that of *Justus Lipsius*, who being taken Sick, and about to go to Bed, said, *to Bed, to Death.* Oftentimes those who Sleep, are lead to Death Sleeps Sister.

7. *John Patriarch* of *Alexandria*, sirnamed from his Alms, Deeds, *the Almoner* while Alive and in Health, *Leont. Cypr. Epis. c. 18. in vita Joannis*

commanded a Sepulchre to be erected for him, and for this Cauſe not to be finiſhed; that upon ſolemn Days, when the Clergy were preſent, and he about to perform Divine Service, he might be thus admoniſhed by one of them: *Sir, thy Tomb is unperfected, command therefore that that which is begun may be finiſhed; for thou knowſt not at what Hour the Thief will come.*

Idem, Ibidem.

8. It was unlawful for any one to ſpeak to the Emperor of the *Eaſt* newly inaugurated, before a Maſon had ſhewed him Marble of ſeveral Colours, and had asked him ſaying; *Of what ſort of Stone would your Majeſty pleaſe to have your Tomb built?* What was this but to ſay; O Emperor be not Supercilious or Proud, thou art a Man; thou ſhalt Die as well as the pooreſt Beggar. Therefore do thou ſo adminiſter the Kingdom which thou muſt loſe, that thou may'ſt not loſe an Eternal One.

Xiphilinus *concerning* Domitian.

9. *Domitian* the Emperor made a Feaſt, to all the Chief Senators and they of the Equeſtrian Rank after this manner; he hung the Palace all with Mourning, the Cieling, Walls, Pavement and Seats, all Black and in Mourning Dreſs. Into this Melancholy

lancholy Dining-Room were the Guests brought, every one by himself without Companions; and next to every one was placed a Coffin, with his Name Written on it, the Entrance and Candlesticks in it were such as use to be at Funerals. They that waited at the Table were of the same Habit and Mien, and surrounded them at Supper with a Funeral Dance. In the mean Time, the Supper proceeded in a profound Silence; *Domitian* entertaining them the while with Discourses of Death and Funerals, insomuch that Guests were ready to Die with fear of Dying. Why so? *Domitian* had indeed prepared a very wholesome Supper both for himself and them too; but there was a great Cry and little Wool. The *Egyptians* do better who correct the Jollity of Banquets with a Funeral Chastisement.

CHAP. XXVII.

A new Shirt, and black Letters.

AT Grand *Cayro* in *Egypt* the *Turkish* Temple which they call the *Mosque* was built by this means. *Assanus Bassa* a Crafty as well as a Covetous

Radz. Epist. Itineris in Palestinam mihi, p. 176.

vetous Man, deſirous to Eternize his Name, by ſome ſtately Edifice, but at as ſmall Charge as he could to himſelf, found out this Project. He commanded it to be proclaim'd every where, that he had determined to build a great Temple to God. And that he might the more eaſily accompliſh it, he deſired the Liberality of all that came thither; there was a certain Day and Place appointed of receiving of it. This Buſineſs call'd out, and brought together a multitude of People from all Parts of *Egypt*, and the other Dominions of *Cayro*. Againſt they came, *Aſſanus* commanded a great number of Shirts and Coats to be gotten ready. He ordered all thoſe that came to receive Wages, to paſs through a large Court into another as large through ſeveral Doors, and but one at a Time. And as every one paſt along, his Cloaths and Shirt were taken from him, and other new ones were given to him. By this Craft it came to paſs, that whatſoever among ſo many Thouſand Men was brought to bear their Charges in the Journey was left in the Place. For in thoſe Places they are wont to ſew up their Money they carry with them in their Turbants or Shirts. And although there were none, but had rather have had their own Shirts and Coats although they might be ragged

ones,

ones, yet they were glad to be content with their new empty Ones. At length there being a great Outcry and Lamentation of the People, asking for their old Garments; He laughing at the cries of the People, commanded them to be all burnt in one heap. And out of the Fire he collected such a Mass of Treasure as built that stately Edifice. Death treats us after the same manner, It takes away our old Cloaths from us against our Will, and gives us new Funeral ones. We indeed, as *Paul* said; *Groan, being burthened: Not that we would be uncloathed, but cloathed upon.* 2 Cor. 5. 4. But we Labour in vain, Death laughs at our Cries and Tears. Whether we will or no, we must put off this old Garment, put it off and be gone. It hath bound all in the same Condition. All that are Born must Die, there is a little Difference in the Time, none in the thing it self.

But hear ye, how the Cruelty of this Covetous Man was reveng'd. The Turkish Emperor understanding the Wickedness of *Assanus*, sent *Ibrahim* Bassa to him with Letters, in which he commanded *Assanus* very strictly, that as soon as he had received the Letters from *Ibrahim* Bassa, he should immediately send his Head

to

to *Conſtantinople.* The Grand Signior uſes to write ſuch Fatal Letters as theſe with his own Hand, and to fold them up in black Silk. Always the Contents of theſe Letters is; *Send me thy Head.* Whoſoever thou art, King or Ceſar, when the Emperor of Heaven ſhall ſend ſuch a *Black Letter* as this is, you can't refuſe, it is not lawful to Excuſe, it ſignifies nothing to Entreat, you can't avoid it, you can't run away from it, its paſt Recovery. Well then, do this, and contemn Fate; that which you muſt undergo of Neceſſity, do of your own Accord. Send thy Head, not to a Tyrant, but to a Father; not to a Man, but to God. Do not only die, but die freely. For why ſhould we not be willing to do that which is of Neceſſity? To acquieſce is of Neceſſity, to be willing is a Virtue.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Every day is to be regarded.

MUſonius in *Stobæus*, ſaid, *Thou doſt not uſe the preſent day rightly, except thou uſeſt it as thy laſt.* And it is a very wiſe Admonition of * St. *Auſtin*; *The laſt day is conceal'd, that every day may be regarded.* God

* *Tom.* 10. *l.* 50. *homiliar Hom.* 13. *initio.*

God hath very advantageouſly render'd the Laſt Day doubtful, that every day may be ſuſpected. But you will ſay, the Cogitation of Death is a Melancholy Thought, and brings Death it ſelf. Thou art miſtaken; a wiſe Man thinks on it with Serenity of Mind; no otherwiſe than he looks upon the Wind, or the Sails when at Sea, or in a Ship, by which he is carried to his Port; and yet Thought does not carry him thither. This is all our Follies and Miſtake. We deſire to be toſt in the Waves and among the Floods, and are afraid of arriving where Nature and Reaſon ſteers us. Concerning Nature we know, we all go to the ſame place; a Tomb expects us all. But concerning Reaſon, who that is *Compos Mentis* will deny that? What is here, but toſſings too and fro, Cares, Miſeries, Sorrows of Body or Mind? And ſee here is an End: what art thou afraid of? See here's a Port; why doſt thou not enter it? But in truth, as they that are in Priſon, would get out, and often might, unleſs the Goaler held them; ſo in this Life, that Goaler the love of Life keeps us in. He is to be thruſt out, and that he may, we muſt often think, that it muſt be done ſometime or other. And becauſe the laſt Day is uncertain and unknown, let every day be ſuſpected.

ſuſpected. And by this means the Mind ſhall be ſtrengthened, the Life amended, and rendred more pleaſant. For what can terrify or trouble him, that the greateſt of Fears cannot move, that is, the fear of Death. A Dart foreſeen does leſs harm; Death often thought on kills the eaſier.

CHAP. XXIX.

A Coffin is the laſt Throne of our Pride.

Gen. c. 13. *toti.* *Abraham* the Great, when by the command of God, he like a Pilgrim wandred up and down, deſired nothing more than to find a convenient place, to purchaſe a Sepulchre in. And this he deſired to poſſeſs by all poſſible Right; and therefore paid without delay the Price of the Purchaſe in Currant Money with the Merchants. Nor did he content himſelf with this, but deſired all the Inhabitants of the place to be witneſſes to the Sale. In this, being a Man full of Faith, he ſhew'd a Sepulchre to be a Man's moſt proper Inheritance. which he might truly call his own, if he might call any thing ſo. By *Abraham*'s Example every good Man accounts it his chiefeſt concern to take care for a Sepulchre. *Maxi-*

Maximilian, the firſt Emperor of the *Auſtrian* Line, three Years before his Death, commanded that an Oaken Bier encloſed in a Traveller's Cheſt, ſhould be carried about with him; and ordered in his Will, that his dead Corps ſhould be laid in it, wound in a courſe Linen-cloath, without Embowelling; with his Mouth, Ears and Noſe fill'd with Mortar. What did the Great Man mean? but to have that Spectacle continually in his Eyes, that it might ſay to him; *Think on Death.* And correct him, ſaying, Why doſt thou ſwell and ſtrut, why doſt enjoy ſo much, and yet deſireſt more? This little Cabinet ſhall contain *Thee*, that ſo many Provinces and Kingdoms cannot. And why did he order thoſe Cavities to be fill'd with Lime? Thoſe were the Spices with which he was Embalm'd. O *Maximilian*, thou waſt great, both in thy other Tranſactions, and in this about Death.

What need I mention the Bier of *Ablavius*, a Lieutenant of a Pretorſhip, a Prince of *Conſtantine*'s Court, a meer Gulf of Gold, of which he oftner thought, than of his Death or Heaven. Whom *Conſtantine* taking by the Hand thus beſpake; *O Good Man, how long*, ſays he, *doſt thou heap up theſe Trea-*

Baron. tom. 3. An. 326. n. 96.

Treaſures? And immediately, with his Sword, deſcribed the Figure of a Bier on the Ground: ſaid he, *If thou hadſt all the Treaſures in the World, yet after Death thou ſhalt not poſſeſs a larger Dominion than this I deſcribe: If you obtain ſo much. Conſtantine* was a true Prophet, for *Ablavius* was cut in pieces, and had not ſo much as a Grave.

The Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, of bleſſed Memory, piouſly imitating *Maximilian*, long before his Death abdicated himſelf from the Government of the Empire: And having appointed his Son in the Flower of his Age to the care of it, in removed into *Spain*, and betook himſelf to the Monaſtery of St. *Juſtus*, to devote himſelf to God and Retirement, only with Twelve Attendants, and forbad that they ſhould call him any thing but *Charles*: Forſaking the Titles as well as the Buſineſs; he contemned all manner of Honour. It is alſo reported, that long before he left the Empire, he commanded a Sepulchre to be built with mourning Furniture, and to be carried about privately whereſoever he went. This Funeral Preparation for Five Years together he carried along with him, and alſo in his Expedition to *Mediolanum* againſt the *French*, and order'd it to be diligently repoſited

repoſited in his Chamber every Night. Some that were about him thought it was his Treaſure, others that it was his *Books* of Antient Hiſtory, or ſome other thing of Concern. But *Ceſar* conſcious to himſelf for what cauſe he carried it with him, ſaid ſmilingly; That it bare him Company for a ſpecial and extraordinary uſe. Thus *Charles* daily thought on Death, and might have ſaid every day, *Vixi, I have lived.* And by that means he daily roſe to advantage.

Many others have very happily imitated *Charles* the Emperor, religiouſly contemplating on their Coffin, the Emblem of their Death, for many days. *Genebald* the Biſhop of *Landen*, had a Bed like a Sepulchre for Seven Years together, at the end of which time he finiſh'd his painful Life.

Ida, a Woman of approv'd Chaſtity, order'd a Coffin to be made her long before her Death, which ſhe twice a day fill'd with Bread and other Victuals, and as often emptied it to the Poor. The ſtudy of Virtue is the beſt Preparatory to Death. No Death ſtains Virtue. He eaſily contemns all things, who always thinks he's dying.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

What is Life.

IT is a Flower, a Smoak, a Shadow, and the Shadow of a Shadow; a Bubble, Duſt, Froth, Dew, a Drop, Ice, A Rainbow, an expiring Taper, an old Sack, a ruinous Houſe, deceitful Duſt, a Summers day, a conſtant *April*, one Tinkle of a Shell, a broken Pitcher, a Wheel of a Fountain, a Spiders Web, a drop of the Sea, ſorry Stubble, a Plant of one day, a ſhort Tale, a rapid Spark, a melancholy Cloud, a Bladder full of Wind, a little Dove glittering in the Sun. Life! a thin Glaſs, a light Leaf, a ſmall Thread, a golden Apple, but rotten within, &c. If a Shadow be nothing, tell me what is the Dream of a Shadow? Six Hundred or a Thouſand of ſuch Deſcriptions as theſe are aptly made uſe of concerning Humane Life. But they ſeem to me to have fitted it beſt that call it the ſhorteſt Dream of a Shadow. But in ſhort, Life is,

Somnus, Bulla, Vitrum, Glacies, Flos, Fabula, Fœnum,
Umbra, Cinis, Punctum, Vox, Sonus, Aura, Nihil.

A Sleep,

A Sleep, a Bubble, Glaſs, Ice, a Flower, a Tale, Hay,
A Shadow, Aſhes, a Point, a Voice, a Sound, Air, nothing.

Ah miſerable Men! what Riches do we ſeem to have gotten, what Honours do we imagine our ſelves to ſuſtain, what Pleaſures do we Fancy we enjoy? They are all but Dreams, and ah, how ſhort and empty? They have dreamt their Dream, and found nothing of their Riches all theſe Men of *Wealth*, (*Pſalm* 75. 6.) O Men, you have dreamed that you are rich and happy, but of all thoſe things ye poſſeſs'd, and which ye enjoy'd, in hopes, what of them have you retain'd I pray you? Theſe were meer waking Dreams, and flights of Imagination. Now Puniſhment opens thoſe Eyes, that once Sin blinded.

But what is Life then? I'll tell you in ſhort, the time of Humane Life is a Point: Nature is inconſtancy; Senſe, obſcurity; the whole body, a putrifying Maſs; the Mind wandring; Honours ſmoak; Riches thorns; Pleaſures poiſon. And in a word, all things belonging to the Body, a River; to the Mind a Dream; the Life, a War, and a Travellers ſtay in a ſtrange City; a Warehouſe of innumerable Miſeries: Fame after Death, is oblivion.

And

And in this let us believe

Epigr. 34. *Auſonius*:

Miremur periiſſe homines? momenta fatiſcunt;
Mors etiam ſaxis nominibuſque venit.

Is it a wonder that Mankind ſhould die,
When leaky Time lets in Eternity;
And Death on Men and Things?

To conſummate Life in Virtue before Death, is the beſt thing in the World.

CHAP. XII.

Life *is a Mimick.*

OUR whole Life is a Comedy; We are the Actors; one Acts the King, another the Beggar; one perſonates the Prince, another a Phyſician, another a Clown. Whatſoever part God has ſet us, we ought to act it handſomely. The Praiſe does not conſiſt, in acting the Emperor or General, whatſoever part thou beareſt, thou ſhalt have Applauſe if thou doſt it well. *Epictetus* ſaid aptly; Remember thou acteſt what part the Maſter pleaſes: If he will have thee Act the Beggar, ſee thou doſt it ingeniouſly; and 'tis the ſame if you Act the Cripple, the Prince, or the Commoner. For this is

thy

thy Buſineſs, to Humour the part that is ſet thee; to chuſe is another bodies.

The Emperor *Auguſtus* asked his Friends that came to ſee him when dying, *Whether or no they thought he had well acted his part in the Comedy of* Life? And added the Concluſion; *Clap hands then.* *Sueton. in Aug.* c. 99.

Seneca ſaid well concerning the Comedy of this Life; ſaith he, *I muſt often make uſe of this Expreſſion, for the Mimick of Humane* Life *is not more aptly expreſs'd*; who *hath aſſign'd to us thoſe Parts (which by our Ignorance and Careleſneſs) we act amiſs.* *Epiſt.* 80. *Med.*

Laertius in *Zeno*, ſaith, *A wiſe Man is like an ingenious Player, who, whether he perſonates* Therſites, *or* Agamemnon, *acts either of them handſomely.*

So that we ought not to Conſider what we are now, but what we ſhall be, when we put off our Mask and Dreſs; neither is it any matter whether we act firſt or laſt, only let us do it cleverly.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

The Similitude of Humane Life.

Johan. Damaſc. Hiſt. de his c. 13. *ad finem*

OLD *Barlaam* repreſenting the deceitful Pleaſures of Human Life to King *Joſaphat*, proceeds thus; a certain Man, ſaith he, flying from a fierce Unicorn, had fallen into a large Pit, if he had not happily prevented it by laying hold on an adjacent Tree, and thereby avoided the Danger. But whil'ſt he thinks himſelf ſecure, he eſpies two Mice, the one *White*, and the other *Black*, gnawing down the Tree, and they had penetrated it almoſt to the Sap: When looking down into the Bottom of the Pit, he ſees a fierce Dragon breathing out a Stream of Fire. While the poor Wretch caſt his Eyes this way and that way, he perceives the Heads of four Aſps hanging out of the Wall. But He regardleſs of all theſe, looking up ſees ſome Honey dropping from off a Bough; and preſently forgetful of his own Safety, the purſuing Unicorn, the Dragon that threatned him, the gnawing Mice, hiſſing Serpents, and ſudden fall of the Tree; greedily gapes at the diſtilling Sweets.

This

This ſays *Barlaam*, is the Game of the preſent Life, which I thus explain The Unicorn repreſents Death, which purſues Mankind every where. This Pit is the World full of Calamities. The Tree we catch hold on with our Hands, is Life included within certain Limits. The two Mice that gnaw the Tree down by little and little, are Day and Night. The Four Aſps are the four Elements, the Peace of which being diſturbed, is the Ejection of the Soul from the Body; that fiery and fierce Dragon, denotes the Jaws of Hell, which are always open to devour; the drops of Honey ſignifie the corrupt Pleaſures of the Body and deadly ſweetneſs of Vice. We, decoy'd by this pernicious Potion, neither fear the Devil, nor regard Heaven, content to periſh pleaſantly. This ſaid *Barlaam* to *Joſaphat*. O true, all moſt true! If we are wiſe, let us account every Hour our laſt. Eternity depends on every particular Moment of Life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

The Prologue, Story, and Epilogue, of Life.

THE Prologue of Humane Life is to be Born, *Naſci*: The Story *Dolere*, to Grieve; the Epilogue *Mori* to Die, the Ornaments of this Oratory, are Sighs, and Tears, and Joy worſe then Sorrow it ſelf. *Seneca* ſaid notably, Come hither all ye Mortals, look about you; ſee here's Matter enough every where for you to weep always. Uneaſie Poverty calls one to his daily Drudgery, reſtleſs Ambition moleſts another, another is afraid to looſe the Riches he has been coveting, and is tormented by his own Deſires; carefulneſs depreſſes one, Toil wears out another, the Croud of Clients throng anothers Porch and hurry him out of his Retirements: One Laments that he has got Children, another Mourns for the loſs of them, and another Grieves becauſe he never had any. We ſhall Weep away our Tears before our Sorrows; doſt not ſee, what ſort of Life the Nature of things did Promiſe us, what our ominous Weeping at our Birth portended? Weeping we begin and ſo we go on; and ſo we End our Life.

Conſol. ad Polyb. c. 23.

This

This one Thing deſerves to be lamented, nor can any ſufficiently clear themſelves of it, that none of us think ſeriouſly of the Time, when we muſt go out of this Tabernacle. We do think on it indeed, but as it 'twere by the by, as tho' we were in a Dream. And therefore, we live as though we ſhould live always; our frailty ſcarce enters our Mind any thing to the purpoſe, we take little Notice how much Time is ſpent already, but we ſpend as though we had too much, both Hours, Days, Months, and Years. We are prodigal of our Time, nor make any account of the irreparable loſs of that, of which only we are allow'd to be Covetous. So a great part of our Life is ſpent in doing *ill*, the greateſt part in doing *nothing*, and almoſt the whole in doing *that which don't concern us*. Who is it that ſets a Price on his Time, that makes account of one Day, that reckons he's daily Dying? This is the Cauſe why we forget Things paſt, neglect Things preſent, foreſee not Things to come. When we come to our Death-bed, we Wretches perceive too late, that all the while we have been doing nothing, we have been but badly employ'd. Therefore let us do this, let us lay hold of every Hour, as though we were to Die to day; ſo let us handle the Diſcourſe of Life, as

though we were preſently to come to the Concluſion; while Life is adjourned, it paſſes away.

CHAP. XXXIV.

The longeſt Life is ſhort.

Epiſt. 77. fine. SENECA ſaid truly, no Life is long, for if thou conſider the Nature of Things the very Life of *Neſtor*, and *Statilia* was ſhort, who commanded to be engraved on Her Tomb, that ſhe had lived Ninety Nine Years; ſee, how an old Woman Glory's in her Age! Who could have endur'd her boaſting, if ſhe had lived a Hundred?

The *Amaranthus* (as 'tis ſtory'd) growing next to the Roſe, thus beſpake it: O what a delicate Flower art thou, O Roſe! How beautiful! How lovely! I may juſtly call thee bleſt, becauſe of thy Smell, thy Beauty, and thy Colour, O Queen of Flowers! To whom the Roſe anſwered, I indeed O *Amaranthus* am beautiful, but very ſhort Lived; and ſhall fade, though no Body touch me. Thou always groweſt and flouriſheſt. I had rather have leſs Beauty, and more Life. Mortal Life is like

like a Roſe ſhort and fading; and although no other Violence come near it, yet it Dies by little and little by its own deflux. Well may the greateſt Phyſician cry out, *Life is ſhort, Art long*; we don't perceive Life to paſs away, but we find it is gone. The *Moments* of deſtin'd Life poſt on ſo ſwiftly, that they forſake us, very few excepted, in our very Entrance into them. *Hippocrates in initio Aphoriſmorum.*

VVe have but a very little Time, and yet we ſpend the moſt of it in Luxury or loſe it by careleſsneſs. O unthinking Mortals, the Body which we carry about us, is not our Home but our Inn, which we muſt leave when our Landlord begins to look cold upon us. Therefore my Chriſtian make haſt to live Holily, and think every Day is a new Life. VVhoſoever ſhall prepare himſelf after this manner, and count every Day his whole Life, may ſafely bid Death defiance. *None Dies Ill, that Lives well.*

CHAP. XXXV.

Not the longeſt, but the honeſteſt Life is beſt.

LET us not take Care, to live long, but virtuouſly. That Life is long

enough, that has been well employ'd; and it will be well employ'd, if we heartily acquieſce with the Divine Pleaſure in the Allotment of Time; how little ſoever it ſhall be, and uſe it well. VVhat do Eighty Years ſpent idly ſignifie to a Man? He hath not lived, but loytered in Life. Nor hath not Died late, but been long a Dying; to live imprudently and impiouſly, is not bad *Living*, but long *Dying*. You'll ſay, it may be, he hath lived Fourſcore Years. But the matter lies, where you begin to reckon his Death. One is taken away Green, and in the middle of his Life, but hath ſerved the Offices of a good Citizen, and a good Chriſtian. Although his Age is imperfect'd, his Life is perfect: Another counts Fourſcore Years, when indeed he has not lived ſo many, but has had a *being* in them: Unleſs you mean the Life of a Tree. Life is to be meaſured by virtuous Offices, not by length of Time. Therefore let us Praiſe *him*, and reckon *him* in the number of the Happy. who has well laid out what Life he had,

Pſal. 11.7. *The Righteous ſhall be had in Everlaſting Remembrance*: The Memory of the Righteous ſhall be Bleſſed. For he hath ſeen the true Light, he was not one of the Multitude, he hath lived, and now he lives in Heaven.

Heaven. VVhy doſt thou ask how long he lived? He lived to Immortality, he hath leaped over Ages, and tranſmitted his Memory to Futurity. And as a Man may be honeſt in a thin Attire, ſo a Life may be perfected in a little Time: Good is not placed in Quantity of Time, bnt in Vertue; neither is he commended that hath play'd long on the Harp, but he that has play'd well. It's nothing to thee how long thou art in being, but how long thou art a good Chriſtian; that is thy concern to Mind. Look to this that thou doſt not meaſure a ſinful Life by Vice; that thou make *uſe* of thy Life, and not be *carried* through it. Doſt thou enquire, what is the moſt ample ſpace of Life? To live unto true VViſdom; whoſoever hath arrived to that, has not indeed attained to the lateſt End, but the beſt. Death walks through us all, and we don't go long one before another. He that kills follows him he kills. And 'tis the ſmalleſt thing to be minded. For what matter is it how long thou avoideſt, that which thou canſt not eſcape. *That is the beſt Life that is moſt honeſt, not that which is longeſt.*

Seneca Epiſt. 93. paucis mutatis.

CHAP. XXXVI.

We live not the greateſt part of our Life.

I Believe the Old Poet was in the right of it.

Exigua pars eſſe vitæ quam nos vivimus.
'Tis but a ſmall portion of Life that's liv'd by us.

All the reſt of our Life is not Life, but Time. Our Buſineſs and our Vices encompaſs us about, preſſing us, and bearing of us down with our Luſts. We have ſcarce any opportunity to converſe with our ſelves; we are never at our own diſpoſe, but at other People's; no body is his own Man. There's hardly any body that will leſſen his Money; but we tear out our Life in pieces, a bit for this Buſineſs, and a piece for t'other, that are of no conſequence. So we ſpend great part of our Time, not in living; for we live not to Heaven, nor God. And what a deal of our Time do Banquets, Recreations, Sports, Diſcourſes, Sleep, and Idleneſs take away from us, and how much does Brawls and Diſtempers bereave us of? Alas! how many Enemies pilfer our Life from us, and yet we don't know what we loſe! Theſe few following Verſes

ſes caſt up the account of Life very aptly.

Vivit homo octoginta (haud plus communiter) annos, &c.

Man may live eighty Years, but ſeldom more,
He Eats, and Drinks, and Plays away a Score;
Twenty *he Sleeps, and only lives in Dream,*
Sixteen *he acts the Child, and add to them,*
Four *waſted out in Sickneſs and Diſeaſe.*
And now let's ſee the poor remains of Theſe:
One Fourth *of* Life *is all that's left us free,*
To ſtudy Knowledge, practice Honeſty.

O what a little of Life falls to our own ſhare! The Afflictions of many ſcarce ſuffer them to breath, Enjoyments hinder others. For we lay no hold of Time, nor retain that, we detain it not, but let it paſs as a worthleſs thing, and as that which we can call back when we pleaſe. Who would not employ Time for his own uſe, that diſpoſes of every Day as his laſt? Is any body ſo provident, and ſuch an eſteemer of Time, as to count it too precious to be changed away for any thing elſe? But we ſport our ſelves with the moſt precious thing in the World, and look upon that worth nothing, which is beyond eſtimation. As they on Shipboard ſleep, and are ſwiftly carried along by the Wind, though they don't perceive it; when they awake, wonder that they are come to Land: So we in our Life poſt on a

pace, our Days and Years go forward, and we regard not that ineſtimable Treaſure *Time*. When we ſhould awake to a better Life, we wonder we are arrived at the Port of Perdition. *Death is the ſame to a Man, that a Port is to a Mariner: He has ſteered well, that is not Shipwreck'd in this Port.*

CHAP. XXXVII.

Delay is the the greateſt Fault of Life.

WE adjourn all things but *Wickedneſs*, which we ſeldom refer till to Morrow. In *other* things we become Promiſers, and ſay; This ſhall be done to *Morrow*, It ſhall certainly be done *next Week*, or *next Year* without fail. So our Days, and Months, and Years, paſs away while we procraſtinate, and promiſe, and are never as good as our words. Thou ſhalt hear many, ſays *Seneca*, ſaying; When I am Fifty years old, I'll betake my ſelf to a retired Life: I'll leave off Buſineſs at Threeſcore. And pray how much longer ſhalt thou live? Who will enſure that to thee, thou diſpoſeſt of beforehand? Are you not aſham'd to preſent God with the Remnants and Waſt of your Life, that

is

is good for nothing? How much is it too late then to begin to live, when we ſhould leave off? What a wretched Oblivion of Mortality is that; to put off good *Purpoſes* to the Fiftieth or Sixtieth Year, and to pretend to begin to live, at an Age to which few arrive?

Sigiſmund the Second King of *Poland*, becauſe of his perpetual delay, and ſlowneſs in diſpatch of weightieſt Affairs, was called *Rex Craſtinus*, The delaying King: Such we are all procraſtinating Wretches: We put off all things, and Death moſt willingly of all, if we could. But the Affairs of Death require haſte, and admit of no delay. When Death knocks, we muſt open; therefore, according to the old ſaying, *If you would live long, become an old Man as ſoon as you can, by avoiding Delays.* The King of *Macedon* got ſo many Conqueſts by this only means, by *deferring Nothing.* We, by putting off the beſt things, looſe all things. *Chryſologus* ſaid truly; *Man then only deſires to do good; when Death takes away the Opportunity of doing it.* By theſe Methods we come to Death, as they that ſleep as they go. At firſt we begin to put off and adjourn wholeſom things till the Morrow, then a little longer, and at laſt wholly forget and leave them undone, and ſo we fall aſleep and periſh.

O Mortals! 'tis too late to live to Morrow, live to Day. Give Alms to Day; Repent to Day; for who can promiſe you to Morrow, which it may be will never come? It has always been very dangerous and prejudicial to defer honeſt Things.

Jactura vitæ maxima, eſt dilatio: Jamb. vet.

Noluiſſe viſus interim eſt, qui diſtulit.
In Life the greateſt hazard is delay,
He ſeems unwilling, who puts off a day.

Therefore let us make haſte, and think, how quick we ſhould be if an Enemy were behind us, if we thought a Horſeman purſued us, and was at our Heels.

It is ſo; we are almoſt caught: Let us run and ſave our lives. Let us get out of danger, and think every now and then, what an Advantage it is to finiſh our Life before Death. It's a great comfort on a dying Bed, *To have put off Nothing.*

CHAP. XXXVIII.

The Game of Death.

WIlliam III. Duke of *Bavaria*, the Father of the Poor, and Defender of all Religious Men, whom being dead, if all

all ſhould paſs by in ſilence, yet the Speeches and Tears of ſo many Mourners would ſufficiently Praiſe. This worthy Prince, when he returned to the Monaſtery, from the Council at *Baſil*, where he had been *Ceſar*'s Repreſentative, dreamed this dream. He ſeem'd to ſee a Stag of extraordinary Stature, carrying Bells on one Horn, and Wax Tapers burning on the other. The Huntſman and Dogs vigorouſly following this flying Beaſt. All paſſages and ways of Eſcape being ſtop'd, the poor Fugitive betook himſelf to the Church-yard of St. *Mary*'s, where falling into a Sepulchre dug for to inter a deceaſed Man, it was taken and ſlain The Prince awaking, conſidered with himſelf, what this ſhould mean, and the next day told it to his Nobles. From whom having received various Interpretations, he thus began; *I*, ſaith he, *am that Buck, ſhortly to compleat this mortal Life: I deſire to be buried in the Church of St.* Mary. All things happen'd accordingly, and had the foretold Event. In a ſhort time a Diſeaſe and Death chaſed the Body of Prince *William* into the Grave, and his Soul to the Manſions above. *A good Death is the beginning of Eternal Beatitude.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

The Reaſons why, though we daily ſee Funerals, we do not think on Death.

THE Devil being a skilful Painter, paints according to the Rules of Perſpective, that that which is before us, and juſt by us, we think fartheſt off. Thence it is that we promiſe our ſelves a long Reprieve from Death, as though we ſhould live a Thouſand Years: And behold Funerals with a ſmiling Countenance, as though it would ne'er be our turn.

Sir *Thomas Moor*, that Star of *England*, left any Age ſhould indulge themſelves in living at large, admoniſhes by this Hypotypoſis: *As thoſe that are carried from Priſon to the Gallows, are not the leſs afraid of it, becauſe the way is long, and they go on but ſlowly: Though their Limbs be ſtrong, their Eyes quick, their Heart lively; and although they can reliſh Meat and Drink, yet this one thing perplexes them, that they are going.* And we are all a going to the Execution of Death. We are all upon the Road, and are but a little way off neither. Thoſe that die don't leave us, they only go before us. But thou wilt ſay, I am in perfect Health, and feel no Symptoms of Death.

Death. Say what thou wilt, thou art going thither; and we are going with thee, and we are all going. But thou ſaiſt, I am not Thirty yet. For all that, thou art going, and ſo thou wert at Twenty, nay at Ten, nay the firſt Year, and firſt Hour too; do but go on, and thou wilt be there quickly. Well, but I can reliſh my Sleep, and my Victuals, and my Drink very well. O you Dotard, Death doth not matter this: For all that, thou art going; look up a little, the Tripod ſtares thee in the very Face. Thou art going to Execution, 'tis but a little while, and there will be an end of thee, and all thy State, and Luxury too. *Our whole* Life *is the way to* Death.

CHAP. XL.

A compendious and apt Meditation of Death.

UT tibi mors felix contingat, vivere diſce
Ut felix poſcis vivere, diſce mori.
Learn how to live, if you'd die happily;
And if you'd happy live, learn how to die.

This is the Sum of All; the Art of Arts. We ought in our whole Life to learn to live well, and that too which perhaps ſome will more wonder at, we ought all our Life

Life to learn to die well. Many brave Men forſaking all Impediments, both Riches and Pleaſures, have abandon'd Offices, and employ'd themſelves in this unto their lives end, that they might know how to live: And many of them have confeſſed, when they went out of this Life that they had not learn'd it then neither. And how ſhould ſuch know it then, who never ſtudied it? Moſt Men little regard how well they live, if they live but long; when all may live well, but none may live long.

Some begin to live, when they ought to leave off. Hence it proceeds, that we are ſo empty of all good, under the want of which we ſo much labour at the period of our Days, being fearful of Death, yet ignorant of Life. Whoſoever therefore would learn the Art of living, let him firſt learn the Art of dying. Some perhaps may think it needleſs, to learn that which muſt be made uſe of but once. When for that very reaſon, we ought to take ſo much the more care, that it be done; for we ought to be continually learning that, of which we cannot make the Tryal, whether we have learned or not. *To live is no great thing, but to die is.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XLI.

To day is my turn, to morrow will be thine.

Francis I. King of *France*, being taken Priſoner by *Charles* V. having read at *Madrid* on the Wall the Symbol of *Charles*, *Plus ultra*, *More than this*; writ to it, *Hodie mihi cras tibi*, *To day is my turn, to morrow thine*. The Victor, without Anger, replied, *He underſtood it*; and wrote under it, *Homo ſum, humani nihil à me alienum puto*; *I am a Man, and therefore count not my ſelf exempt from the Fates of Mankind.* *Delrii Adag.* p. 576.

Gregory Nazianzen ſaid excellently, *Thy Head grows white, the Harveſt of Life is at hand, it may be the ſickle is ſharpen'd againſt us.* I am afraid leſt the terrible Harveſt ſhould overtake us ſuddenly, while we are aſleep, or employ'd in ſome Project or another.

But it may be thou wilt ſay, Let *Old* Men fear Death, I am a *Young* Man: Don't be deceived. Death is not limited to any time of Age. The ſame Bier carries out to day an Old Man, to morrow a comely Youth, the next day a luſty Blade, and then a Maid or old Woman. Says *Seneca* the

the Philoſopher; *Death ought to be before the Eyes of Young as well as Old, for we are not cited by the Books of Muſter, in which Young and Old are ſet down every one according to their Age.* Such a Summoning is peculiar to the *Militia*, and *Elections*, but not uſual to Death. The Salutation and Farewel of all dying Perſons, is *Hodie mihi, cras tibi*; *To day is my turn, to morrow thine.* And this is the Song of the Dead from their Sepulchers: *Mihi heri, tibi hodie*; *'Twas my time yeſterday, 'tis thine to day.* Remember *Death*, remember *Eternity*, which I began yeſterday, and thou muſt enter upon to day, or to morrow, and neither of us ſhall ever finiſh.

Senec. Ep. 12. Med.

CHAP. XLII.

Therefore live while thou art alive.

NOT to thy Appetite, to thy Body, nor to thy Pleaſure; but to Vertue, to Heaven, and to God. Live and Act as well in Suffering for God, as doing and labouring. Thou knoweſt not how long thou mayſt have a being, and whether or not thy Maker ſhall ſoon take thee away. The wiſeſt Preacher faithfully admoniſhes,

What-

Whatſoever thine Hand finds to do, do it with all thy might: Job 32. v. 22.
For there is neither Work, nor Wiſdom, nor Invention in the Grave, whither thou goeſt. Therefore let us not be weary in well doing, ſaith the Apoſtle, *for in due time we ſhall reap if we faint not.* Eccleſ. 9. v. 10. Gal. 6. v. 9, 10.

Therefore while we have Time, let us be doing good to all. Haſt thou begun with Labour? Go on with continual Induſtry: Never give over, never deſiſt from an enterpriſe that may win Heaven. For there is not a moment in which thou mayſt not make ſome advance toward, and encreaſe in Heavenly Treaſure; therefore after this manner labour without ceaſing. There is a Time of Reſt coming, which no Labour ſhall interrupt.

The Days of a Mans Life upon the Earth are a warfare, and his Days are like the Days of a hireling. Job 7. 1.

A Hireling, ſays *Gregory*, eſteems that *Light* at receiving his Wages, which he counted *Burdenſome* in performing. A Hireling is careful that the Day paſs not away unoccupied, for he knows the Day is appointed for Work, the Night to reſt. Do thou therefore Work while it is to Day, while thou mayſt labour; the Night cometh † (ſaith

† *John* 9. 4.

Chriſt)

Chriſt) *when none can labour.* Therefore while the Sun ſmiles on thy Work, Work. There is one will pay thee thy Wages, thou haſt always a diligent and bountiful Overſeer of thy VVork, who numbers thy ſmalleſt Services, which thou doſt to Honour him, and the Hairs of thy Head too, as well as thy Faults; don't thou doubt, he counts all thy goings. By one leap or ſtep thou mayſt finiſh thy Journey to Eternity, but ſee thou ſetteſt thy Foot right. *Such thou muſt be for ever, that thou art at Death.*

Job 31. 4.

CHAP. XLIII.

If to Morrow, why not to Day.

THERE is one Chain, but it is a heavy one, *Amor Vitæ, the Love of Life,* that holds us, which although it is not to be caſt off; yet it ought to be looſed: That if there be occaſion, it may not detain, or hinder us from being always ready, to *do out of Hand* what ought to be done: Life is not Imperfect, if it be Honeſt. VVhereſoever you leave off, if you end well,

well, you have the whole of it. *Auguſtine* the Prelate of *Hippo*, went to ſee another Biſhop his familiar Acquaintance on his Death-bed, and the Sick Perſon noting by the lifting up his Hand, that he was Travelling to Heaven. *Auſtin* anſwered, thou art uſeful to the Church, worthy of longer Life. To which the Sick Man reply'd, *If I ſhould never Die 'twere another Matter; but if I muſt ever, why not now?*

Poſſidonius in Vita Auguſtini, c. 27.

Death calls upon all alike. Sooner or Later we muſt all come to the ſame Place. This we know, and don't complain of the Thing, but the Time. VVhy ſo? Does he not ſeem a cowardly and fooliſh Perſon, that with great Entreaty Courts the delay of Death. VVouldeſt thou not be angry at him, that being to be Executed among others, ſhould deſire (as though it were a Courteſie) to be Hanged laſt? This very thing we do. VVe think 'tis a great favour to Die ſlowly. This Sentence is pronounc'd to all, and indeed juſtly too. For that which uſes to be the Comfort of them that are in Miſery, is, that they are all in the ſame Caſe. VVhat does it matter, whether we go out of this Life, as out of a Theater, ſooner or later then others; we muſt go out. If then we muſt go at all,

all, why not now? It may be Death has ſpared you to Day, yet thou haſt not ſcaped it: It will fall upon thee to Morrow. It will pierce thee with a Sword, knock thee down with a Stone, or kill thee with a Feaver. Thou art ſafe no where, and at no Time. Thou muſt go out then; *if to Morrow, why not to Day? If at all, why not now?*

CHAP. XLIV.

Why, Death *is Terrible.*

INdeed the Death of all is Equal, but it comes by divers Methods. One Dies at Supper, another Lives till he goes to Bed, another Falls by his wickedneſs; another's thruſt through with a Sword, another Buried in Water, another's conſumed by Fire, another falls a Victim to a Serpent, or is buried in the Ruins of a falling Edifice. Another's Thread of Life is ſnap'd aſunder by the Contraction of the Nerves. Another is cropt off in the Flower of his Age, another in his very Infancy. One goes off a Youth, another an Old Man, another a Chryſom, which had no other Buſineſs appointed it but to ſalute Life. Some Die eaſier, ſome harder.

der. But however eaſie, and favourable Death is, it always brings Terrour along with it, and in that eſpecially, becauſe it ſeems to take a great deal of Goods from us; and to lead us away from that Plenty, to which we have accuſtomed our ſelves. Self-Love, and a natural inſtinct of Self-preſervation cauſes us to ſhun it. Beſides the fear of Darkneſs (to which Death is thought to lead us) is common to all. Hence many Wits have endeavour'd to diſplay the Horrour of Death.

But this makes us dread Death, becauſe we know preſent Things, but thoſe to which we are a going, we know not; and therefore we abhor it, becauſe we know it not. Therefore the Mind is to be hardened, that it be not afraid of the Eternity, it is going to. Eternity, is to be thought on Day and Night; as he that will enure himſelf to bear Want, muſt daily enure himſelf to ſomething of Faſting: So the Soul to be ſet on Shore out of this Flood of Time on firm Land, ſhould Diet it ſelf for Eternity daily, as though for a Suffering, let him ſalute the Gates of Eternity every Day, and ſuppoſe himſelf to ſtand before them every Moment; whatſoever he does, let him do for Eternity, let him have this one Copy for all his Actions; to read for Eternity, to write

write for Eternity, to paint for Eternity, to Meditate, Watch, Speak do all for *Eternity*. Whoever aſpires at Eternal Triumphs, let him Learn to fight for Eternity.

CHAP. XLV.

Death *is ſudden, but beautiful.*

Hiſt. c. 92. *Cheremon*, as *Palladius* Biſhop of *Hellenopolis* Witneſſeth, Died, ſitting at Work, and Acting like a healthy Perſon, and was found in the ſame Poſture, ſitting with his Work in his Hand, but Dead; Virtue can beautifie any ſort of Death.

Mad. Philos. in Floridis mihi, pag. 579. *Philemon* the Old *Comedian*, when he had dictated Comedies to *Menander* behind the Scene, and contended with him for the Honour, though perhaps unequal, but yet Emulous, recited part of a Play he had newly made, when in the Third Act (according to the Rules of Comedy) he had moved the Affections, a ſudden rain deferred the Concluſion. But (being earneſtly entreated) promiſed he would finiſh the remainder the next Day. Accordingly the next

next Day a great Multitude came together, big with Expectation. Every one takes his Seat in as convenient a Place as he can: They that come late beckon to their Friends to procure them Place, thoſe that could get none complained; the Theater being filled with a great Auditory. Some begin to Sing, thoſe that were not there the Day before to enquire of what was Acted; they that were to repeat what they had heard, and thoſe that knew what was paſt, expected what was to come. In the mean Time the Day went on, and no *Philemon* came. Some murmured at the Poets delay, others excuſed him, but having ſat a conſiderable Time, and *Philemon* not coming, they ſent to call him. But they found him Dead on his Bed, ſtiff, but lying like one in a Study, holding his Book in his Hands, and in a poſture as though Reading. But void of Life, forgetful of his Comedy, and regardleſs of the Auditory; they that went in were at firſt aſtoniſhed, at ſo amazing a Spectacle, of ſo amiable a Death. But at length returning to the People, told them, *Philemon* the Poet, whom they waited for to finiſh his Comedy in the Theatre, had acted a real Tragedy at home; having ſaluted Humane Affairs with a *Valete & Plaudite*, and his Friends with a

la-

Lament and Mourn. That Yeſterday's Shower had been fatal to him, and that his Comedy had come to a Funeral before a Nuptial. And ſince the beſt Poet had put off the Perſon of Life, they muſt go quickly to his Funeral, his Bones are firſt to be gathered, and afterwards his Verſes to be read.

If we only look at the preſent Life, it is the moſt deſirable Death, to Die without fear of Death; but it is far more deſireable to Die in Action, and at Work, that Death, may not find us Idle, that our Death it ſelf may not be Idle. It was the wiſh of Saint *Cyprian*, that he might Die for God, while he ſpake for God. Certainly it is a great Praiſe, neither to be found Idle by the Devil, nor by Death.

CHAP. XLVI.

Watch and Pray,

FOR *you know not what hour the Son of Man will come.* The Romans uſed to Watch in Arms, and ſometimes without a Shield, that they might have nothing to ſupport ſleep. Thou muſt watch, O Man, and watch arm'd too. Ardent Prayers to God

God are the true Chriſtian's Armour, the Shield that lulls to ſleep is vain Hope of a long Life. The frequent Exhortations of the *Roman* Soldiers on their Guards were; *Watch, Watch, Mars Watch.* By this mutual Exhortation, they did ſtir up one another to Vigilance. By this word, O my Soul, the heavenly Powers animate thee to a conſtant, holy watching. The Heaven it ſelf watching and labouring night and day without intermiſſion, admoniſhes thee of watching. Art thou deaf, or doſt fall aſleep again? Hear Chriſt commanding; *Watch and Pray.* St. *Mark*, ch. xiii. 33, 35, 37. tells us Chriſt had a Sermon, whoſe Epilogue was, a thrice *Watch and Pray.* The firſt, *See ye to it, Watch and Pray.* The ſecond; *Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the Maſter of the houſe cometh, in the evening, or at midnight, at cock-crow, or in the morning; leſt when he cometh ſuddenly he find you ſleeping.* The third; *What I ſay unto you, I ſay unto All, Watch.* The ſame he often admoniſhes us, and that by the mouth of St. *Matthew*; *Watch ye therefore, for ye know not what Hour your Lord will come.* And he repeats it again; *Watch ye therefore, becauſe ye know neither the day nor hour.* He inculcates the very ſame thing at the Mount of Olives; *Watch and Pray, that ye enter not in-*

to Temptation. This he pronounces too by St. *Luke*; *Watch ye therefore, Praying at all times.* The very ſame thing over again, *Watch ye:* And how often does St. *Paul* redouble this? Theſe ſounds thunder in our Ears, that they may wake us out of Sleep and Lethargy. We are deaf, nay dead, if theſe won't awake us. Thou that art a ſleep in Sin, awake. Don't you know the *Egyptians* Fate? the Deſtroying Angel enter'd *Egypt* at midnight, and made a great Slaughter. Doſt not remember the Caſe of the Ten Virgins? *At midnight behold there was a cry, and thoſe that were ready, went in with the Bridegroom to the marriage,* they that were a ſleep were ſhut out. Doſt not remember the Folly of the Gluttonous Servant? His Lord came in a day when he looked not for him, and in an hour that he was not aware of. Conſider then the good Man of the Houſe; he watches always, that the Thief break not in: Think on thy Saviour, he was born at midnight, and will come to Judgment (O ſtrange!) after midnight, to the laſt Judgment of the whole World. *Watch* therefore *Watch*, and think every day thy laſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVII.

We muſt truſt in God.

HE with whom God is, although he be ſurrounded with the threatning Surges of a raging Sea, will ſtand ſecurely; though Troubles moleſt him, Pain torment him, the Devil gnaſh and rage at him, Death threaten him, and level his Dart at him, he need not be afraid, who truſts in God: If Hell be moved, and the Sky fall, they can't hurt him; he will come off with Triumph, and unconcernedly behold it, as the *Marpeſian* Rocks do the vain Threatnings of the Ocean. So *Job* and *David* behaved themſelves. *Job* ſpake to God with a couragious mind: *Set me* (ſays he) *near thee, and let the hand of every one be againſt me*, Job xvii. 3. He challenges, inſults, defies the Armies of the Enemies of God: Let come who will come, although they be Giants, I'll encounter them.

And ſays *David*; *Although I walk in the Valley of the ſhadow of Death, yet I will fear none Ill, becauſe thou art with me*, Pſalm xxiii. 4. See what confidence is here! Although I am in the greateſt Hazard of Life; although, ſays he, the horrid Dark-

neſs of eternal Night ſhall encompaſs me on every ſide. and Death whiſpering in my Ear, ſtands as nigh me as the ſhadow does to the Body, I'll contemn them all, ſecurely relying on the Preſence of God. I am ſafe enough, his preſence is the ſureſt Refuge, and ſtrongeſt Caſtle: For becauſe the Lord's my helper, I will not fear what Men can do unto me. *The Lord is my light, and my ſalvation; whom ſhall I fear? The Lord is the ſtrength of my life, of whom ſhall I be afraid? Though an Hoſt ſhall encamp againſt me, my heart ſhall not fear: Though War ſhould riſe againſt me, in this I will be confident*, Pſalm 27. 1, 3. We muſt truſt in God, and the more in him, the leſs we can in our ſelves. He may venture to fight under his Enemies Walls, that ſincerely truſts in God. *To truſt in God, is to be above all Enemies.*

CHAP. XLVIII.

When God pleaſes.

A Long Series of Years conduces nothing to a happy Life: For Life is not to reckon'd by Years or Wrinkles, but by vertuous Actions. But this *Quando, when*, perplexes every Body. They know

they muſt die, and are willing to die, but not yet; they are willing to pay Nature what they owe it, but not yet; they would be freed from the Fetters of the Body, but not yet. We, Wretches, ſo ingeniouſly play the Madmen, that we would fain be freed from Miſery, but not yet. So we that wiſh for Death, are not willing to die. We are croſs grain'd Creatures, who are ſorry as well that we are freed from Miſery, as that we were miſerable. There is no reaſon for Sorrow or Tears, at the leaving off to be that which we are againſt our Wills. Poor Wretch, what makes thee build ſuch a high Gallows? that thou maiſt have a great many ſteps to it, and ſo thou maiſt know by the length of the way that thou art a long time going to Death? Doſt thou wiſh for ſo many Years of thy Life, that thou maiſt ſurvey thy Funeral, with the longer torment of Thought? You muſt go, *either* to day *or* to morrow.

The *Apocrypha* informs us of *Tobias*, the Son of a Venerable Old Man, who lived to ſee the Ninety-ninth Year of his Life; and that having ſpent his Ninety-nine Years in the fear of God, they buried him with Joy, *Tob.* 14. 16. *Tobias*, if he had been of our Temper, might have Expoſtulated with God, and complained; Why,

O Lord, doſt thou now take away my Life, why doſt thou not let me live a Hundred Years? What would God anſwer him, but this? It is my pleaſure, thou muſt die now, and be thankful for what is paſt. So that we muſt die, when God pleaſes, not when *Tobias*, or *Raguel*, or *Ananias*, or any Body elſe pleaſes.

But I know what it is that deceives many: When Death comes, they think he is a haſty Blade, and comes before his time. Ye Fools, then is the time, when Death's Maſter ſees meet. Why doſt get away, my Man, why doſt pretend thy Age not ripe? why doſt cry quarter? why doſt beg for a ceſſation of Arms? Thou wert fit for Death long ago: And delay, if thou hadſt it, would make thee no better, nor readier. For after this thou wilt hang back, and perhaps be leſs ready, the longer thou ſtayeſt. Truce has made many worſe. It is a bad Preparation to Death, to be unwilling to die. He has half done his Work, who is willing to die, *when He wills his Death, who wills nothing amiſs.* The deſire of Life is to be avoided, and we muſt learn that it matters nothing, at what time we ſuffer that which muſt be ſuffered one time or another.

Seneca Ep. 101. *fine.* It ſignifies ſomething indeed, how well thou liveſt, not how

how long: It is often beſt in this, that it is not long. Therefore don't go away, but ſay freely, When God pleaſes be it done.

CHAP. XLIX.

We ought to have recourſe to God in all things.

ALas we poor Wretches, nay alas we Fools; When we are vext, we oftentimes range through the whole World in our Cogitations: We beg Comforts from Creatures, and that ſhamefully too: We urge our Friends, and court our Enemies to our aſſiſtance; we implore the aid of all; we paſs by none but God. We either come to him laſt, or elſe not at all, What madneſs is it, to be willing to be help'd by thoſe that can't help us; and not to be deſirous of help from him, by whom we may and ought to be help'd? Therefore whenſoever, and as often as ever thou ſhalt be amiſs, let thy firſt Sighs, firſt Prayers, firſt Complaints, and Speeches ſalute God: Open thy Caſe and all thy Sufferings to him. Why doſt rove about the World, and beg even of them that are poorer than thy ſelf? Why doſt *Pſal.* 39. 8, *&c.*

ſend Salutations in vain to the tranſient Chariots? Proſtrate thy ſelf at the Gate *of that Rich Man*, who can ſave thy *Soul* from Poverty. So *Moſes* did, who in all his Doubts, had recourſe to the Tabernacle, where he conſulted God himſelf. Hence it was that *Joſhua* was deceived by the *Gibeonites*, becauſe he did not firſt enquire of God. We muſt apply our ſelves to God in all our Affairs, eſpecially in troubleſome ones. That Woman that had an Iſſue of Blood, and had ſuffered many things by Phyſicians, and had ſpent all her Goods, and found no help, but rather was worſe; At laſt came to the Phyſician of Phyſicians, from whom only, in one moment, ſhe attain'd that ſhe could not from many in twelve Years. *It's a great matter to know, whom to ask a kindneſs from. It's an Argument of great penury to beg of Beggars.*

Joſh. 9. 14.

Mark 5. 25, 26.

CHAP. L.

WE have ſaid already, we muſt go to God in every thing, therefore a happy Death is to be ask'd of none but God. And therefore I'll preſent you with a ſhort Specimen of Petitions.

Prayer

Prayer the firſt.

Eight Verſes out of the *Pſalms* of *David*, ſelected by St. *Bernard*, which he is reported to have uſed for a happy Death.

O *Lord my God, enlighten thou mine eyes, leſt I ſleep the ſleep of death: leſt mine Enemy ſay, I have prevailed againſt him.* Pſalm 13. 3, 4.

Into thy hand I commit my Spirit: Thou haſt redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth. Pſalm 31. 5.

Lord, make me know my end; and the meaſure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am. Pſalm 38. 5.

Shew me a token for good, that they that hate me may ſee it, and be aſhamed, becauſe thou, Lord, haſt helped me, and comforted me. Pſalm 85. 17.

O Lord, thou haſt broken my bands: I will offer unto thee the Sacrifice of Praiſe, and call upon the name of the Lord. Pſalm 115. 7.

Refuge failed me, and no man cared for my ſoul. Pſalm 141. 5.

I called upon thee, O Lord, I ſaid thou art my refuge, my portion in the land of the living. Pſalm *eod.* 6.

Omnipotent and everlaſting God, who didſt add to the Life of Hezekiah, *when he beſought thee with tears, grant to me thy unworthy Servant before the day of my Death,*

that

that I may repent of all my Sins, and may receive Grace and Mercy from thee.

Omnipotent, Bountiful, and Merciful God, I humbly entreat thee by the Death of thy Son, grant me a happy and bleſſed time, when my Soul ſhall depart from my Body. Amen.

Prayer the Second.

For a happy departure out of this Life.

MOST merciful Lord Jeſus, if it be ſo with a dying Man, and my Spirit muſt go out of this Life by ſo many Dangers and Troubles, whether ſhall I fly, but unto thee my God? Do thou deliver my Soul, that it periſh not in that tremendous hour, grant me, I entreat thee according to thy manifold Mercies, and by the Anguiſh and Sorrow of thy Death, by which thou that art my Life, didſt die, that I may always have the Agony of thy Body before my Eyes, and may do that while I am a live, that I would deſire I had done when I am dying, and that I may endeavour after nothing ſo much as that I may die ſpiritually to my ſelf, and may mortify all the Paſſions of my Senſes, that ſo I may live bleſſedly and happily with thee for ever after this Life.

The Concluſion of the Firſt Part.

DO this, think on this, my Man, and while thou art well, learn to be ſick,

ſick, and learn to die. It is an excellent Art to know how to do both; thou canſt not try the Experiment, but when, if thou ſhouldeſt miſtake, thou hazardeſt eternal Happineſs. We can but miſs it once in dying, but this Error will never be amended to Eternity.

Therefore live as though you were juſt going out of this Life, and for the moſt part look at home, and daily ranſack every Receſs of thy Conſcience. And whatſoever Furniture thou ſeeſt about thee, look upon it as upon the Furniture of an Inn. Thou muſt carry no more out than thou broughteſt along with thee: Therefore go on, and employ thy ſelf, approve thy ſelf to God. Thou muſt be gone; think thou ſtandeſt every day at the Gates of Eternity. I muſt be gone. Eternity it ſelf waits for me. Pleaſure is ſhort, Puniſhment long, the Labour little, the Reward everlaſting.

Therefore I have taught thee in Health, that Death is to be contemned, but have admoniſhed thee, that the Memory of it muſt never be laid aſide.

And now I'll warn the Sick of the ſame thing.

The End of the Firſt Part.

An

The Explanation of the Emblem.

A. See Winter comes, the freezing weather nips
The florid Leaves, and Mother Nature weeps
To see their Death so near; Grim Death awakes,
From his hard Couch, and his dry Carkass shakes
To recollect his might, and then he takes
Into his Hands his executing Ax
In ready Posture watching o'r the Sick.
And waits the fatal Signal when to strike.

B Sickness treats Man just as we do the Grape,
No ripen'd Cluster does our Hand escape:
Into the Press we throw the Purple Vine,
And so destroy the Form to save the Wine,
Man when grown Ripe does to that Press decline,
Whence he comes out Immortal and Divine.

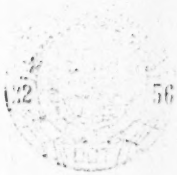
C. The Hern by falling overcomes her Foe,
Which soaring does receive the overthrow;
And many Men by Sickness overcome
The Enemy, and triumph in their Doom.

D. As feeble Corn is Pelted down with Hail,
So Sickness does o'r mortal Men prevail;
Yet it is better much methinks as 'tis,
Than to be obstinate and stand amiss.

E. The Sick Man's Changes are from Cold to Warm,
After a Storm a Calm, a Calm a Storm.

F. The Sting of Sickness, and the Dart of Fate,
Can't be avoided, 'tis our Badg and Date;
But Patient Suffering will overcome
The Hardship, and will send us gainers Home.

G. A Sick Man's like a Horse (which some mischance,
Or the hot fury of a heedless Prance
Flung'd) in a stormy Sea, whose threatning Wave
He treads, and feels beneath a sinking Grave:
None knows if either will the Death escape,
Or overlive the dangerous mishap.



F. H. van Hove sculp:

Conſiderations UPON DEATH, For ſuch as are SICK.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

Whether Death be an Evil.

THE Situation of *Caunus*, a Town in *Caria*, in a very unwholeſom Air, gave occaſion to *Stratonicus*, a Facetious Muſician, to ſalute the diſeaſed Inhabitants with theſe Verſes out of *Homer*:

Faint as the fading race of leaves, *are Men;*
They wither and fall off, and ſhoot agen:

But

But Man has various Autumns, *and he dies,*
Whether or not a new Succeſſion riſe.

Turning their Misfortune to Banter, and Joking on their pale and ſickly Complexions. But when the Townſmen had confronted him, for defaming their Town as a diſeaſed one; he replies, *May I not venture to ſay that Town is diſtemper'd, where the dead walk?* retorting on them more wittily and ſatyrically than before.

But why ſhould we deny, or be angry, or ſupercilious? We are but Leaves *Job* ſays plainly; *Doſt thou ſhew thy power againſt a leaf ſhaken by the wind?* As if he had ſaid; Seeing that I am a Leaf, obnoxious to all the Troubles of Life, which fears every Wind, and is ſhaken and blown away by the ſmalleſt blaſt; do not thou, O God, hurry we away by the Wind of thy Indignation; I ſhall fall of my ſelf, although thou ſhouldſt let me alone. Are not Men Leaves, that Diſeaſes hurry to and fro, like wither'd Flowers and Autumnal Leaves? So ſays *Clemens Alexandrinus*, *Go to*, ſays he, *Men of an obſcure Life, like to leaves, weak, Images of Wax, a Generation like a ſhadow, fading, callow, and but of one day.* Surely we are Leaves, we are ſhaken with every Wind. Sometimes

Clem. Alex. lib. 4. Strom. ex Ariſtoph.

times by a little Fever: by a Fever ſay I? Nay, a little Cough. One drop going the wrong way, oftentimes kills us, and ſends us to the Grave.

But is not Health a Good, and Sickneſs an Evil? No my Man. *Epictetus* ſays: *It is not.* What is then? To uſe Health rightly is a good; to uſe it ill is an Evil. Thou maiſt bring forth Fruit to God by a Diſtemper. And canſt thou not by Death? What doeſt thou think to do concerning Sickneſs? I will ſhew the *Nature* of it, I will carry my ſelf well in it, I will be patient, I will *think* I am well dealt by, I will not flatter the Phyſician, I will not wiſh for Death. What doeſt thou require more? Whatſoever thou giveſt me to do, I will render it pleaſant, proſperous, honourable, and deſirable. But there are ſome will deny this, and ſay; take heed thou be not Sick, it is a very bad Thing. Whom *Epictetus* Anſwers; that is, juſt as if one ſhould ſay: *Take heed you don't miſtake, and imagine Three to be Four; 'tis a very bad Thing.* How is it a bad Thing I pray? If I *think* as I ought: Pray what hurt will it do me, won't it rather do me good? And if I can think the ſame of Poverty, of Diſtempers, of Publick Calamities as it becomes me, is not that enough for me, won't it do me good? Truth

Truth Love thee, *Epictetus*, how truly thou haſt hit on all theſe Things, and exactly like a Chriſtian, theſe Things conſidered, we will adviſe to think on Death, and not to fear its coming.

But Reader, prithee don't think, that theſe Things are written, that thou maiſt read them while thou art *Sick* only; read them while thou art *in Health*, that they may ſtand thee inſtead, when thou art *Sick*.

CHAP. II.

The Sick Mans Behaviour toward his Friends, and the Diſeaſe, towards Death, and Chriſt.

To his Friends.

BE gone you unſeaſonable Viſitants, with your unprofitable Lamentations, here is no place for Complaints, and Wiſhes. It may be you think I go out of the World before my Time. VVhat before my Time? Don't be miſtaken. I was ripe for Death at my very Birth, yea, before I was born too. VVhat ſhould I complain of? I know what I was Born: A weak Body, frail, expoſed to all Re-

Reproach, the Food of a Diſeaſe, the Victim of Death. VVhoever thou art take Heart, and undergo thy Burthen; to Morrow, thou ſhalt either not be ſenſible of it, or elſe ſhalt be in another VVorld.

To the Diſtemper.

WHAT muſt I be Sick then? The Time *is* come, (it ſeems) wherein to try my ſelf. Valour does not only appear at Sea, or in Fight. There is greatneſs of Mind ſhewn, even on a Sick Bed. But muſt I be Sick indeed? VVell that can't laſt an Age. Either I ſhall leave the Fever, or the Fever me; we can't Live always together. I have enjoy'd my Health pretty well all along hitherto; now I muſt have to do with Sickneſs. I am not Ignorant, that a Diſeaſe is the firſt Meſſenger of Death.

I believe St. *Gregory* in that, *Hom.* 13. who ſaid piouſly and truly,

the Lord knocks, when he ſhews us, what Death is by the uneaſineſs of Sickneſs. To whom we will open preſently, if we receive him willingly. I am inſtructed by the Fable to receive this firſt Harbinger of Death contentedly; which tells us of a certain Old Man very Sick, who when Arreſted by *Death*, entreated it to hold its deadly Hand but only while he ſign'd

his

his *Will*, and made other neceſſary Preparations for his Farewel; to whom Death anſwered, thou *Dotard* haſt thou not had Time enough, notwithſtanding I gave you ſo many VVarnings? Says the Old Man, good Death, I beſeech thee do but believe me, I don't remember that ever thou gaveſt me any warning at all. O ſtrange! ſays Death, what will Old Men Lie too? VVhat did I not give thee warning a Hundred, nay Six Hundred, nay a Thouſand Times. VVhen I ſeized not only thy Old Comrades, of whom there is ſcarce one left, but Young Men, and Boys, and Children too before thy Face, while thou ſighedſt and looked'ſt on? And thou forgetful Old Man, I Appeal to thy own Conſcience, whether I did not give Thee fair warning, when thy Sight grew Dim, and thy Hairs White fit for Harveſt, when thy Noſe began to diſtil off the moiſture of thy Body, and thy Ears to be deſtitute of their wonted Senſe, and all thy Senſes fail'd, and thy Body decay'd? Theſe were my Meſſengers, and they knock'd at thy Gate, but thou denieedſt thy ſelf to be at home. You have had ſufficient warning and often enough too, I'll give Thee no more Time: Come away along with me to the Grave preſently. *He ſeldom makes a good Preparation for Death, that begins ſo late.*

A

A Thought at the beginning of a Mortal Diſtemper.

WHEN I think on my Life, on the multitude of my Sins, and the fewneſs of my Virtues, ah Lord! I am very much preſs'd, and ſtraitned on every ſide. But it is better, that I fall into the Hands of the Lord (for many are his Mercies) than protract my Years, and Vices. What I ſhould be, thou O Lord only knoweſt! Perhaps I may fall from thy Grace, if I don't from my Life. Death come near, fall upon me, I willingly and readily reſign up my Life, only let me keep the Grace of God, or rather let that keep me, which one thing, Chriſt Jeſus, I beg of Thee heartily.

Unto Death.

QUID lenta me tabe necas, mors ſæva? —paratu, &c.

Why doſt in ſuch a lingring method kill,
O cruel Death? There is no need of Skill
To maſter me, I ſhan't thy force oppoſe,
Or think to beat thee off with ſtronger blows.
Needleſs is all thy mighty train of Woe,
Thy poiſon'd Arrows and thy three ſtring'd Bow,
Strike me but once, and you ſhall ſee I'll go.

Why

Why wilt thou empt thy Quiver, waſt thy ſtore
Upon one *Life? There are a thouſand more*
In bold Rebellion that thy Power defy,
Go and compel thoſe Rioters *to die.*
Me thou mayſt truſt to die upon Parole;
As I'm a Man, *I will reſign my Soul.*
'Tis packing up; 'tis drawing to a point;
And quits its old Poſſeſſion Joint by Joint.
Thy ſmalleſt Meſſenger *my Life ſhall have;*
I'll pay at ſight the Debt I owe the Grave.

For what is Man? A Weather beaten, leaky Ship, which is broken only by a harder Toſſing, there is no need of a great Storm; whereſoever thou Steereſt, it is Wreck'd. Humane Body is compounded of weak and fluid Ingredients, fair indeed on the outſide, but impatient of Cold, Heat, or Work; and periſheth too by Scituation and Activity; and fears its own Food, by the want of which often, and as often by the abundance it is ſpoiled; is always hurtful and deſtructive to it ſelf. And always to be carefully look't after, and obſerved; of a precarious Life, and but ill connected; obnoxious to innumerable Diſeaſes. And if it were moleſted by no Diſtempers, would wear out by little and little of it ſelf, and Die. Do we wonder that this Dies once, in which we

may

may find ſo many ſecret receſſes of Death? Is it any great Matter that this falls? When the Smell, the Taſt, Wearineſs and Watchings, Water and Food, and thoſe things we can't live without are mortiferous?

To Chriſt.

O *Chriſt, I would not die; I fain would live,*
And yet am eager for the Grave,
Becauſe, O Chriſt, I long to have
That Life *which dying in thy Love does give.*

Indeed I am not afraid of thoſe Things that come by thy Appointment, O God! I will follow Thee, bountiful Father, I will follow Thee. And why ſhould I not when thou calleſt me nearer to Thee. It is much better to be diſſolved and be with Chriſt, and this I deſire. *For to me to live is Chriſt, to Die is gain.*

CHAP. III.

An Antidote againſt Grief.

WHY art thou troubled, or why art grieved? Thou art in the Hand of God; and he takes Care of Thee. But art thou Afflicted, and Sick? What Evil can

can that be, which cometh from the chiefeſt Good? God would have Thee be his, and therefore Hedges Thee about, and Rails Thee in by a Diſtemper, that thou goeſt not wrong, and err not from the *Way* of *Heaven*.

A Bird indeed is angry at the Cage, and tries to get out, and ſtruggles with his Confinement; but while it is in the Cage, the Maſter loves it, and feeds it. Who will ſay that Bird's ſecure, that wanders when it is eſcaped from the Net, or Lime-twig. So believe me, 'tis a great Priviledge to be Gods Captive, as the Sick Perſon is. It deſerves to be accounted a great Benefit to be for a little Time Chaſtized and Corrected by him that will ſpare for ever.

CHAP. IV.

Health is not always to be expected.

NOW my Sick, God offers the a bitter Potion; thou drank'ſt thy new Wine when thou wer't in Health: Now you muſt Drink Wormwood. Why doeſt make wry Faces, and put away the Cup? I Confeſs, 'tis a bitter one, but wholeſom. Think on *Job*'s ſaying, *Shall we receive good at the Hand of God, and ſhall we not receive*

receive Evil? Ungrateful Creatures! we ſcarce know our own Good, but when we have loſt it; thou wilt prize thy Health more for the Future: and remember when thou wert well, thou indulgedſt thy ſelf too much, and ever and anon tranſgreſſedſt the bounds of Sobriety. Therefore let me perſwade Thee, to take this bitter draught chearfully, and pay this lawful fine of thy paſt Luxury. In former Times on the *Latin* Feſtivals (as *Pliny* teſtifies) when the Charioteers courſed in the Capitol, he that Conquered drank VVormwood; do thou Drink now, that thou mayſt be Victor.

Dulcia non meruit qui non guſtavit amara.

Life is a Mixture, *and we ought to meet,*
Indifferently the Bitter *and the* Sweet;
For He that would th' unpleaſant Potion *ſhun*
Deſerves it *moſt*; *or either* that *or none.*

CHAP. V.

Chriſtian Bravery, or Contempt of Death.

NONE has led his Life well, but who hath deſpiſed it. VVe are not ſo ignorant, but that we know we muſt *Die* at

at one Time or another, but when *Death* comes near us, then we tremble, turn our backs, and lament. VVould you not think him a Fool, that wept becauſe he did not live a Thouſand Years ſince? He's as great a Fool, that weeps becauſe he may not live a Thouſand Years hence: One is as great a Fool as the other: Thou haſt not been, nor ſhalt thou be. Both paſt and future Times are none of thine, thou art caſt into that Moment of Time; which if thou could'ſt extend, whether would'ſt thou lengthen it? Why doſt thou weep? Why doeſt wiſh? Thou loſeſt thy Labour. Thou muſt go where all things go. What new thing has happened to Thee? Thou wer't born to this very Law: This is no more then has happened to thy Father, and all thy Anceſtours, and will happen to all thy Succeſſors. It is firm, and fixed; Death ſets upon all. We are born, that we may Die. Do but look upon the vaſt Troop of thoſe that have gone before Thee, and of thoſe that come after Thee, this very Hour. Many Thouſands of Men and other Animals Die after various Methods, this very Moment, in which thou art afraid of Dying. This is a good and true Contemplation. Survey the whole World, known, and unknown: There are many Thouſands

Born

Born and Die every Moment; this is certain, and many by the ſame kind of Death. It may be thou thoughteſt thou ſhould'ſt never come, to that which thou wer't always going to. There is no way without an End; Death is a ſafe Journey to perpetual reſt; neither is there any ill in Death, but the fear of Death. Therefore if we would live in Tranquillity, we muſt be ready to Die. Shall I fear my End, when I know, that both I muſt End and all Things elſe? Shall I fear the concluding ſtroak that will finiſh all my Sorrows? Why ſhould I be loath to pay, that, which I received on that very Condition. But thou'lt ſay, it may be, it is a very hard thing, to arrive at Contempt of Life. It is an eaſie thing, to one that knows how to Live. *Summum diem probus, nec optat, nec Timet.* A good Man neither deſires, nor fears his Laſt Day. But I do not deny that Death hath ſome Terrour in it, and therefore we muſt learn, not to fear it. None needs learn to lie quietly on a Roſe-bed, or to ſit chearfully at a plentiful Feaſt, but we ought to harden our ſelves, that we may endure hardſhip. He entertains a Diſeaſe with chearfulneſs, that hath long dieted himſelf for it. And this is the greateſt Argument of a brave Mind, that it does

not fear to Die. *He knows where he ſhall go, that remembers whence he came.* Such a one was *Theodoſius* the Emperour of whom *Ambroſe* uſed to ſay: I Love a Man, who when he Dies, is more concern'd for the State of the Church, than his own Dangers. Therefore, *that thou mayſt never fear Death always think on it.*

CHAP. VI.

Examples of ſuch as have Contemned Death.

Mnachetus, Pretor of *Malaca* in *India*, being depoſed from his Pretorſhip, and ignorant of true Honour and ſolid Vertue, could not ſurvive the Diſgrace; but forthwith ordered a Funeral Pile to be erected of Aloes, and other ſweet Wood, and nigh that a four ſquare Pulpit hung with Royal Arraſs, and other Rich Hangings, from which, enrobed with glittering Veſtments, he declar'd to the Multitude the noble Actions of his whole Life, commemorating the Benefits he had oblig'd the *Luſitanians* with in their Diſtreſs, bitterly complaining of his being deſpoil'd of his Dignity without Occaſion. And then inveighing againſt the Diſpoſitions of the *Luſitanians* (ſo much had Ambition captivated him) he threw him-

himſelf into the burning Pile, contemning Death.

Concerning the like Contempt of Death, *Ælianus* gives us an Example: The end, *ſaith he*, of *Calanus* is worthy to be praiſed (he had better ſaid to be admired) it was on this wiſe. *Calanus* an *Indian* Sophiſter, when he bid a long farewel to *Alexander*, the *Macedonians* and Life itſelf; in the ſpacious Suburbs of *Babilon*, erected a Pile of ſweet Wood, Cedar, Thyo, Cypreſs, Myrrh, and Lawrel, and having perform'd the uſual Ceremonies, aſcended the Pile, and ſtood Crowned in the middle Story, in the Face of the Sun, to whom he paid his Adoration. Which being done, he gave the *Macedonians* a ſign to put Fire to the Pile. In the midſt of the burning Pile *Calanus* ſtood ſurrounded with Flames unmoved, neither did he ſink down till he expired. *Alexander* wondring at his Greatneſs of Mind, is reported to have ſaid with Aſtoniſhment; That *Calanus* had vanquiſh'd greater Enemies than himſelf, for *Alexander* had encountred *Porus*, *Darius*, and *Taxillas*, but *Calanus* Labour and Death.

Was there then ſuch Courage againſt Death in Vain Men, and ſhall Chriſtians tremble and faint at the Name of Death, when God is their Helper?

'Tis not Death, but the fear of Death that is an Evil. Pray let us examine the things themſelves, not the ſhadows of things. If we will believe *Seneca*, Death is the beſt Invention of Nature, and the Remedy of all Evils. Why then do we tremble at Death? Immenſe and immortal Peace will embrace us, nay Eternal Pleaſure. We *may* be invincible, we *muſt* paſs away. Therefore let us take Heart from the very Deſpair of a longer Life; and make Virtue of a neceſſity. Surely a wiſe Chriſtian does nothing againſt his will, he avoids all neceſſity, who wills what *that* requires. Therefore let us do that willingly which we can't avoid doing: Let us look for our End or Beginning rather with contentedneſs. *He is always ſerene in his Mind, that knows how to contemn Death.*

CHAP. VII.

A Mind prepared for Death.

ZENO the Stoick, as *Suidas* relates, going out of his School ſtumbled and wounded his Toe. And thinking himſelf to be call'd to the Dead, thrice clapt his hand on the Ground, ſaying, *I am coming, why do ye call me?* So the old Man

Man died at Ninety Years of Age, who had never been ſick. Temperance was a Friend to *Zeno*, to which he had ſo accuſtomed himſelf, that he expired. But *Zeno* embrac'd this Sickneſs, that he might not be ſick, and that he might enjoy old Age quietly, and free from Diſtempers. Attaining *both* according to his deſire. Don't let us wonder we are ſo ſhort lived and ſickly, when we ſpend our Life and Health in Feaſts and Tiplings; and don't think we have ſupp'd, unleſs our Belly be ſtretch'd like a Drum. Fools and Madmen to invert Nature, to kill our ſelves with that which ſhould ſupport our lives: But the Reaſon of this is, becauſe we will not be perſwaded there is ſo great an efficacy in Abſtinence to prolong Life. But daily Experience teſtifies, that it was very well ſaid: *How much thou ſubſtracteſt from thy Diet, ſo much thou addeſt to thy Days.* But to the Matter.

Urſinus the Clergy-Man (as St. *Gregory* relates) being refreſhed on his Sick-Bed, by a Heavenly Viſion, often cried out: *I come, I come, I give you Thanks.* And having told his Viſion to the ſtanders by, cried out again: *See I come, I come.* And Died with the Words in his Mouth.

A Soul ready for Death cries out: I come, I come, it is to late to Trifle here

we ſtrive in vain againſt it. Nature is a Mother, not a Mother in Law. Doeſt thou accuſe Nature *Theophraſtus*, as though ſhe were not ſo kind to a Man, as to a Beaſt? Surely ſhe had more Love for Man then for them. For which is better, *quickly* to ſuffer that which thou ſhalt fear no more, or *long* to fear, that which thou muſt ſuffer *ſlowly*? Death has taken away a long Torment from Man, in that it has granted him but a ſhort Life. And the day of *Death* is to be expected by all.

What is it then thou art afraid of? Is thy Life taken away? So is the fear of Death then, and many Evils of Life too. In almoſt every thing, every Body had rather ſuffer that quickly that muſt be ſuffered, than to fear thoſe things to be ſuffered, as long as they may poſſibly be deferr'd.

Plinius Secundus ſays, there's but little difference between ſuffering Adverſity, and looking for it: Unleſs that one is only a Time of Grief, and not of fear too. For thou only grieveſt at what hath happened, but feareſt what may happen.

Therefore, come hither O Death! I am thy Debtor, I'll pay Thee what I owe, when God ſhall think its due, and ſo willing and contentedly

——— *Explebo numerum, reddarq; tenebris.*
I'll all my part, and to the Grave.

From

From which I firmly believe I ſhall return to that Immortal Light. Death is not an Evil; but to ſuffer after Death, that is.

CHAP. VIII.

They fear Death, that don't foreſee it.

IT is very true: Nothing is more terrible than an unthought of Neceſſity of dying. See how they that are under others Command, being order'd a long Journey, go about to pack up their Baggage very unwillingly, and ſorrowfully, with many Interruptions; ſee how querulous and unſatisfied they go away, that they had no more time: When they are juſt going, they run back again, and have always forgot ſomething. But there's no Journey longer than to *DIE*; There's no way more obſcure and uncertain, none more doubtful, and infeſted with Thieves; and if there were none of theſe, it's a way that is never to be trodden over again. Therefore we ought to be very careful that we forget nothing; becauſe when we are once gone, we can't make a halt, or turn in any where, much leſs come back. You muſt go thither, ſaid the *Roman* General, whence you need never return. Here is this one Remedy, that

we be willing, and anſwer when we are called, and obey; and having got all things ready at the firſt word of Command, betake our ſelves to our Journey. Alas! how miſerably do they treat themſelves, who account the Preparation for this Journey among their ſmalleſt Concernments; that make much of themſelves, and indulge their Appetite, and run the risk of the reſt?

Smyndirides, that wretched young Man, uſed to boaſt, that he had not ſeen the Sun riſe nor ſet for Twenty Years; being always either a Bed or a Feaſting. I can't tell, but you may find ſome ſuch among Chriſtians, whoſe greateſt buſineſs is Feaſting, Sporting, and Idleneſs. And ſo *we* prepare our ſelves for Death; ſo *we* fit our ſelves for Eternity. It will happen to ſuch, as *Cicero* of old foretold to *Brutus* in his Epiſtles; *I ſhall catch ye, if you don't have a care*: So it happens to all unwary Perſons, that don't look to it before-hand. Providence is neceſſary indeed in all things, and indeed moſt of all in thoſe things which can't be done but once. One Error brings a Thouſand. This is the Nature of Death; one Error in it, brings infinite Errors; once to Err here, is to periſh for ever. O blind Mortals! It will happen to you as it does to them that ſhut their Eyes,

Eyes, that they may not ſee their Enemies Sword, as though they ſhould never feel a danger, they won't ſee. Ye will be kill'd, ye will die, ye ſhall feel it too, whether you'll ſee it or no; you may do what you will in that. You won't think on Death, but ſhortly you muſt think on Death, and feel it too. The feeling of it would be eaſie, if the Cogitation of it went before.

CHAP. IX.

They fear Death, *who neglect* Life.

THIS is no dubious matter: They moſt of all fear to die, that neglect to live; whoſe whole Felicity is in the Body; to whom nothing is ſo ſavoury, as to Eat heartily, to drink ſtoutly, and Sleep ſoundly; who think it their Heaven never to be without Pleaſure: Very Obedient Men truly, but to their Bellies, not to the Divine Pleaſure; whoſe chief Concern is to live a-pace, and make much of themſelves, while they may: They have not Heavenly *Deſires* who ſet their hearts on Earthly *Pleaſures*.

A wiſe Chriſtian that eſteems his Body as a mean Servant, looks upon Death juſt

as a Wayfaring Man does upon his Mornings departure, from an unpleaſant and inconvenient Inn, where he lodged but one night. Whoſoever thou art, thou needeſt not fear the end of this Life, if thou canſt hope for the beginning of another; this Fear of thine flows from this. Although there are many Reaſons given for the fears of this end, yet by the hope of a better Life they all vaniſh. He that ſeriouſly breaths after Heaven, is not afraid of theſe trivial things: To ſuch a Man, Labour, Grief, Pain, Contempt, Shame, Loſs, Orbity, Servitude, Poverty, Old Age, nay Death it ſelf, are nothing but the School of Experience, the Tryal of Patience, and the ſtrife of Glory.

CHAP. X.

Three great Burthens of Sickneſs.

ALmoſt in all Sickneſs, theſe three things are grievous; the Fear of Death; the pain of the Body, and the want of Pleaſures. As hot things are qualified by cold things, and cold with hot, ſo they are to be healed by their proper Antidotes. Let the ſick Perſon take care, that he don't miſtake here, and apply hot things

things to hot. A certain young Man, whoſe Diſtemper call'd for cold things, unknown to the Phyſician, by the perſwaſion of the Family, upon an empty Stomach, eat for a conſiderable time Pottage ſeaſoned with Pepper, and by anointing himſelf with Balſam, added heat to his Diſtemper, and thereby almoſt kill'd himſelf. Therefore let us cure the fear of Death, with Love, and that divine: a little divine Love expels all the ſmoak of vain Fear. He that loves Chriſt, will love Life leſs, and perceive Chriſt loving him again.

Hoc non fit verbis: Marce, ut ameris, ama. Martial.

Mark, *if thou wouldſt be lov'd, begin to love,*
'Tis the Affection, *not the* Word *will move.*

The pain of the Body is to be mitigated with Tranquillity of Mind. A Mind free from Guilt, wonderfully comforts a ſick Perſon; for indeed, a clear Conſcience may be an antidote againſt all Pains; for that eaſeth pain, as *Gregory* ſhews in theſe words; *The Equity of the Inflicter being conſider'd, alleviates the* force *of the Blow.* The ſick Perſon will the better bear pains, if he ſeriouſly meditate on this one thing, *That the moſt Juſt God would have him ſuffer this.*

And

And the intermiſſion of worldly Pleaſures won't at all trouble him, who meditateth on *Eternal* Pleaſures. Thoſe which we leave are vain, ſhort, for the moſt part baſe, and generally forſake their Lovers before they are forſaken by them, But thoſe that Heaven promiſes, are great, firm, and eternal. *He can eaſily contemn vaniſhing Pleaſures, that ſtedfaſtly hopes for eternal ones.*

CHAP. XI.

Sickneſs is the School of Virtue.

THOU art well afflicted, ſaith *Bernard*, if thou art prick'd to the Heart. *Sickneſs is the School of Virtue, and the Shambles of Vice.* Whoſoever is ſick, is a Scholar in this School. And, on the other hand, Health is the Shambles of Vertue, and School of Vice: While men are well they play the Madmen, if they were ſick they would act rationally; while they are well they have a thouſand things in their Heads, and let God's Work alone till the laſt. How many are chaſt while they are ſick, and when they grow well turn to their former Debaucheries? Such as theſe had better be ſick, to whom Health

Health is ſo hurtful and pernicious. Therefore God throws them upon ſick Beds, that they may be at leiſure to look after themſelves, and take care of their Salvation; that they may leave off Vanity, and breath after Heaven. Great Weakneſs makes a ſober Soul. And to apply it to our buſineſs; A Sickneſs indeed involves the Body into various Uneaſineſſes, but it extricates the Mind out of as many. It is the ſaying of St. *Paul*; and altho' our outward Man be corrupted; yet our inward Man is renew'd day by day. Hence it is, that tho' Sickneſs ſeem evil, and burdenſom, it begins to be a good, when it makes the ſick Perſon more Holy. Many, when they feel the Puniſhment, correct the Fault. *A ſick Soul moſt commonly inhabits a healthy Body.*

CHAP. XII.

The Sickneſs of the Body, is the Health of the Soul.

SIckneſs admoniſhes to *Temperance*, and diſſwade from *Luſt*, and is the Miſtreſs of *Modeſty*. Lay aſide concernment; whatſoever may happen to the Body, thou art ſafe enough, if thy Soul be in good Health. The Sickneſs of the Body has

has been very advantageous to the Souls of many.

The Man that was promoted to great Honour from a low Eſtate, exalted from the Waters to the Skies, the Porter of Heaven, whoſe very ſhadow frighted away Diſeaſes and Diſtempers of Body, being ask'd why he ſuffer'd his Daughter to lie ſick of a grievous Diſtemper, anſwer'd, *It is good for her.* And how doſt thou know but that it may be ſo to thee? The ſame Perſon of whom we ſpake, when he knew Health would be for her good, both healed her, and gave her the Gift of healing others. And do thou ſee that thy Health may be for thy good, and it may be thou ſhalt be healed too. And laſtly, take care of thy Soul before all things elſe, it is thy Duty; offer it to the Heavenly Phyſician to be cured. And then hope for that which is beſt, if not that which thou deſireſt. Sickneſs indeed is a very unpleaſant Companion, but a faithful one, which often whiſpers thee in the Ear, and ſhews the way, and admoniſhes thee of thy Condition. He that admoniſhes faithfully prevents from danger happily. If the Diſeaſe be paſt Cure, hold thy peace, and rejoice; that thou maiſt come out of this ruinous Priſon the eaſier and ſooner. *Gregory Nazianzen* ſaid excellently; *A ſick Soul is nigh to God.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Sickneſs is the Monitor of Eternity.

WHAT an advantage is it to us, that the Afflictions of this preſent Life, by their ſhort taſte, admoniſh us of Eternal Puniſhment? Let the ſick perſon therefore learn to mitigate the infinite Bitterneſſes, by patiently bearing theſe light Afflictions; that by ſhort pains he may learn to avoid everlaſting ones, which neither the Apothecary, nor Doctor, nor Herbs, nor Critical Day, nor Death it ſelf, can heal; this is the Remedy of all Diſeaſes. There are many ways to *Death*, the term of all which is Eternity.

Anaxagoras dying in a ſtrange Country, when his Friends asked him if he would be carried back, anſwered; *There is no need for that: There is Paſſage enough to the Grave every where.* This anſwer is as pertinent to thoſe that go up to Heaven, as down to the Grave. O the happy and uſeful burning of a fever, becauſe it is ſhort. O the fearful Piles of Hell, for they are Eternal!

Some Afflictions are medicinal, and oftentimes a ſmall preſent Grief, admoniſhes to prepare for great ones that are coming: So all Diſeaſes, the more they afflict, the

the more they admoniſh of Eternity, of Joy or ſorrow. Let the Well look to it, and let the Sick take heed whether they are going. All Pleaſure, and all Sorrow is very ſhort: All human good, is mortal; all Afflictions are circumſcribed in this Circle:

Carceres metaſque neſcit glorioſa æternitas;
Comparatum æternitati tempus omne perbreve eſt.

Eternity *dilates beyond all Bound,*
Beyond all Time, and is the firſt great Round.
Time's but a point that's at the Center plac'd,
Which ſtill grows leſs, and will wear out at laſt.

CHAP. XIV.

Therefore Sickneſs is deſirable.

I Say bodily weakneſs is often deſirable, that thou may'ſt be free the ſooner, and be a Conqueror. *He* was deſirous of this who ſaid: *Of my ſelf I will not glory except in my infirmities. For when I am weak, then I am ſtrong. for ſtrength is made perfect in weakneſs. Wherefore I glory in infirmities.* As there is oft-times a good Sword in a torn Scabbard, ſo very often a healthy ſoul is hidden in a frail Body. This ſtrength is deſirable, that neither Time nor Fortune

can

can extenuate. A ſick Perſon is not fit indeed to bear Burthens, or to dig the Ground, but to Exerciſe Patience, and ſtir up Faith. So in a Ship, the ſtrongeſt row, but ſkillfuleſt ſteer. Life, like a ſhip, toſſed to and fro' in the ſtorms of Buſineſs, and Sea of the World, hath its Oars, and Helm too. If you are abdicated from a meaner, betake your ſelf to a more noble Employment. There is a generous *ſpirit* in a Man: The body is but the Houſe of the Mind; it matters not the Gueſt, whether it be ſtrong or weak, eſpecially whoſe continuance is but for few days; if the Houſe fall down, he muſt go into another, and an eternal one too. Strength is perfect in weakneſs. And though ſickneſs ſeem unpleaſant, yet that evil is to be wiſhed for, which is the remedy of a greater evil. *Many are moſt in health, when ſickeſt.*

CHAP. XV.

How we ought to read in Sickneſs.

ZENO, the ſon of *Demius*, whom I mentioned before, when he conſulted the Oracle; *How he might lead his Life beſt?* received this anſwer; *If he became like them that are dead*: Or, if he converſed with

with the Dead, that is, as *Suidas* interprets it, If he read the writings of the Antients. So that to converſe with books, is to live among the *Dead.* And indeed this converſation with the Dead is the beſt Life. But as it is madneſs to ſhew ſick Perſons whole Markets full of Meat, and heaps of Victuals: ſo alſo it is to open full libraries and offer great Volumes to them; as a little Broth, or a few Herbs, is to them a plentiful Supper: ſo a Book or two is enough for them for ſeveral Months. We muſt ever and anon read ſomething to them that are *ſick*, if the Diſeaſe or Pain will permit: but they ought to read juſt as they eat. That which they eat, they don't ſwallow it down before they have chewed it, they almoſt concoct their Meat in their mouth, as in their Cheſt: So what they read let them not run over on careleſly, but meditate on a Sentence or two, and digeſt it. *To read otherwiſe is to neglect.*

CHAP. XVI.

In Sickneſs we ought to Pray always.

I Say; we ought to pray always in *Sickneſs.* And that is no hard matter for one that is *Sick*, if he has a mind to it. He ought

ought to pray to God with his Tongue (if he be able) or if his Speech be low, or Grief ſhutteth it up, the Mind is to be offer'd up to God ſuppliantly, and intreatingly, tho' the body be mute. But ſometimes a Diſtemper is ſuch, that it does not only depreſs the Voice, but the mind too, and ſuffers it to think on nothing but Pain. And in ſuch a Caſe, Patience and bearing of the Affliction is to be inſtead of Prayer. Grief is a grateful ſacrifice to God, if Patience be added to it. He prays well, that bears patiently. Nor is he to be thought only to pray to God, but to be accepted by him, that ſends him theſe two Ambaſſadours, *Pain, and Patience.* But if he be ſick, his Voice weak, his Spirits low, and He ſomething peeviſh, there's a way for him to pray for all that. Let him look about him, and he ſhall ſee thoſe that ſit by him, and ſtand by him ready to help him, and willing to ſerve him. How eaſy will it be for the *Sick* Perſon to ſpeak a word or two: My Friend, my Brother, pain has weakned *my* Voice, aſſiſt me with *thine*; and ſay over theſe Prayers, and recite theſe *P*ſalms; read *this* or *that* out of this Book. Who would be ſo hard hearted, as to deny a ſick *P*erſon this Courteſy? ſo that when the *Sick* can't pray himſelf in words, he may by proxy. Therefore

fore I ſay again. *In ſickneſs you muſt pray continually.*

We can never go to God out of ſeaſon.

CHAP. XVII.

What we ſhould Think on, and Do daily, whether in Pain or not.

A Man relying on God, although preſſed with *Miſery*, and full of *Pain*; will readily ſay; *Dum ſpiro ſpero, While I live I hope*; and for the *better* too, the nearer he ſees his End. *Seneca* philoſophiſed excelently well of *Pain*; *No Body*, ſays he, *can ſuffer Pain violently and long too.* So lovingly hath Nature dealt by us, as either to make our *Pains* tolerable, or ſhort: For extream *Pain* is its own End. This is the Comfort of a violent *Pain*, that you muſt of neceſſity be diſcharged from the ſuffering of it, if you feel it too much. But this is it that perplexes thoſe that are unſkillful in the uneaſineſs of the Body; they have not learned to be content with the Mind only; they have too much to do with the Body. Wherefore, my ſick perſon, enure thy ſelf by little and little to lead thy Mind out of thy Body, and to converſe much with thy divine and better part; but with that

that frail and querulous, part thy body, have as little to do as poſſible. And ſince *Pain* is very rarely ſo continual, but that it admits of Intermiſſion ever and anon, and often abates, therefore do not account all the exerciſe of thy Mind to be laid aſide, when thou lyeſt ſick, and feeleſt Pain. But before all things, take care, if thou canſt by any means, that then thou offer up ſome Prayers in the morning, and do ſomething of heart examination in the evening. If your Voice be weak, pray mentally. If thou canſt not frequent *Divine Service*, nor receive the *Sacrament*, appoint thy ſelf a time in Bed to enjoy his Communion. Never betake thy ſelf to ſleep, till thou haſt run over in thy mind four or five Chapters. And in the day time while, you are either free from *Pain*, or at leaſt eaſier, take up ſome good Book, and read a Sentence or two, and meditate on what thou readeſt. Select one hour at leaſt every day to thy ſelf, which, begin with *Prayer*; and if ſtrength fail, employ it in pious *Sighs* and *Ejaculations*, and end it with *Prayer* too. So thou mayſt think thou haſt prayed a whole hour in Heaven. But if thou canſt not do this neither (which no *Pain* ſcarce will prevent) ſet a part half an hour, in which thou mayſt lift thy heart to God as often as thou canſt, and now

and

and then ſend a breathing to Heaven, and this ſhall mitigate and extenuate *Pain* (how great ſoever.)

At the beginning and End of all thy *Prayers* give thy ſelf and all thy concerns to the pleaſure of God; theſe things are not ſo hard, but that a Man that is dying may perform them; and eſpecially one in *Pain*, that is not very intenſe, But if thou *canſt* do nothing at all of theſe, or more truly *wilt* not, at leaſt then do this, for *that* one hour thou ſhouldſt ſpend ſo, bear thy *Pain* with patience, while it is to be born.

I intreat thee don't make thy calamity worſe to thy ſelf, and burthen thy ſelf with Complaints. *Pain* is the eaſier, if *Opinion* don't aggravate it. And again, If thou begin to comfort thy ſelf and ſay; *It is nothing, or but a ſmall matter, let me bear it, it will be over by and by*; thou wilt make it eaſier by thinking ſo of it. All things depend on *Opinion*; we are in *Pain* in our *Opinion*. *Every one is juſt ſo miſerable as he thinks himſelf to be.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

We think one thing when well, another thing when ſick.

Lacides, the Philoſopher, when he had loſt much of his Houſhold Stuff, *Said, We diſpute*, ſays he, *after one manner in the* School, *and live after another at* Home: So thoſe that are well, can beſtow whole heaps of comfort upon the ſick, but where is the ſick Perſon that can conſolate himſelf ſufficiently? Indeed, if you were in my caſe, you would be of another mind. Ah! how brittle is our Virtue, its broken by the leaſt blow! We ſeem to be as ſtrong as Braſs, when we are well; we ſpeak big, and as it were dare *Pains*: but when they come upon us, we run away, fall before them, and that before we have once confronted the Enemy. We are but men, ſayſt thou, and have mortal bodys, that can't bear *Pain*. I don't deny that human Body is frail, but not ſo frail; but that they have ability to bear all Adverſity, unleſs their mind were ſicker than their Bodies. This ſoftneſs of ours, is that which makes ſo many Deſerters from the Colours of Virtue, while they think every thing that is difficult intolerable. *Virtue it ſelf periſhes, if the matter it works upon be taken away; that is, difficulty.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Pious Breathings in all Sickneſs.

O Lord, my Strength and Fortitude, my Refuge in the time of Trouble. It is the Lord, let him do what ſeemeth him good.

My Father, let thy Servant be tryed to the End; don't ceaſe from a wicked Man.

It is Good for me that thou haſt humbled me, and that I may learn thy righteous Judgments.

I glory in Infirmities, Reproaches, Wants, Perſecutions, in Straits for Chriſt. For when I am weak, then I am ſtrong.

Now, O Lord, deal with me according to thy pleaſure, and eſpecially let my Spirit reſt in Peace.

CHAP. XX.

Some Faults of ſick People.

1. THey love to hear of Curioſities, Novelties, and Trifles.
2. They don't love to hear warnings of Death.
3. They find fault with thoſe that take care of them.
4. They diſlike and refuſe their Food, as though ill dreſt.

5. They

5. They find fault that their bed is made uneaſily.
6. They think there is not care enough taken of them, and therefore murmur, and grow angry.
7. They ſeldom think or ſpeak of God and Divine Things.
8. They do not reſign themſelves up, to be ſubject to the Divine Pleaſure.
9. They think ſome things intolerable, and don't deliberate on all things with Chriſtian Patience.

And I prithee, my *ſick Perſon*, what is it to thee, what is done in *France*, *Belgia*, *Italy* or *Spain*? Do thou rather enquire, how Affairs go in Heaven or Hell. Do thou enquire after thoſe things that others have enquired after, when nigh their laſt. Let the dead bury their dead. Now let the care of thy *Health* be thy only care; that is the one thing neceſſary. What are thoſe Novelties and Curioſities, which are moſtly falſe to thee? Theſe will do thee no good, and thou wilt offend other Folks.

And why doſt thou turn away from them, who admoniſh thee of the impending danger? Take notice they are the Heralds of Death. I pray thee, don't imitate thoſe old Men perhaps thou haſt known, to whom it hath been Death to hear of Death. And prithee tell me, haſt

learn'd no better yet, than to fear Death ſo much like a Child? Haſt thou not learn'd in ſo many Years to die willingly, quietly, and unmoleſted?

What art thou afraid of? Commit thy ſelf wholly to the Will of God, and then thou haſt done the buſineſs. If thou wilt believe them that have looked above them, *all our Life is but a Puniſhment.*

Here I may very opportunely bring in the *Roman* Sage: Says he, *We, (being caſt into this profound and troubled Sea, (ebbing and flowing, ſometimes hurrying us aloft with its rapid Waves, and anon burying us in its Cavities, always toſſing us up and down, that we never ſtand ſtedfaſtly;) do hang and float about, and daſh one againſt another, and ſometimes are wreck'd, and always in fear. And in this ſtormy and tempeſtuous Sea, there is no* Port *but Death.*

But every ones own credulity ſeduces him, and eſpecially in thoſe things which he loves and ſo he is voluntarily forgetful of Death. The Funerals of Acquaintance and Strangers paſs before our Eyes daily: But we are doing ſomething elſe, and think *that* is ſome ſudden Accident, although it be that which we ought to expect our whole Life. This is not the fault of Nature, but the pravity of Humane Mind, unſatisfied with all things, yet is loath to

go

go hence, although it was admitted but upon ſufferance. He's very *unfair*, that won't give the Donor leave to diſpoſe of his Donation; and he is a *Covetous Perſon*, that does not eſteem that *Gain*, he has received, but looks upon that loſt which he reſtores again. He's *Ungrateful* that calls the end of Pleaſure a Wrong: He's a *Fool* that thinks there is no fruit of any Good but what is preſent. He *narrows* his Joys too much, who only thinks he enjoys thoſe he *has* and *ſees*. All Pleaſure ſoon leaves us; it paſſes away; and is taken away, almoſt as ſoon as it comes. Therefore let us all be glad that it is given, and reſtore it when it is called for. Death will call for us all one time or another, it will paſs by none. Let the Soul therefore ſtand upon its Guard, and never be afraid of a *Neceſſity*, and always expect that which is doubtful. I can't well tell whether it is the more fooliſh, not to *know* the Law of Mortality, or the more impudent to *refuſe* it. All Men, and all things look toward their *laſt*. Whoſoever is brought forth into Life, is deſtinated to *Death*, and ſubjected to *Eternity*.

CHAP. XXI.

Three things which the Sick ought to be inſtructed in.

Firſt, *Concerning God.*

IT is a fault to complain, againſt God our beſt Father, as tho' he ſent a Sickneſs upon us either too troubleſom, or unſeaſonable. We ought rather to ſay with *Job: As it pleaſed God, ſo it is come to paſs, bleſſed be the Name of the Lord.* And cry out with the Godly Multitude: He hath done all things well; for whether God wound or heal, he always takes a fatherly and tender care of us.

Second, *Concerning the ſick Perſon.*

A grievous Diſtemper won't admit of long and aſſiduous *Prayers*, but of a long and continual *Patience*; by which *that* is made eaſie, which is thought hard. Frequent Breathings to Heaven, and the Memory of paſt Afflictions of Saints, and frequent Ejaculations, are the Bleſſings of Diſtempers, by which we ſupplicate God and Chriſt for a *conſtant Patience*, and a *happy Paſſage* out of this Life.

Third, *Concerning other Men.*

You muſt follow the Direction of the Phyſician both of Body and Mind. You muſt

muſt ſhew a pattern of *Patience*, and a ſedate Mind to thoſe that come to viſit you in Sickneſs. And although the Diſtemper may be troubleſom, many things may moleſt; ſome things diſpleaſe, and a great many may not ſavour, and ſome be not according to our Mind, yet we muſt never murmur; but all troubleſom Matters are to be allay'd with the hope of Reward; all things ſaid and done are to be conſtrued for the beſt.

CHAP. XXII.

How the ſick Perſon's Thirſt may be allay'd.

MANY *ſick Perſons* are troubled with Thirſt, eſpecially they that have Fevers: We will ſhew them Springs from whence they may drink as much as they pleaſe.

A notable Highway-Man in *Lower-Auſtria*, infamous for the Murther of many, being broken on the Wheel, his Legs only firſt broke, to make the Puniſhment the greater, and for a more terrible Example to others. But this Malefactor ſhew'd himſelf a *Man*, and began to be a Religious Chriſtian in the midſt of his Torments, for all his Expreſſions were deſires

of *Patience* and *Penitence*. He continually ſupplicated God, beg'd Pardon for his Sin, implor'd the Aſſiſtance of Heaven, and began to preach to, and dehort the ſtanders-by from Vicious Courſes. When it grew toward Evening, a multitude of People flock'd together, not ſo much to be Comforters of his great Sufferings, as to be Spectators of ſuch generous Patience. For he being forward to bear Sufferings, that he might enjoy a better Life, endeavour'd to mitigate his preſent *Pain* with future Hopes: He gave Thanks to God, who though he were Angry, remembred Mercy, and Chaſtiſed but in meaſure. And in this ſlow Torment (which they ſuppos'd would laſt three Days or more) he deſired one of theſe two things, either a quick diſpatch out of his Miſery, or to have the opportunity of quenching his Heat and Thirſt by a Shower. Both which he obtained. For at Sun-ſet, there fell a plentiful Shower, and he a little after concluded both Puniſhment and Life.

See, my Chriſtian, thou haſt thy *Wheel* too; but a far eaſier one; thou art put upon thy *Bed* as upon a *Wheel*. And 'tis not very ſtrange, if thou art Thirſty as well as in Pain: Therefore, that thou maiſt have a ſeaſonable Shower, ſee that thou make thy Bed in *Golgotha*, at the Foot of the

the *Croſs*, on which the Saviour of the World hung, from whoſe bleeding Body Showers diſtill. Here drink, refreſh, and ſatiate thy ſelf; Thou ſhalt be ſo much the more healthy, by how much the more intemperately thou Drinkeſt.

CHAP. XXIII.

A Handkerchief for the Sick.

Chrotildis, Queen of the *Franks*, as *Gregorius Turonicus* relates, being cruelly handled by *Amalaricus* her Husband, ſent a white Linnen-Cloath to King *Childebert* her Brother, dipt in her Blood, inſtead of a Letter; and by this ſhe as it were ſaid to him, Doſt thou ſee this, *Childebert*, and ſuffer it? Doſt thou behold what thy Siſter ſuffers, and ſhut thy Eyes at it? Wilt thou not vindicate, wilt thou not defend her? See, *ſick Man*, Chriſt ſends thee a Handkerchief, and a double one too; one of them deeply dyed with his Blood in the Mount of Olives, the other having the impreſſion of his Face deformed with Sweat, Spittle, Blood, Tears and Buffets, while he bore the pondrous Croſs to *Golgotha*. Chriſt ſends thee this pair of Handkerchiefs, all purpled with his

precious Gore, whoſe paſſionate Inſcription thus beſpeaks thee. O Mortals, 'tis your Sins that have wrung out this Sweat. Can you ſee this and not leave them off? O that we were *Childeberts* now, and would be ſtirred up to be avenged on our Sins. Surely no body more truly mourns for Chriſt's Sufferings, than he that begins to hate thoſe things, for which Chriſt ſuffered.

CHAP. XXIV.

The ſick Perſon's Bed.

THE *Bed* is troubleſome to the *ſick Perſon* although it be ſofter than the Down of *Sardanapalus*, *Elia.* lib. 9. or Roſe-bed of *Smindyridis*, that *Sybarite*, infamous for Delicacy, who when the ſofteſt Feathers unkindly gor'd his tender ſides, would try if he could reſt better on a *Bed* of Roſe-leaves. But this moſt fragrant eaſie Couch was too uneaſy and ſevere to his indulged ſides. For the delicate Youth complain'd by the next Night that his Lodging had been ſo hard, that he could ſhew blifters, as Notes of the Bed's unfriendlineſs. A ſick Man, though

though he ſhould lie upon a Bed fill'd with Down, of Hares or Partridges, yet would complain of its uneaſineſs. But we muſt give grains of Allowance; 'tis *Pain* extorts theſe Complaints.

But I can ſhew you far harder Beds than theſe; *Lawrence* had a red hot Gridiron for his; and after him *Vincentius* the Martyr, and many others too: Which though ſuch uneaſy ones, yet Love made them tolerable. The *Perſians* in times paſt put the Chriſtians to a ſort of Torture, call'd *Scaphiſmus*. For the Chriſtians to be tortur'd, were enclos'd between two Boats as in a long narrow Cheſt, with their head, hands and feet ſtanding out; And had Honey and Milk pour'd down their Throats, out of Cruel kindneſs to preſerve their Lives, and protract their Torments. In the day time they were expoſed to the ſcorching Sun, their Eyes violently plucked out, their head hands and Feet, daubed with Honey, by which means ſwarms of Gnats and Flies did cover thoſe parts, as a black Cloth; the drink that was pour'd into them did indeed preſerve Life, but after its eaſy Evacuation it turned to Putrefaction and produced Worms. So the Man lying in this *Bed* was miſerably tormented, without with Hornets and Waſps, and within gnaw'd by Worms. Inſomuch, that when the dead body was

open'd, it was filthy, and eaten up. And this unhuman unheard of Torment laſted Sixteen or Seventeen days, or more.

My ſick Perſon, think upon this Bed, this Couch of Martyrdom, this is a miſerable one, full of Torments. O how pleaſant are thy *Pains* compared to them? How ſoft is thy Bed compar'd to that? How incomperable is thy Sickneſs to theſe Torments! Hold thy peace then, and be patient, he that bears the Croſs, ſhall wear the Crown. Bleſſed *Salvianus* ſaid very well; *it ſeems to be a degree of Health; for a Man to be Sick.*

CHAP. XXV.

The ſick Man's Conſolation from the Conſideration of Chriſt in the Garden.

WHEN Jeſus had ſaid theſe things, he went forth with his diſciples beyond the Brook *Cedron*, where there was a Garden, into which he entred, and his Diſciples. Into this Garden, my *ſick Perſon*, all the Domeſticks of Heaven invite thee: Here thou ſhalt hear wonderful things, and ſee more wonderful. In this place Joy it ſelf begun to be ſorrowful. *My ſoul*, ſays he, *is ſorrowful even unto death, ſtand ye here and watch with me.* Think, *ſick Soul*

Soul, theſe words to be ſpoken to thee; ſtay here and watch a little with thy Lord. The Spirit indeed is willing, but the Fleſh is weak. And now hear him Praying; *My Father, if it be poſſible, let this Cup paſs from me; nevertheleſs not my will, but thine be done.* And a little after repeating the ſame thing again: *Father*, ſaith he, *if thou wilt, let this Cup paſs from me; nevertheleſs not my will but thine be done.* Nay, he iterates it again even to the third time: *My Father, if this Cup cannot paſs from me, but that I muſt drink it, let thy will be done.* In this Agony of Thine, O Jeſus! there is no Man, who can in the leaſt refreſh Thy Grief, none who can bear part of Thy Pain, who can offer one word of Comfort. Thy greateſt Friends forſake Thee, Thy own Diſciples too, more conſtant with their Tongues than with their Hearts, do leave Thee. They who but juſt now were ready, not only to be bound but dye for thee too, are now a ſleep; and by and by they will be looking how they may make their eſcape. O Chriſt! Thou muſt Watch alone, Thou muſt Pray alone, Thou muſt Sweat alone, and Labour by thy ſelf. O happy Garden, beautified by the Lord himſelf, and be ſpotted with drops of Blood like Roſes; thou heard'ſt thoſe ſecret *Words* and *Sighs* thoſe Earneſt *Breathings* intercepted

cepted with *Tears*; thoſe *Prayers* interrupted with *Sobs*; thou art conſcious of the Agony of Chriſt; and Drowſineſs of the Diſciples. Let others prate of the Garden of *Adonis* or *Alcinoe*; they are but Trifles, meer *Moſs* compared to thee: The *Eliſian* Fields, are no *Eliſiums* in compariſon of thee. I ſhould not do amiſs, if I ſhould call thee a happier *Paradiſe* than the firſt. But who ſhall transfer me, as old *Adam*, into this new and bleſſed *Tempe*? O happy Ground that drankeſt the Blood of thy Lord, never ſo watered at any time elſe. O that I might tire the Ground with Kiſſes, which my Saviour trod upon! to which his bleſs'd Knees did bend, to which his Eyes and ſacred Mouth inclined. But Earth, was't thou not aſhamed to have been preſs'd by ſuch a Sacred Weight, and be bedew'd with ſuch a noble Dew? Yes, ſurely, thou began'ſt to bluſh, when purpled by that choice Vermilion, that bluſhing Shower with which this new Gardener beſprinkled thee.

Let the *Sick Perſon* learn to *Pray* of this *Gardener*: To gather Flowers in this Garden; to tye up various *Poſies* of *Patience*. But we will treat more largely of this, in the Bed of this Garden.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

The Bed of Chriſt among the Olive-Trees.

SCARCE any thing will comfort a *ſick Perſon* more effectually than that Bed of Chriſt in the Park of Olives, but a laſs too hard and full of Sorrows. See and obſerve; Chriſt was ſcarce entred into the Garden, e'er he began to be in fear, grow pale, to grieve and groan; to tell his Grief, declare his Sorrow and in his very Face to ſhew his Pains, deſiring his Companions *Prayers* and *Watchings* too; oft leaving, and as oft reviſiting his Diſciples, but no where found he Reſt, or Eaſe, or Comfort. And ſee how loth he is to leave them; he falls down on his Knees; lays his Face to the Ground; intreats his angry Father, though ſighs interrupt his Words; he prays and deprecates death, but ſubmits to the divine Pleaſure; repeats the ſame Prayers thrice; thrice viſits his Diſciples; as often falls down on the Ground; and, laſt of all, ſqueeſes out this bloody Sweat from all his Members, on this hard Bed of Earth. O ſorrowful Spectacle for both Men and Angels. *And his ſweat was like drops of blood running down upon the Ground*, Luk. 22. 24. So Chriſt wept

wept all over his whole Body; Tears burſt out from every Pore, nay Tears of Blood.

Such haſte *Divine Love* made to our Salvation, that Bands were ſlow, Scourging but a delay, Thorns and Nails not ſharp enough, nor the Croſs it ſelf expeditious enough, to accompliſh it. *So God loved the World.* O the Infinite love! to fulfill which one Death was not enough, which brought Life it ſelf, to *Death* before *Death*! So that our loving Jeſus deſired to dye limb by limb, and melt away drop by drop, diſtilling out his Soul by divers Methods; and yet he *loved* more then he *ſuffered*, and deſired to bear more then Humane Nature could. Death was the lighteſt of all his Puniſhments; neither was it enough for him once to die in the *Church-Yard* of *Golgotha*, but he muſt die too, on *Gethſemane-Green*: It was too little for him to die in the midſt of *Thieves*, but he muſt firſt be bath'd in bloody Sweat, as if he ſeem'd to have been ſcourged. O Chriſt! there was yet no *Roman* executioner of *Brutus*'s Race; no hooked Scourges to tear thy Fleſh; no prickly Thorns to rend thy ſacred Head; no cruel Nails to bore thy Hands and Feet; and yet ſuch plenteous ſtreams of blood do ſally out. What will it be to morrow, when thy whole body ſhall be ſtagnated into one Pool of *Blood*, and be all but one intire Wound?

Wound? Indeed, to day Rivers of *Blood* do flow, to morrow thou ſhalt ſend out Seas: And this *Bed* ſtrew'd with Olive ſtumps, will ſeem ſoft in compariſon of that moſt painful Croſs.

My *ſick Man*, place thy ſelf in one of theſe, and thou ſhalt ſoon perceive thy Sorrows to decreaſe; and ſit more eaſy upon thee, if thou compareſt them with thy Lord's.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Agreement, and acquieſcence of the Human Will with the Divine.

AS there is nothing eaſier to thoſe that are *Well*, *Sick*, or *Dying*, than *to will what God wills*, ſo there is nothing more advantageous. This ought to be inculcated frequently, *Morning*, *Noon* and *Night*, hourly, and continually, both to ſick and well. *Epictetus*, only by the Dictates of Nature, became a very wiſe Maſter in this; *I judge that better which God wills*, ſays he, *than that I will. I follow him like a ſervant or page: I deſire what he deſires; I require what he requires; and laſtly, I will what he wills.* And that he might ſhew us the

Epict. lib. 4. Diſſ. c. 7.

the method, by which in all human concerns the divine pleaſure is to be obſerved, he adds this: *I always the rather Will that which is done: for whatſoever is done* (except Sin) *is done certainly by Divine Permiſſion.* Therefore let us the rather *will* that which is *done*, or that which may befall us, or our Friends. And therefore this wiſe Philoſopher admoniſhes every one: *Don't thou require, ſays he, that thoſe things that are done, be done according to thy own Humour; but if thou art wiſe, Will every thing to be done as they are done.* He is wiſe that well prepares himſelf for *neceſſity*; and is conſcious of Divine Affairs.

Idem Ench. c. 13, & 18.

Epictetus more largely evinces, that we ought to conform our *Humane Will* to the *Divine*: ſaith he, *It is more deſirable to me to be invaded by Death, buſied about nothing but curing my Will; that free from Troubles, Hindrance and without Impediments, I may be able to ſay to God; Have I ever violated thy Precepts? Have I ever miſuſed the Bleſſings thou haſt beſtow'd upon me? Have I throw'd them away on my Senſes? Have I ever accuſed thee? Have I ever found fault with thy Government? I have been ſick, becauſe thou pleaſed'ſt. Others have indeed been ſick as well as I, but I Willingly. I have been poor*

L. 3. *Diſſ.* 5.

as

at thy pleaſure, but chearful. I have not uſurped Authority, becauſe that is thy Province. I have never coveted Empire. Haſt thou ever ſeen me ſad on this account? Did I ever come to thee with a ſad Countenance? I was always ready, if thou commandedſt me any thing, or requireſt any thing of me. Wouldſt thou now have me go out of this Show? *I goe. I thank thee heartily, that it hath pleaſed thee to admit me into thy Theatre the World, and to behold thy Works, and to underſtand thy Government. Let Death ſet upon me either Meditating, or Writing, or Reading theſe things.*

O Lord, how much like a Chriſtian, how wiſely, how divine are theſe Sayings! What do we Chriſtians do, or what a Face have we if we do not *bluſh* at theſe things? We are *Brute Beaſts*, Stones, and hardeſt Rocks, if our Senſe do not return at this plentiful Information of *Nature*. But let Rebels to the Divine Will hear this; let them hear and anſwer *Epictetus*'s juſt Requirements: *Shew me*, ſays he,

who is Sick and yet Happy; *who is in Danger and yet Felicitous*; *who dies and is bleſſed*; Lib. 2. Diſſ. c. 19.

Let any one of you ſhew me a mind, that would acquieſce with the Will of God! Who will neither blame God nor Man afterward; *Who cannot be diſappointed in any Thing*; *That can be hurt in nothing*; *That is not angry*; *Who*

envys

envys no Man; *Who emulates no Man*; *Who* (why ſhould I uſe many words) *being a Man deſires to be a God. Certainly he may by this Conjunction of Will.* Therefore let the *ſick Perſon* not refuſe to learn Wiſdom of *Epictetus*, and ſay; lead me, O God, and Divine Providence, where you have deſtinated me. I will follow chearfully. But if I be not willing, and am perverſe, yet I will force my ſelf to follow notwithſtanding; therefore if it pleaſe God, let it be ſo.

Therefore either let us *will* in all things, *Sickneſs* or *Death*, what God *Wills*; or let us confeſs, That we hate and reſolve againſt that which is good and right. *He is reſolvedly wicked, who with deſire refuſes to be good.*

CHAP. XXVIII.

We ought to prevent Deſpair.

NOthing is more dangerous then Deſpair, The Enemy of our Salvation hath found out nothing worſe. All other things are healed by their proper Remedies, this greateſt and laſt danger, which preſſes the Soul juſt going out of the World, has no remedy to be afforded it. Therefore as we ought to reſiſt this Evil always

always, ſo moſt of all at the *laſt*, becauſe then it preſſes moſt, and admits of no delay. Negligence at the laſt hour is wholly irreparable; he will never riſe again, who falls thus deadlily. Therefore, *O ſick Perſon*, awake now at *laſt*; better late then never, that which has been long deferrd', had better be done at laſt, than not at all. Lift up thy Eyes, ſee the open Boſom of thy Crucified Lord, and his Arms ſpread forth ready to receive thee, his Wounds ready to heal thee. Here is no need of a long Oration: do but repent of thy Sin and thou haſt done the buſineſs. Say ſincerely, *I have ſinned*, and thou haſt rendred God propitious to thee, promiſe amendment, and thou haſt gotten pardon. There is no Sin of Man ſo great, but the Mercy of God is much greater; Hope on this, and thy hope ſhall not make thee aſhamed. The Lord is Good to all, and his tender Mercys are over all his Works. Hear the Lord himſelf; *Is my hand at all ſhortned, that it can't ſave? or have I not power to deliver?*

But we are often deceived on every ſide: hot in ſin, and cold after it; in ſin we are jolly, in remembring it, we Deſpair. Many ſin with hopes of Pardon, and when they have ſinned, they Deſpair of it. They are both *bad*, but the laſt is by much the *worſt*. Therefore lay aſide that filthy burthen of ſin,

ſin, as ſoon as thou canſt; there is one, that if thou ask him, will carry it for thee, who has bore a worſe burthen than that already; to whom nothing is difficult, only do thou not defer it. *And although ſlothful delay want excuſe, yet late amendment is not wholly deſtitute of a Praiſe.* It is better to repent late than never. Therefore make uſe of thy preſent time, and pluck up a good heart. a few Tears will quench the Flames of Hell. *A broken and a contrite heart, God will not deſpiſe.*

CHAP. XXIX.

The hope of a Better Life mitigates the Miſery, of This.

MY *Sick Perſon*, I ask thee, as *Seneca* did, Doſt thou wonder at thy Miſery? thou wert born to that end, that thou mighteſt Die, Periſh, Hope and Fear, and Moleſt thy ſelf and Trouble others; that thou mighteſt fear Death, and yet deſire to Die. And that, which is worſe, never to know thy *State*, nor remain in the *ſame*. And, beſides all this, every Future thing is uncertain, and certain only for the *Worſe*. The way to Heaven is a great deal eaſier to *Souls*, free from *Bodies*, for ſo they draw leſs

leſs dregs and weight, They indeed fly back more ſwiftly to their Original, if they be freed before they have fixed themſelves too faſt on earthly things. And unto brave Souls, a long ſtay in the Body is not grateful: They are in Pain as it were to come out, and break forth; they can't away with theſe Limits who uſed to ſurvey Human Affairs at *Liberty* from every ſublimity and high place. Thence it is that *Plato* Crys out; The Soul of a wiſe man longs for *Death*; this he deſires, this he thinks on, and by this deſire it is carried to outward things. And how plainly does *Plato* ſpeak of a better Life: *It ſeems to me*, ſays he, *that a Man who employs his Life in the ſtudy of Wiſdom, will die with ſatisfaction, and full of good hope, that then he ſhall receive a plentiful Reward, when he dies.* The Antients ſaw this in Darkneſs, and can'ſt not thou ſee them in the Sun-ſhine? What's the matter? Do earthly Things trouble thee? Well, thou ſhalt dwell in Heaven quickly. Aſpire after that, and whatſoever Miſery thou feeleſt, thou wilt be leſs diſturb'd at it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

The True Hope of a Bleſſed Life.

HERE I don't preſent thee with Poets or Philoſophers : 'Tis a ſerious Thing. I will drink to thee in pure Liquor, drawn from the Divine Fountain. Therefore leave off Sorrow, and with a certain hope ſay with the Doctor of the World : *I know on whom I have believed, and am perſwaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him againſt that day*, 2 Tim. 1. 12. What art thou afraid of, O Man of ſmall hope ? Do but hear the Son of *Syrach*: *He that fears the Lord ſhall be afraid of nothing, nor diſmay'd; becauſe he is his hope. The Soul of him that feareth the Lord is Bleſſed. Unto whom doth he look, and what is his Strength ? The Eyes of the Lord are towards them that fear him. A Protector of their Power, an Eſtabliſhment of their Vertue, a covering of their Zeal, and a ſhadow at Noon-day; a pardoner of their Offences, and an helper of their Lot, exalting the Soul, enlightning the Eyes, giving Health, Life and Bleſſing.* The Royal Prophet, how bold was he here, how undauntedly did he contemplate on his Funeral ? *I will lay me down in peace and ſleep, for thou, O Lord,*

Lord, alone makeſt me to dwell in ſafety. And wherefore? he tells us in another place; *Becauſe he is become my hope, a ſtrong Tower againſt the Enemy: I will dwell in thy Tabernacle for ever: And my truſt ſhall be in the ſhadow of thy Wings.* But thou wilt ſay my Impatience makes me to Deſpair. Then here's a Remedy for thee again. Cry out with *David: Thou, Lord, art my hope, O Lord; my truſt from my Youth.* But it did not ſuffice this King frequently to cry out; *My hope is in God; God is my hope.* But he exhorts others to the ſame: *Hope in him,* ſaith he, *all the Congregation of the People; pour out your hearts before him.* Why doſt not thou follow him, that ſo often goes before thee, crying out? Say then in thy mind; *Be thou mindful of the word of thy Servant, in which thou haſt cauſed me to hope: this is my comfort in my Affliction.* And with the Prophet *Jeremiah*; *I am not troubled following thee my Shepherd, neither have I deſired the woful day, thou knoweſt: be not a terror unto me; thou art my hope in the day of evil.* And hear the ſame Perſon admoniſhing elſewhere. *Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; for thy work ſhall be rewarded, and there is hope in thine end.* *Job* was very confident of this: *Although he ſlay me, yet I will truſt in him; living in the*

ſhadow

ſhadow of Death. Again he ſaith, *After darkneſs I hope for light. Know ye,* ſaith the Son of *Syrach, that none hath hoped in the Lord and been aſhamed.* Who hath ever kept his Commandments, and been forſaken? Or, who hath called upon him, and hath been deſpiſed? Becauſe the Lord is Good and Merciful, and will pardon in the Day of Affliction: He is a Defence to all them that ſeek him in Truth. And *Hoſeah: Hope in thy God always; for all that hope in him ſhall not be made weak.* For, indeed, the Lord is good to all that hope in him, to the Soul that ſeeketh him. It is good for us quietly to wait for the Salvation of God. In truth, the Lord is good, a Comforter in the Day of Trouble, and knows them that hope in him. And we know, that when he appears, we ſhall be like him; becauſe we ſhall ſee him as he is. And every one that hath this hope in him, purifieth himſelf, even as he is pure. Therefore fix a firm hope in God; for he won't forſake thoſe that hope in him. Thou ſhalt ſee God in the Land of the Living.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

Tranquillity ariſes from true Hope.

REturn, my Soul, unto thy Reſt, becauſe the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. Why do'ſt fatigue thy ſelf with ſo many Turmoils? See the Lord is here, he'll finiſh all thy Works for thee. Therefore, my Soul, leave off, to deſire to be miſerable, and to wear thy ſelf out with ſo many Toyls; Sickneſs's and Death are the beginning of thy Quiet. But it may be thought they are painful ones. It is ſo: But thou knoweſt that commonly a Storm precedes a Calm; there are no days leſs Feſtival, than thoſe that go before a Feſtival. Juſt ſo it is here. Thy reſt, is an Eternal reſt, Now the preparation torments thee; although never ending Joys will quickly follow. Go on, and finiſh this ſhort Labour, or Sorrow; thou art within ſight of Land, not only that thou departeſt from, when thou didſt ſet ſail from this Life, but that which is the ingreſs to the Eternal Country. If you have but juſt now began to work; yet you have work'd long enough, if he thinks ſo, for whom you Labour. Do thou therefore, my ſoul, leave *vain Things* to *vain Perſons*, and apply thy ſelf to God, who hath been a Bene-

factor to thee. His Benefits to thee have been very great, and very many: thou mayſt ſooner count the Sand, than them; by which he hath opened the way to Heaven to thee; (from whence thou mayſt hope) he would not have thee go to Hell. St. *Bernard* before his Death, commanded this one thing to his Friends; *That they would caſt Anchor in the ſafe Port of the Divine Goodneſs.* Let us continually wear that Royal Verſe in our Heart and Mouth: *In thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me not be confounded for ever.*

CHAP. XXXII.

Comfort in Sorrows.

THEN ſhould I have Conſolation, that he that afflicteth me doth not ſpare, neither will I contradict the words of the Holy One. This is then my Conſolation, while Pains torment me, I will wax warm, and gather up my mind and ſtrength, when the greateſt of Torments ſhall bring me the certain hope of Death. while Pains rack me like a Woman in Travail, I *know* the Reſt and Tranquillity of *Salvation, Safety,* and a *better Life,* is prepared for me: that the Mercy of God may ſhine upon me either when it defends Life, or brings

brings Death. Therefore let not God be ſo Indulgent to me as to ſpare me, for if I die now, I ſhall eſcape free and ſecure from the fear of Sin; and ſhall never more reſiſt the Will of God; but be as one that hath forſaken the Unconſtancy of this Life. I am very much afraid of my own weakneſs, leſt I ſhould fall from the right Way and my holy Purpoſe. But ſeeing that I have continued hitherto in the Good way, through the Grace and Mercy of God, if I ſhould ſlip, I would ſoon return again, for I would by no means depart from innocency of Life; although my hope were ſure that I ſhould not finally deſert God. Therefore there is no reaſon why I ſhould fear Death, but rather that I ſhould conſtantly deſire and wait for it. Which, whenſoever God ſhall pleaſe to Commiſſion, I ſhall be ſo far from refuſing, that I ſhall rather account it a bleſſing. For ſince I ought to labour to be holy, I can receive nothing unjuſt. Or that is not good for me, from God that holy and pure Spirit. Therefore come hither Pains. Exerciſe me as God permits ye. Scarce any Body begins to die, without Grief. I know there is no way but this to happineſs; but to go to Death through Pains: this is the *King's high-way. To grieve a little while, that we may not grieve for ever.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

Patience moderates all Pains.

PAIN, that ſharp, cruel, dreadful, melancholy, bitter thing; that Enemy to Nature, hateful to the Senſes, if it do not grow pleaſant, yet it may be lenified and mitigated; and if perchance Virtue does not arm the Mind, it will be leſs felt, or in a manner not at all. And I preſume to ſay; That whoſoever in this combat, does turn his back willingly, but reſiſts to the utmoſt of his Ability and Fidelity, has always the beſt on't; always comes off Conquerer. O Clay, doſt thou murmur againſt thy Potter? *This* Veſſel was of old appointed for Honour, *that* for Diſhonour; *one* for one uſe, *another* for another; but they are all made brittle and mortal. What art thou angry at? Thy Complaints and Indignation are nothing but an addition to thy *Pain*; for there is nothing more vexes a Wound than the impatient and peeviſh bearing of it. All Fretfulneſs at it torments it ſelf. Like as a wild Beaſt that ſtruggles with the Snare, binds it the faſter: So while the affrighted Birds endeavour to quit themſelves of the Birdlime, they the more entangle their

their Plumes. There is no yoke ſo ſtrait, but that it will gall him leſs who wears it, than him that ſtrives againſt it. There is one eaſement of all Sufferings although they be never ſo great; And that is to *Suffer*, and to ſubmit to *Neceſſity*. What good does it do thee to add a Diſtempered *Mind* to a Diſtempered *Body*, and to render thy ſelf more miſerable by murmuring, and make it more troubleſome to thee? He that beholds the Labours of Men from on high, and conſiders their Patience, will recompenſe them with a Remedy and a Reward. But the *ſick Perſon* objects: *Say what you will, you can't make me believe that I feel no Pain.* My delicate *ſick Perſon*, Exerciſe *Patience* in hearing, if thou doſt not in any thing elſe. I do not deny *Pain* to be *Pain*, but I only ſay it may be overcome by *Patience*. If it do not take away all the ſenſe of *Pain*, it gets the Victory over it, by affording aſſiſtance to bear it manfully. Therefore the *Mind* is to be ſtirr'd up and animated, to go out to fight againſt its Enemies. A dull, ſlow, impatient Mind is often caſt down at trivial Matters. As a Cowardly Soldier, who at the ſight of the Enemy throughs down his Arms, and by running away, expoſes himſelf to more Danger than if he had ſtood the Battle. The very

thought of Bodily *Pain*, is like Death to him that is low-Spirited, who if he had put on *Patience* as a Shield, had been Conquerer.

Patience not only augments the force of the *Mind*, but diminiſheth the ſharpneſs of *Pain*. Therefore if thy *Pain* be very great and ſharp, begin to hope; the very greatneſs of *Pain* promiſes an end: as is demonſtrated already: For as we are come to the beginning of Sorrow, when we are at the end of Joy; ſo it muſt needs be, that the extremity of *Pain*, is the beginning of *Pleaſure*. This is the nature of Contraries; one ſprings from the end of another.

But are we not aſhamed, that ſo many *Boys* and *Girls* among the Chriſtians have ſuffer'd ſo much with Joy, which we *Men* cannot bear without Weeping and Complaints? What can't we bear what they have born? What art thou affraid of? pluck up, my Soul, hope thou in God: the end will be anon. Theſe are grievous things; but they are but ſhort. I Prithee don't fall under them. It's a great Vertue, and well becoming a Chriſtian, neither to be overcome by *Pain* nor *Pleaſure*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

A beggar an example of Patience.

PRAY do but look upon the *Beggar* lying at the *Jeruſalem* Sheep-pool. Was he only a beggar? Nay, he was ſick too. Alas! Poverty it ſelf, is a continual and grievous Diſtemper: But if bodily Griefs be joined with that, *it doubles the Calamity*, which can't be born, but by *double Patience*, as it was in this *Paralytick*. He was poor, and almoſt beyond all others. for he had ſo little either of Money or Aſſiſtance, that he had no body to help him into the troubled Waters. He could not hire a Servant, being poorer then *Codrus* or *Irus*. Nor was there any body took pity on him, that would help ſo indigent an Object; or would ſo much as lend their hand. No body pitied him, no body comforted him, no body helped him, none regarded him, they all forſook him, and went every one to his own buſineſs. And to all this load of *Poverty* a *Palſey* was added. Ah! What a hard thing 'tis to be poor and ſick at once. Nor was this Man's Sickneſs for one Month, or one Year: he lay ſo Thirty-eight Years together, deſtitute of the uſe of his Limbs, a breathing Carcaſs, a

Funeral before Death, and as it were buried while he lived. To *ſick Perſons* a Day ſeems a Month, a Month a Year, a Year an Age. Then how many Ages do you think it ſeemed to this ſick Man? And yet (ſee his *Patience* and imitate it) he loſt not his *Patience*, among all his Loſſes. He deſerv'd to have been firſt taken care of at the troubling of the Waters, and to have his Health preferr'd before the reſt, and yet none gave place to him: they all made haſte to have their own Diſtempers cured, and there was no body willing to be ſecond. Neither did this Man of deſperate Health conſume all his *Patience* and hope: yet he envys none, is angry at none, reviles none, accuſes none, condemns none of Cruelty, wiſhes his Condition to no other; nor is he malign to himſelf; he does not curſe himſelf, nor his Birth, nor lament unbecomingly; he does not blame his Fortune, nor his Parents: much leſs does he impiouſly murmur againſt God, nor call Divine Providence cruel, nor complain that he's afflicted undeſervedly; he does not find fault of his tedious Death, nor provide himſelf a Halter; but waits patiently; and hopes after a long Deſpair; he does not importunately require Health of Chriſt; he does not urge him contumaciouſly, being

content

content not to have Concealed his Misery from his Saviour. Thou that art sick maist imitate these things; nay, thou oughtest to do it, or not to hope for Heaven.

CHAP. XXXV.

A Great Prince, a pattern of Patience.

IT may be thou wilt find fault; That I propound Souls, either too Heavenly, or too Low and Mean, for thy Example of *Patience*. What ones wouldst have? If thou Canst not imitate Christ upon the Cross, or *Lawrence* on the Gridiron, take *Lazarus* for a Pattern, that died on Mouse-eaten Chaff: or imitate *Alexius* shut up and dying in a narrow Hole. It may be thou wilt say, these are too hard Examples, and too antient. Well, wouldst thou have more modern? There are enough for thee. I know you are a little too delicate to bear with burning Gridirons and Crosses, nay, to look on or hear of *Them*. Well then, I'll talk with thee a little smoothlier, and teach thee not to complain in Difficulty.

There are some (and it may thou art one of them) who to preserve or recover their Health, spare no cost, matter not

what trouble they put others to, regard not Decency; let them be but in Health and they matter not what becomes of Duties.

I'll inſtance great Princes, who but few Years ſince, ſo ſought after the Health of the Body, as not to looſe the Health of the Mind.

Where are then thoſe Querulous *ſick Perſons*, who are ſo indulgent to themſelves, that if every thing be not according to their mind, are ready to throw the Houſe out at the Windows? let them take Pattern by *Princes*, if they wont by Porters. Do they refuſe to imitate *Beggars* lying on the Ground? Let them imitate *Governours* and *Princes* on their *Beds*. Are the *Examples* of *Lazarus*, and *Lawrence* too Antient? Let them try if they can equal the later Actions of great Princes. Its a ſign of a great Coward, not to be animated by the Example of a fellow Soldier, nor of a General neither.

CHAP. XXXVI.

A Great King an Example of Patience.

NEither bodily *Pains* nor *Death* it ſelf are to be fear'd by a good Mind. Why

Why ſhouldſt thou fear one or t'other? He that has a good Conſcience, knows that there is nothing to be fear'd by a Man, but ſin. Good Men wiſh for Death, as they that have been Shipwreck'd do a Port, as the end of Sorrows, as the triumphs of a long and dangerous War; they know they are approv'd for this, not condemned.

Philip the Second, King of *Spain*, was a great Example of this, who labour'd under ſo contagious a Diſtemper, that all ſorts of the worſt Diſeaſes ſeem to have combined together againſt him. He lay ſick from Head to Foot, nothing but a breathing Carkaſs. Thou mighteſt aptly call this Chief of *Kings* and *Princes*, the Scale of Calamity, and Warehouſe of Diſeaſes. Of which theſe be the chief: 1. The Gout. 2. Ulcers in Hands and Feet. 3. An Apoſtem of the Knee and right Muſcle. 4. A continual Fever. 5. The Dropſy, and a continual and vehement Thirſt. 6. A Tertian Ague. 7. A Dyſſentary. 8. Want of Sleep. 9. Not able to help himſelf. One of theſe Diſtempers was enough to bring Death: What would not they altogether? But he bore them all with a *Chriſtian Patience*, and as well as he could, being ſo much the more lively and ſtrong in *Mind*, by how much the leſs ſo in *Body*;

a truly illuſtrious Example of *Chriſtian Patience*. *Philip* learn'd this of *Job*, that Great *Prince* in the Land of Uz, whom ſo many captivated, Cattel, ſuch great Riches taken away, the ſudden Deſtruction of ſo many Children buried in one Ruin, could not move. Nakedneſs it ſelf delighted him being naked, as though Miſery it ſelf had delighted the miſerable. He received them all with; *a naked came I out my of Mother's Womb, and naked ſhall I return thither*; and gave Thanks to God as for Benefits, and ſang; *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, let the name of the Lord be bleſſed*. The Accuſations of his Friends, the Contempt of others, the blaſphemous Mocking of his Wife, and bitter Exultation did not overcome him: One he rebuked, the other he refuted, and admoniſh'd all: So that thou mighteſt even ſay, he ſat ruling in his Throne. His whole body broke out into Ulcers, his Blood ſprung out, and gnawing Worms crept from all his Members as from their native Dwellings: He was a living Carcaſs: With theſe Torments he was not at all overcome: He ſcrap'd his Sores with a Potſheard, like an idle Spectator: He embrac'd Corruption as his Sifter, Troops of Worms for his Brother; and (if you will believe *Tertullian*) called back the Worms crawling out into their holes. Whence

Whence comes this brazen Wall, and triple Defence about ſo miſerable a Heart? becauſe he was conſcious of no ill thing, guilty of no ſin. The Devil deſpoiled him of that Kingdom of Fortune, but not of that Empire of a patient and righteous Soul; nor can he take away this from any of us. But wilt thou ſee and hear what a Mighter than *Job* ſays? Attend then; for he calls for Attention.

CHAP. XXXVII.

The Lord Chriſt the moſt perfect Copy, Looking Glaſs, Pattern, and Specimen of Patience.

O All ye that paſs by the way, ſee and conſider, is there any Sorrow like my Sorrow? *Lam.* 1. 12. This Chriſt crys out to thee from the Croſs. Thou paſſeſt by this way of *Calvary*, when thou art in Affliction: but thou only paſſeſt by it, for let thy Pains be what they will, they are nothing but meer Shadows compar'd to this fluce or ſea of Sorrow. The Sorrow of him crucified is real, in whom no part was free; His Bones, Nerves, Veins, and if any of theſe were unhurt by Scourges and Thorns, they are tormented, and cruelly too, with the too hard binding of Cords.

Cords. Nor is there any body ſo much as to mollify theſe Tortures with one word of Comfort. His Friends buſy in Lamentation (and how few were there of them?) do him no good; his fugitive Diſciples forſake him, his Enemies afflict him. And him that juſt now they pierc'd with Nails, now they gall with Reproaches and Scoffs. And his afflicted Mother can not help him neither. The angred Father leaves his Son in torment; his Eyes filled with Spittle, Gore and Tears, can ſee nothing but his triumphing Enemies; his Ears filled with Contumelies hear nothing but biting Scoffs and Blaſphemies; his Tongue corrupted with Gall, and parched with Thirſt, aſks for cold Water, and can't obtain it; the noiſom ſtench of dead Bodies offends his ſmell even to his laſt Gaſp. The Scourges and Thorns again extort Rivers of Blood, his Bones put out of Joynt begin to be numbred, the bloody Nails refuſe to let him down before he's Dead. Shew me what part of his Body you will, and you ſhew me a certain Torment, all comfort forſakes his Soul extreamly afflicted. And yet in ſo great Pains he does not complain, nor is angry with any one, curſes no body, nay begs Pardon for all; he gave as many teſtimonies of Patience, as he ſuffered Wounds and Injuries. See now and conſider,

ſider, Is there any Sorrow like the Sorrow of thy Lord and Saviour? Thou doſt not love Chriſt, if thou refuſe to Suffer.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Patience is the whole Armour of a ſick Perſon.

Demoſthenes being demanded, *What he accounted the Chiefeſt Part in Eloquence*, Anſwered: *Action*. Being aſked, what the next? he anſwered: *Action*. And to him that aſked him, what he accounted the third? He anſwered juſt as before; *Action*. So he Attributes the Firſt Second and Third Parts to *Action*. If it ſhould be aſked, what is chiefly neceſſary for a *ſick Perſon*? He would anſwer very well that ſaid: *Patience*. Again if it ſhould be aſked what was moſt profitable for the Sick: he ſhould anſwer the ſame he did before: *Patience*. Again one that demanded what was moſt becoming a *ſick Perſon*? Might very well have this anſwer: *Patience*: Patience alone calls for this threefold Reward: the firſt and ſecond Laurels are hers and ſhe deſerves the third too. Let us believe Divine Revelation in this. *In your Patience poſſeſs ye your Souls*, Luke xxi. 19. And *Paul* is of the ſame mind,

mind, *Patience*, ſays he, is *neceſſary for you, that after you have fulfilled the will of God, you may inherit the Promiſe*, Heb. x. 36. What wouldeſt thou have, O impatient Man? For *through many Tribulations thou muſt enter into the Kingdom of God.* That which pricks thee, bears the Roſe that Crowns thee. Truth it ſelf cries out; *He that bears not my Croſs and follows me, cannot be my Diſciple.*

Therefore hearken to the Counſel of St. *Auſtin.* And ſuffer that which thou would'ſt not, that thou maiſt attain that thou would'ſt. *Solomon* himſelf inculcates this: *My ſon, deſpiſe not the Chaſtening of the Lord, nor be weary when he correcteth*; for *whom the Lord loveth, he correcteth, even as a Father doth his Son*, Prov. xxx. 11. 12.

Think thy Guardian Angel ſays to thee, what was ſaid to *Tobias*: *Becauſe thou waſt beloved of God, therefore it was neceſſary, that Affliction ſhould prove thee.*

Every one, O God, that ſerves thee is ſure of this, that his Life ſhall be crowned by his Trial: If he be in Tribulation he ſhall be deliver'd; if under Reproof, he may come to thy Mercy: For thou takeſt no pleaſure in our Deſtruction: For after a Storm thou bringeſt a Calm, and after Weeping and Sorrow, thou affordeſt Joy. Let the Name of the God of *Iſrael* be bleſſed for ever.

Therefore

Therefore ye are bleſſed who weep now, for ye ſhall laugh. The kill'n tries earthen Veſſels, and Afflictions righteous Men. Therefore let a ſick Man armed univerſally with *Patience*, ſay: I will bear the indignation of the Lord, becauſe I have ſinned againſt him: untill he plead my cauſe, and bring me out into the light, and I ſhall ſee his Righteouſneſs. And if the divine Anger that purge be ſo heavy, what will that be that condemns? No *Patience* mollifies *this*, a very little does *that*. Wherefore my *ſick Perſon*, prepare thy ſelf to uſe univerſal *Patience*: *Patience* is highly neceſſary for thee above all other things. It may be thou canſt not reliſh thy meat, uſe *Patience* then; this is common, and very incident to all ſick Folks, not to reliſh their Food. Is thy ſleep ſhort and unſound? Be *Patient*: ſick Folks ſcarce ever ſleep ſo ſound as well. Art thou in *Pain*? have *Patience*: This is the property of the Diſeaſe, this is to be ſick. It may be they don't take care enough of thee, take it *patiently*: Its hard to pleaſe ſick Folks in all things. Doeſt thou want ſome to divert and recreate thee? have *Patience*: The Lord Chriſt is the beſt comforter. But are many things wanting that are neceſſary? be *patient* for all that: Let all things be wanting if *Patience* be preſent,

ſent, and all will be well enough. *Joakim*, Elector of *Brandenburgh*, went to ſee the Emperor *Charles* the V. ſick of the Gout, and adviſed him to make uſe of Doctors. To whom *Charles* anſwered: *Patience is the beſt remedy.* So *Patience* is the ſick Man's *Panoplian*, or univerſal Armour; let him Arm himſelf with this, and he ſhall not much fear Sickneſs, Pain, nor Death. Let him fight with theſe Enemies valiantly, and he ſhall certainly conquer: *For Patience overcomes all things.*

CHAP. XXXIX.

We muſt begone, we are but Gueſts.

OUR Life is like an Inn: We live in a ſtrange Houſe, and on courteſy too; we ſcarce are admitted in, and our memory goes with us when we go out: Like the remembrance of a Wayfaring Gueſt of but one day. Doſt not believe it? Go back after a few days, and tell thy Landlord thou lodgedſt there a day or two ago, he'll deny that he can remember any one, there's ſo many Goers and Comers: So one Wave daſhes in pieces another, ſo one Cloud intercepts the view of another. St. *Auſtin* ſaid very wittily: *We are all Strangers.*

Strangers. He is a Chriſtian that knows he is a Stranger in his own Houſe, and native Country. Our Country is above, there we ſhall be Inhabitants. For every one is but a Gueſt here, and in his own Houſe. Let him not deceive himſelf, he is but a Stranger: whether he will or no, ſuch he muſt be. He leaves that Lodging to his Sons, as Gueſts do to Gueſts. And what if thou wert in a Stable, would'ſt thou not go out when another comes? This thou doſt in thy own Houſe. Thy Father gave place to thee; and thou muſt give place to thy Children. Thou ſhalt neither go nor ſtay to pleaſe thy own Humour.

If we all paſs away, let us do ſomething that will not paſs away, let us work; that when we go away, and come thither, from whence we cannot paſs, we may find our good Works there. Well then, ſince we are but Gueſts, let us not refuſe to depart. *There is no Journey more pleaſant to a Stranger, than to his own Country.*

CHAP. XL.

There is a certain term of Life.

THE number of his Months is with thee, thou haſt appointed his bounds, which he cannot paſs, Job 14.5. Whatſoever thou doſt,

doſt, O Man, whatſoever thou ſetteſt about, the days of thy Life are numbred. Call to thee the Phyſicians of the whole World; bid *Podalyrius*, *Machaon*, *Æſculapius*, *Hippocrates*, and *Galen* live again, all of them can't add one hour to thy Life, beyond what God Wills; empt the Apothecaries Shop, ſwallow down Gold and Pearls, to protract Life, yet thou wilt not enlarge the bounds that can't be paſſed. Be as cautious as thou wilt, avoid all the dangers of Life, take as many preventatives of Sickneſs as thou canſt, thou ſhalt not encreaſe thy months. Wiſh, vow, entreat, it will all avail nothing; the bounds of thy Life are appointed, nor can they (why doſt ſtruggle againſt 'em?) be paſſed beyond. Thou thinkeſt the ſand of the Sea innumerable, but he has numbred it, who has from Eternity numbred the years, days, months, hours, and moments of thy Life. Whatſoever thy Art or Induſtry promiſe thee, they can't make thee live one moment longer. If thou haſt choice and plenty of the beſt Proviſion, and drinkeſt the Flower of Wine; never workeſt but for Health ſake, ſleepeſt by the beſt Preſcriptions of Phyſicians and *ratio* of Health; be hot or cold always in a temperature, yet thou art mortal; and when thou ſhalt touch the mark

(which

(which God hath foreſeen from Eternity) bid farewel to Human Affairs, and prepare thy ſelf to give an account; thou art call'd for in Court. There is no delay to be made here, no Time to be concluded on, ſeek for no Procraſtination. Thou muſt go; don't turn thy back; thou muſt give an account; make no excuſe: all delays are unlawful, therefore don't expect any. The number of every Man's months is with thee, O God: thou haſt appointed his bounds which cannot be paſt, they can't, they can't. Neither was *Seneca* ignorant of this; ſays he, *No one dies too ſoon, who was deſigned to live no longer than he did. He has had his time.*

Metaſque dati pervenit ad ævi:
And come to his appointed End.

Every one's bound is ſet; it will always remain where it is ſet; nor can favour or labour move it. Let a Hundred Phyſicians Six hundred Friends, a Thouſand Kinsfolks ſurround thy bed, yet none of them can help thee, but God alone. O Man, thou art then *undone*, *undone*, *undone* for ever, if God be thy Enemy. Thou art loſt for ever, if thou departeſt from God this moment of Death; or if thou didſt not apply thy ſelf to God, and wer't at peace with him, before thou departeſt. The laſt moment of thy Life will pronounce againſt

gainſt thee. Such as thou dieſt, and falleſt, ſuch thou ſhalt ariſe again, and ſuch thou ſhalt be to Eternity. Alas! begin to be wiſe, and live to God. Whatſoever thou doſt, remember Eternity.

CHAP. XLI.

The ſick Man's firſt Objection.

I Could eaſily ſpeak comfort to my ſelf when I was Well and in Health: I could dare abſent dangers: but now ſee the Pain, which I thought was bearable; ſee the Death that I ſpake ſo boldly againſt!

Nunc animis opus Æneа, nunc pectore firmo.
Now I want Bravery, now I Courage need,
Now every former Boaſt *ſhould be a* Deed.

Indeed I was of one mind when I was in Health, but I am of another mind now I am ſick in my bed. It's an eaſie matter to challenge an Enemy out of the *Palæſtra*; but its a harder matter to be as couragious in the Wreſtling-Ring as out of it. We make ſlight of Death, when we think our ſelves out of the reach of his Dart. But when a Man ſees himſelf encloſed in the ſame Circle with his Adverſary, whom he contemn'd, then he begins to ſhrink at it. So 'tis one thing to contrive a Wreſtling

Wreſtling Match, another to try it out: Cowards can do one, but the other is the part of a Virtuoſo.

What's that thou ſay'ſt, *ſick Man*, what is that thou art a blaming thy ſelf for? What makes thee change thy old good mind? as though it were the part of a Champion to uſe his reaſon when he is in ſecret, and be valiant; but when he enters the Field to play the Fool and be faint-hearted. A good Swords-man adviſes in the Theatre, although he took no Counſel before: Stand to it, my Man, and be valiant; and thou'lt conquer, if thou canſt but keep a good heart. See Chriſt is both the publiſher and rewarder of the Show, and He's a Spectator too, and not only an idle Spectator of thy Engagement, but a helper alſo; and holdeth forth to thee all the Weapons, which he himſelf made uſe of. But it may be, they are to thee, as *Saul*'s to *David*, unproved. Doſt refuſe Scourges, Thorns, and the Croſs? then take the Shield of *Patience*: This ſhall protect and defend thee. Leave other things to God. You know what *Abraham* ſaid to his Son; *God will provide.*

An other Objection.

but ſee, I am going to die, who might live longer. Nay, indeed thou couldſt live no longer: For if thou couldſt, thou wouldſt, I believe: But thou meaneſt, I was willing or did hope. And now I believe, thee, for as the mind of Man is greedy of Life, ſo it's credulous and fond of belief. Thou ſaiſt, I have lived but a little while, what if thou hadſt lived more, hadſt thou not lived a little then? The ſpaces of this Life are unequal and uncertain, but they are all ſhort: Some indeed live eighty Years, what has he I pray more than he that lives but eight? unleſs perchance we reckon our Cares, Labours, Pains, Toils, and Sin for *gain*. O what would he have had more, if he had lived Eight hundred? unleſs we count our Virtues, not our Years. Indeed, *Methuſelah* lived 969 Years, but what were they but a Vapour, that appeareth but a little time? No Body ever lived ſo long, as not to think he had lived but a little, and indeed it is but a little, that we do live here: Therefore if we have a mind to live long, let us ſeek that Life, where we may live always, which though it

it be not *here*, yet is *ſought* for here. But thou ſaiſt, it may be, I die while I thought on doing good. Why did you think on it, and not do it? So it may be you would always have thought on it. There are ſome that always think to do well, but never make a beginning, nor never do it: I believe thou art one of them. And if thou didſt ſet about it, and didſt not finiſh it, never doubt but God the Juſt and Righteous Rewarder and Appraiſer of all Things, will pay thee accordingly; thou wilt have whole Wages, not only of Actions, but Intentions too. Be of good chear, *Mori* [*to Die*] *is a ſtreight and ſhort Journey to a Reward.*

CHAP. XLII.

Againſt other Complaints of ſick Perſons.

THere are almoſt innumerable Complaints of *ſick Perſons*: they ſcarce ſpeak, but they complain. How often are theſe words of a *ſick Perſon* heard? Alas! me miſerable Creature, afflicted, rack'd with Pains! How often does theſe mournful Interjections, *Ah, and Alas*, bubble up from the depth of the Heart of the *ſick Perſon*? But if he conſider'd the matter

rightly, he would turn his tone, and often ſay: It is well; it is good; ſo it pleaſes God; ſo it ſeems meet to my Creator; O happy me; O bleſſed me under the Wounds of a Father, not a Tyrant; Praiſe be to God; Glory be to God; Heaven is a Reward to all that pleaſe him. Sick Man, thou ſhould'ſt ſay thus, thou oughteſt to ſay ſo. *Seneca* wiſely admoniſhing of this ſaith; *Do not make thy Calamities worſe, and burthen thy ſelf with Complaints.* I think you ought to omit thoſe Complaints of paſt Sorrows, and theſe Expreſſions; No body ever worſe: What Torments, what Afflictions have I endured? No body thought I ſhould have lived. How often have I been given over by my Friends? how often by the Doctors? They that ride the wooden Horſe have not been ſo tortur'd. If theſe things be true, they are paſt now. What good does it do to refricate former Griefs, and to be miſerable becauſe thou waſt ſo? What, as though none had added much to their Calamities, and deceived themſelves. Therefore we muſt avoid fear of the *future*, and remembrance of *paſt* Calamity. This does not belong to thee *now*, and the other not *yet*. Why doſt thou complain in vain, and ſcratch them up thy ſelf with the Nail of Impatience? Thou

ſaiſt,

ſaiſt, I am miſerable. Indeed thou art happy: thy humane Affairs are in a good State, becauſe no body is miſerable except by his Vices. *He's a bleſſed Man who is chaſtened of God; for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, and as a Father doth his Son: He chaſtiſeth every Son whom he receiveth. Therefore do not deſpiſe the Chaſtening of the Lord; becauſe he wounds, and he will heal; he ſmiteth, and his hands make whole.* Doſt thou not know that a Wound made by a Chirurgeon is a Medicine, and beginning of Health? Do thou therefore not mind the Wound, but the hand of the wounder, and thou wilt confeſs that thou art now much more ſound (at leaſt in thy mind, if thou wouldeſt be ſo) than when thou wert at the beſt. But thou ſaiſt, I am in great Pain. How can you do any other but feel it, if you bear it like a Woman? As an Enemy is worſe to them that fly, ſo all pain urges them moſt, that give place and are averſe to it. But it is a great pain though: 'Tis not the part of valiant Perſons to bear light things, do but think on; I won't ſay a hundred thouſand couragious Martyrs; and alſo no obſcure Conquerors of pain. *Seneca* tells us of a certain Man that perſiſted in Reading while his ſwollen Veins were launced. Doſt thou ſee the Martyrs? maimed, cut,

torn, burnt, thruſt through, fryed, dying drop by drop. Contemplate upon this, admire thou art like them in other things; but that their Patience is unlike thy Impatience. But thou ſaiſt, I can do nothing for my Sickneſs. What, nothing at all? See thy body indeed is ſick, not thy mind. Therefore if thou art a Racer thy feet are tied, if a Shooe-maker or a Smith thy hands, but if thou uſedſt to make uſe of thy *Mind*, thou wilt perſwade, teach, hear, learn, aſk, and remember even when thou art ſick. Well, what then? doſt think thou doſt nothing, if thou art a patient ſick Perſon? If thou ſheweſt that a Diſeaſe may be conquer'd, or at leaſt ſuſtained. Believe me, there is opportunity of ſhewing Bravery on a ſick bed. There is work for thee to do; grapple well with the Diſtemper, and thou haſt done enough.

CHAP. XLIII.

The ſick Man to himſelf, againſt himſelf.

WHAT am I doing? do I die thus before I come to old Age? and is not that granted to me that is to others, to grow old? Indeed, we are all guilty of this

this miſtake, that we think we don't decline to Death, till we are old Men; when indeed Infancy, Youth, and every thing elſe carries us thither. An unſpotted Life is the meaſure of our time. A good Life is the beſt old Age. It is better that a Man's Mind be hoary than his Head. He that Worſhips God, is very rich in the Endowments of old Age, who orders his Life wiſely, and lives well. And indeed 'tis more honourable to be old in Wiſdom, than Time. Whoever lives out his days, has lived long, and dies aged. Every one's Time is ſet, unto which when he comes he has touch'd the Goal. But this is the Covetouſneſs of Life, when we are to die we think our ſelves young Men unripe for Death, though we be of Fourſcore Years of Age. But why doſt thou ſo vainly count the fewneſs of them, God has ſet down the period of thy Years in the Tables of his Providence, and thou canſt not enlarge it. This is God's determination to all Fleſh, and belongs to thee by the good Pleaſure of the moſt High; whether it be Ten, a Hundred, or a Thouſand Years. There is no body finds fault with their Life in Hell: No body accuſes God in another World, that he did not give them a longer Life; they accuſe themſelves that they did not live it better.

Do thou therefore do this, and always have Eternity in thy Eyes. It is no loſs to loſe a moment, and gain an Eternity. The King of *Macedon* ſpake generouſly; *I meaſure not my ſelf by ſpace of Time, but Eternity.* And do thou not meaſure thy ſelf by the term of Years, but Eternity, which hath no End.

CHAP. XLIV.

The ſick Perſon to God.

MY God, and the deſire of my Heart; I, a miſerable Man, and a vile Worm, lie fix'd on this bed without uſe of Hand or Foot; an idle, lazy, dull, and unprofitable Servant, a great lump of Earth, and do no ſervice for thee. Yet I deſire, O God, I deſire to do much for thy Cauſe: I deſire for thee to ſuſtain cold and heat, to labour, to be vexed, to be tortur'd; for thee to undergo hunger, thirſt, and many troubles for thee, and many pains too; this I deſire.

I was taught by an Holy Man, who being more than ordinarily afflicted, and adviſed by one of his Companions, that he would entreat God to deal more gently with him, grew a little angry, ſaying,

Unleſs

Unleſs I knew thee to be honeſt, I would expel thee the place, becauſe thou wert not afraid to ſay this. And preſently throwing himſelf on the Ground; ſaid, *I thank thee, O my moſt Loving God, for theſe things that thou haſt given me to ſuffer. Encreaſe my Pains, multiply my Torments, give me a hundred Diſeaſes; I know thou wilt give me Patience into the bargain.*

Shall I ſay any thing; but that I ſuffer too little. Add more and more Pains, O God to theſe. I have deſerv'd more Pains, O God, than thy mild hand impoſes on me. Here, O Lord, do not ſpare me, burn me, cut me, tear me, only ſpare me to Eternity. If I had a hundred bodies, I would take up a hundred Croſſes for thy Love. Only let me pleaſe thee, only let me be numbred among thine. O loving Father, let me bear what labour or pain thou pleaſeſt. I refuſe no labour, no pain, I except none. Let thy Will be perfectly done, O Lord, in me. I know, O God, how good and eaſy a thing it is to ſerve thee; with whom Works done or deſign'd are equally Rewarded; with whom to do and will are of equal price and merit.

O Goodneſs, I am compoſed unto quiet by thee: my Night comes upon me, in which I can no more work. And although

my. Sickneſs won't let me labour, yet it hath not taken away the power of my Will. I will, O Lord, I will, and that while my breath is in me, be ready to do and ſuffer for the ſake of thy Love, whatſoever a hundred or a thouſand of thy moſt zealous Servants do and ſuffer. Only tell me, O Lord, what thou wilt have me to do? what wouldſt thou have me to ſuffer? I offer thee whole worlds of good Deſires. I'll go to the *Indies*, and uttermoſt *Japan*, but I will run out of Love and Zeal to thee; the higheſt Mountains, nor the deepeſt Vallies ſhall not ſtop me; I'll climb up them, and travel thro' the other; the ſnowy Alps nor rapid Floods ſhan't ſtop my Soul; I will paſs through, I will break through them; Rocks and Flames ſhall not deterr me. I'll tread on the *one* hardly, the *other* ſoftly. I will willingly and deſirouſly ſuffer for thee Mockings, Reproachings, Contempt, falſe Accuſations for thee; for thee, O Eternal Wiſdom, I will not refuſe to be accounted a Fool, but will deſire it. I deſire to bear Stripes and Wounds for thee; I ardently deſire to die a Thouſand times for thee. There is nothing too difficult, nothing too bitter, nothing too hard, nothing too invincible. I will overcome all things; I will vanquiſh and conquer

conquer all things by thy Conduct and Aſſiſtance. And whatſoever my ſtrength won't permit me to do, whereſoever I cannot crawl on hands and feet, there I will come with Deſire, there I will come in my Meditations, and arrive at leaſt in my Will and Mind.

But theſe great deſires, If they ſhould put themſelves forth into act, will they open Heaven to me? If I repreſent them all in Deeds, ſhall I be worthy to be looked upon by God? O Lord my God, If I ſhould ſuffer and do whatſoever all the Saints have done and ſuffer'd, yet I ſhould not deſerve to enjoy thee one moment; how much leſs ſhall I be, in offering up unto thee theſe callow Endeavours. Well then, how ſhall I get to Heaven? O Infinite Goodneſs, if thou takeſt no pity on me, I am undone; I ſhall never get into Heaven, if thy Mercy exclude me. There is but one *Aſylum* left me, one Refuge from thy juſt Anger and Indignation. Thy Mercy, O Lord, is an Ocean, a vaſt deep, I will throw my ſelf head-long into this vaſt Ocean, this great Sea, whenſoever Death ſhall throw me from this little Hill of Life. But now, O Lord, while I ſtand on this little Hill, I caſt my ſelf into the unexhauſted Sea of thy Infinite Mercy, in a certain hope, that in theſe Wa-

ters I ſhall be ſafe from the Flames of Hell. Therefore I cry with *David*;

Have mercy on me, Lord, according to thy Mercy: And according to the multitude of thy Mercy, blot out mine Iniquity.

But in my extremity; in the lateſt hour of my Life, when my Soul muſt bid farewell to its Habitation, then I deſire that all my breathings go out after this: nay, being alive and well, deliberately and earneſtly I will and command, that in the moment of my Death, or the neareſt moments to it, my ſobbing heart may ſignify by its pangs, both to Angels and Men, that I pray for this only from thee:

Have mercy on me, O my God, according to thy great mercy.

CHAP. XLV.

The ſick Mans bargain with God.

FUlgentius *Ruſpenſis*, Biſhop, that greateſt and almoſt laſt Star of the *African* Church, a Man renowned for Learning and Piety, Seventy Days before his Death, did continually pronounce theſe Words. *O Lord, give me now Patience, and afterwards Pardon.* The holy Man made uſe of this as a Shield againſt the force of his Di-

Diſtemper. And by how much the more his Pain did preſs, by ſo much the more this Prelate cryed out; *Patience, O Lord, Patience, and then Pardon.*

This is to make a Bargain with God; neither to deſire a Reward before our Work, nor Triumph before Victory, or to deſire to aſcend the pleaſant Mountain without Sweat. *Fulgentius* died on the firſt of *February*, and began a new Year in Heaven never to be ended.

Bleſſed *Richard*, Biſhop of *Chicheſter*, he that was ſo liberal to others, and ſo ſevere to himſelf, that fed Three thouſand at one time, who did not only keep his body under with rough Sack-Cloth, but an Iron Doublet, This Man at the point of Death, often repeated this Expreſſion; *Into thy hand, O Lord, I commend my Spirit.*

Indeed, they that have a hard Life, ſeldom have a hard Death; and as 'tis a Puniſhment to the Wicked to die, ſo Death is a Haven to the Righteous, and an Ingreſs to immortal Life. So Death commands them that reſiſt, and ſerves thoſe that ſubmit.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVI.

Thanks to God; A continual Song to Sick Perſons.

ST. *Cyprian*, when *Galerius* the Proconſul, recited out of his Letter; It pleaſes *Thaſcius*, that *Cyprian* be put to Death; anſwer'd *Thaſcius*, *Thanks to God.* And commanded his Deacons to give the Executioner Twenty Guineas. *Lawrence* the Martyr gave thanks while Broyling on a Gridiron. *Thelica*, that valiant Martyr, while he was trod to Death with the hoofs of Horſes, ſang this among the rage of the Executioners, *Thanks to God.* Alſo *Boniface* the Martyr in his crueleſt Torments, ſaid; *I give thee thanks, O Lord Jeſus*: St. *Clara* labouring Twenty-eight Years under an Infirmity, oft repeated *Thanks to God.* The liberal Soul ſhall be made fat. *Auguſtin* ſaid very truly; What do we bear in our Mind better, or ſpeak with our Mouth, or write with our Pen better, than, *Thanks to God?* There is nothing ſooner ſaid, more joyfully heard, more gratefully underſtood, nor more fruitfully done. *Thanks to God*; who hath enriched thee with ſo faithful a Heart, &c. In adverſity, ſaith *Chriſoſtom*, the *Unbelievers*,

vers curſe, but *Chriſtians* give thanks. See what Philoſophy this is! when thou pleaſeſt God, thou makeſt the Devil aſhamed, and makeſt that which is done Ill, to be nothing. For at the ſame time thou giveſt Thanks, God alſo takes away the Pain, and the Devil he departs. There is nothing more Holy than this Tongue that gives Thanks to God in Adverſity. Surely it is not inferior to the Tongue of Martyrs; they ſhall be both crown'd together. *Iertullian* commending *Job*, ſaith, *That Man received every ſorrowful Meſſenger with a Thanks to God.*

John Avila, a ſkilful Anatomiſt of the inward Man, was uſed to ſay, *One Gratiæ Deo, or Thanks to God*, ſtands in more ſtead in Miſery and Pain, than Six thouſand in Health and Proſperity. For it is the part of all to give Thanks to God in a time of Proſperity; but only of Good Men to do it in the time of Adverſity.

Therefore, *O ſick Perſon*, I entreat thee by thy Salvation, do thou ſo frame thy Mind and Tongue, that when thou art in the greateſt Calamity, thou maiſt ſay readily; *Thanks to God.* Then thou ſhalt be accounted an Imitater of thy Crucified Lord, when thou ſhalt dare to ſay in *Pain*, let *Diſdains* vex me, and *Pains* perplex me, and many things be wanting to me;

Thanks

Thanks be to God. Let *Pains* rage, and *Torments* be augmented, and *Tortures* encreaſed; *Thanks to God*: Let me be torn in pieces, butcher'd, and ſlain; *Thanks to God.* Theſe words penetrate Heaven, this muſick is grateful to God; the giving of Thanks amidſt *Pains* and *Torments. Paul* exhorts to this; *In all things*, ſaith he, *give Thanks*: As well in Sickneſs as in Health, as well in Want as Plenty, as well in Trouble as Peace, as well in Adverſity as in Proſperity. *In all things give thanks.* For Sickneſs, Straits, want of Comfort, privation of Honour, are not leſs Bleſſings of God, but for the moſt part greater Bleſſings, than if every thing were according to our Mind. Therefore give Thanks at all times. In whatſoever frame of Spirit the *ſick Perſon* is, yet let him ſay at all times I will bleſs the Lord; his Praiſe ſhall be always in my Mouth. There is no time, nor no Sorrows in which the *ſick Perſon* ſhould be backward to ſay; *Thanks to God.* In all things give Thanks. *Thanks* are ſo much the nobler, *Patience* ſo much the more glorious, by how much the Diſtemper or Pain is the more vehement.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVII.

The true Confidence of a ſick Perſon is in God.

IT is a ſerious thing to Die, and not to be made a jeſt on. We may very well enquire of a *ſick Perſon*; Wil't thou run the riſk of Eternity? thou art going a long and unknown Journey, and where wil't thou go? A *ſick Perſon* that does not murmur over the old Complaints of thoſe in miſery; I *muſt*, I *am forced*, will beſt anſwer to this Queſtion: and will rather ſay with a bold Mind: I *willingly* and *readily* lay out my Life for God; ſo I commit my ſelf to Eternity; and ſo go away joyfully. Let them that are in Health think ſo, eſpecially thoſe that are inclining towards their Grave. Any one of theſe might well enough ſay, I began to die long ſince, and now I am a dying, I am waſted and ſpent, and now I poſt to Eternity. And becauſe the Mercy of God hath no End, and exceeds all bounds, therefore I ſo go on without fear: In thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me not be aſhamed for ever (for I hope) for ever and ever; And although a Thouſand Paſſages in the Holy Scripture confirm me, yet I would not deſpiſe the perſpicuous light of Reaſon, that the

that *Seneca* affords me. We are thus inſtructed by the Antients, what Conſiderations we ought to have concerning Death, and the return from Death to Life.

When that day ſhall come, which ſhall make a Separation between this mixture of Humanity and Divinity, I ſhall leave this body where I found it; and reſtore my ſelf to God. Neither am I now without him, but am detain'd in a heavy lump of Earth. By theſe delays of a mortal *Life*, we commence for a longer and Eternal *one*; as our Mother's Womb encloſes us Nine Months, and makes proviſion not for it ſelf, but for that place we ſeem to be ſent into, by making us capable of drawing breath, and enduring the open Air: ſo by this ſpace of time from Infancy to old Age, we are as it were in the Conception of Immortality, and drawing towards Birth. Another Original waits for us, another ſtate of Affairs. We can't yet endure Heaven, but a great way off, therefore look at that decretory Hour without fear: 'tis not the laſt, to the Soul but to the Body. Look upon all the things about thee, as upon Snapſacks not worth carrying with thee. Thou muſt go. That Day thou feareſt as the laſt, is the Nativity of Eternity. Lay aſide thy bur-

burthen, why doſt linger? As though thou muſt not go out of the Body and leave it, in which thou haſt long lain hid? Thou didſt ſtick, and ſeem to reluct, and wert extruded with a great effort of thy Mother. Thou ſigheſt, and cryeſt; and this very weeping is the action of one in the Birth. But then thou oughteſt to be pardon'd; thou cameſt into this World unacquainted and unſkilful of all things; but a freer Air blew upon thee being ſent out of the warm Repoſitory of thy Mother's Womb. And by and by the touch of a ruder hand offends thee, and thou, tender and unacquainted with every thing, wert aſtoniſhed at things unknown. But now 'tis no new thing to be ſeparated from that of which before thou wert a part; now lay down theſe uſeleſs Members contentedly, and lay by this Body thou haſt long dwelt in. Let it be cut in peices, overwhelmed, or deſtroyed: Why art thou troubled? it's no more than is common. The involutions of new born Babes always periſh. Why doſt love theſe things, as though they were thine own? They are but thy Coverings. The day will come that will give thee Birth, and will bring thee out of the filthy and olid Chambers of the Womb. Do thou therefore fly from hence as faſt as thou canſt; as

a

a ſtranger to theſe old acquaintance which hang about thee: and then think of ſomething more ſublime and lofty. One time or another the *Arcana*'s of Nature ſhall be laid open, and the Darkneſs diſcuſs'd, and a clearer Light ſhall ſhine on every ſide. No ſhadow ſhall obſcure that ſerenity: all parts of Heaven ſhall equally irradiate: the Day and Night are but the Imperfection of the Heavens. Then thou wilt ſay, thou didſt live in Darkneſs, when thou ſhalt wholly be ſenſible of that Univerſal Light, which thou now receiveſt in only by the narrow windows of the Eyes, and yet wondereſt at, tho' ſo far off. What wilt thou think of that Divine Light, when thou ſhalt behold it on its own baſe? This Cogitation ſuffers no ſordid thing to enter the Soul, nothing baſe, nor unhuman. He ſays, God is the Witneſs of all theſe things, he bids us approve our ſelves to him, and prepare our ſelves for him for the future, and ſet Eternity before us; which whoſoever carries in his mind, fears no Armies, neither is affrighted at the ſound of the Trumpet, nor ſcar'd with any Threatnings.

What can be more Divine, O Chriſtians? Let us think on theſe things, meditate on them. No *good* Man dies *Ill*, no *bad* Man *Well*. *Death is a ſhort cut to Eternity.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Chriſtian Conſtancy.

CONſtantly, I pray you, conſtantly. There is no *Patience*, if *Conſtancy* be wanting. But ſome or other will ſay, This is the ſecond, third, fourth, or fifth, nay the ninth week, that I have been ſick. Another will object this is now the ſixth, tenth, or ſixteenth month ſince I was firſt taken ſick. And others will not be wanting, who will complain they have been ſick this two Year, this three, this eight, thirteen or more Years. O good Man! it is not the part of a very patient mind to keep ſuch an exact account of the Days, Months and Years. Hold out, I pray you, hold out, and prepare your ſelves for Felicity. A truly patient Man, although he hath been ſick many years, would ſay, It is but a moment in which I have been ſick, compared to Eternity. All Labour is ſhort, Reſt everlaſting. Some have been ſick as long as they have liv'd.

Servulus Beatus, that had *Gregory* the Great for an Encomiaſt, was troubled with a Palſy from his very Cradle to his Death, being many Years, ſo that he could not lift his hand to his mouth, or turn himſelf in

in his bed: yet he got almoſt the whole Bible by heart, by hearing of it. What was his Life but a tedious Death? While he was daily dying for ſo many Years, he continually us'd this one Expreſſion, *Gratiæ Deo, Thanks to God.* All this Man's Life in Sickneſs, although ſo miſerable a one too, ſeemed nothing to Eternity.

Beata Lydwina, a Virgin of *Schiedam* was afflicted with divers Diſtempers Thirty-eight years, imitating as it were the Beggar at the Pool of *Bethesda*. You would rather ſay this Maid died than lived; in the many years ſhe ſpent in thoſe grievous and almoſt-unheard-of, and continual Diſtempers. All variety of Torments conſpir'd againſt her. She ſcarce eat ſo much Bread in Thirty Years, as would ſatisfy a well Man Three Days; ſcarce ſlept for Three Nights together. Add to her ſevere Diſtempers, her great Poverty, a great Diſeaſe of it ſelf.

In this maſs of Miſery *Lydwina* made uſe of this continual Ejaculation; *O Lord Jeſus, have Mercy on me.* Theſe Thirty-eight Years endur'd in great Torment (by a Maid too) ſcarce ſeem'd a moment in compariſon of *Eternity*.

But there is an Example of one that ſurpaſſes *Servulus* and *Lydwina* too in the number of Years of ſickneſs. *Beata Coleta*, a

a Virgin of *Corbeja*, ſuſtain'd Fifty Years and more of intolerable Pains. ſometimes ſhe ſlept not for eight Nights together one Hour. On Feaſt Days and ſundays, for the moſt part, her pains were encreaſed. Sometimes ſhe was ſick in Body and Mind too. And that which ſhe interpreted the ſingular Mercy of God, ſhe felt by degrees all the Torments of the martyred Saints, one Torment being by Divine Permiſſion ſent after another. Among all this ſhe often ſaid, *O that I could ſuffer the heats and colds of all Fevers together! I deſire to be a Theater, in which every ſort of Diſtemper may exerciſe it ſelf, that it may be a ſight for God and Angels*; Beds were aſſwagement of Pain to other *ſick Perſons*, to her it ſeemed ſtuck with Nails and Thorns. And this ſhe bare for Fifty Years and more. And yet they ſcarce ſeemed to her a minute, in compariſon of Eternity. This Maid might ſay with St. *Bernard*, *I han't above an hours work to do*; *and if it be more, I don't perceive it to be ſo.*

Wherefore my *ſick Man*, if thou compute the Days and Years of thy Sickneſs, call them but a moment. If thou uſe the *Patience* and *Conſtancy* of the Bleſſed, thou maiſt hope for their Eternity too. *The Labour is little, the Pain ſhort, and the reward Eternal.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

THAT both the well and the ſick may bring forth in Act that which they have reſolved holily in their Mind, and ſo proceed from *Words* to *Deeds*, I have added theſe following Prayers to ſtrengthen them.

Prayer the Firſt, to be ſaid at all times by Well, Sick, and Dying Perſons.

O *Moſt ſweet Lord Jeſus Chriſt, I offer thee my heart in the Union of that Love, that thou offeredſt thy ſelf to Death to the Father, that thy Will may be done by me, and concerning me Sweet Jeſus, I chuſe and deſire thy Will, although it be adverſe; Let Sickneſs and Death aſſault me, I commit my ſelf wholly to thy moſt faithful Providence and holy Will. I hope and pray that thou wouldſt order me and all things about me, for thy Glory, my good.*

Prayer the Second, for Conformity to the Divine Will.

O *Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who for thy Glory and our Good mingleſt Proſperity with Adverſity, and permitteſt bad as well as good Providence*

Providence to befal us. I give Thanks to thy Goodneſs, that thou remembredſt me, and haſt viſited ſo unprofitable a Servant with this light Affliction. I pray for Patience, that that fruit and advantage thou deſigneſt may be gain'd by every Viſitation, and that it may not be hindred by my Impatience or Ingratitude. I pray thee ſtretch out thy hand to me, a weak Creature, and ſtretch out thy mighty right-hand to me, as thou didſt to Peter *when he began to be overwhelmed by the Waves, that I do not ſink down, and periſh under this Affliction. That which thou canſt do, I entreat thou wouldſt, that thou wouldſt cauſe to paſs away the preſent bitter Cup ſo troubleſom to the Fleſh. Thou didſt hear* Hezekiah *entreating thee with Tears, and miraculouſly didſt deliver him from a deadly Diſtemper. Nevertheleſs not my Will, but thine (which is always Juſt and Holy) be done. All the Authority of Judging and Puniſhing thy Children belongs to thee, nor none knows better than thee what Medicines agree to the healing of our Diſeaſes. O my moſt loving Father, reprove me, correct me, chaſtiſe me, burn me, cut me now, ſo that thou doſt but ſpare me to Eternity, and don't burn my Sins in the Flames of Hell. I know thy Rod does good to many, when thou chaſtiſeſt thy beloved Children, and by Chaſtiſement purgeſt them: thou exerciſeſt them, and tryeſt them,*

before

before thou Crowneſt them. My Heart is ready, O God, my Heart is prepar'd, lay me under thy paternal Rod as much and as long as thou pleaſeſt, and try my Patience in Afflictions. In thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me not be aſhamed for ever. I ſubmit my ſelf to thy Holy Will, and commit my ſelf to it. Although thou ſlay me, yet I will not leave off to hope in thee, the Fountain of my Salvation. My Affairs are in thy hands.

Prayer the Third, for Patience.

O Omnipotent God, how frail and mean is this piece of thy Workmanſhip, wrought out of the Clay, it is ſhaken and broken by a ſmall blaſt of Wind, and then again vaniſhes to Duſt. I have ſo little reaſon to truſt to my own ſtrength, to whom the Fleſh always ſtrives againſt the Spirit, and that feel ſo many Ebullitions of Indignation and Impatience, cowardlineſs, diſtruſt, and other perturbations, when I am but lightly touched. Therefore I implore thy aid, O Heavenly Phyſician, thy Divine Medicine, called Patience: *For Patience is a great aſſwager of the moſt ſharpeſt Sickneſſes. O Lord, give a ready and eaſie mind to be ready to embrace quietly Proſperity or Adverſity, Joys and Sorrows coming from thee, and to believe they were ſent to me for a good end, becauſe*

becauſe thou governeſt all things for the Exerciſe and Advantage of thy Children.

Let thy Spirit teach me, (which helping us we may do all things) that I may know how to poſſeſs my Soul in Patience even unto Death. Thou art he, O Lord, that takeſt notice of all the Stings and Pains of all thy Sufferers: and although I have not yet reſiſted unto Blood, yet I often try the weakneſs of the Fleſh, and the force of reſiſting Nature. Do thou therefore, O Lord, the more help my weakneſs, that ſtrength may be perfected in weakneſs, and I may ſay ſincerely, thy Rod and thy Staff they comfort me. By the leading of thy Grace I will often look in the Face of my Chriſt thy Crucified Son, who ſhewed himſelf a pattern of Patience to all in Sufferings.

Prayer the Fourth, to encreaſe Patience.

THIS Life of ours is a Journey from Baniſhment to our own Country, and thou, O Lord, ſtirreſt us up with Goads and Thorns, that the pleaſantneſs of Life do not retard us, from going the ſtrait way to thee, and that as ſoon as we can; ſo that Sickneſs, Weeping, Mourning, Sorrow, and Adverſity, are like Spurs, by which this dull Horſe is ſpurred on, that it lie not down by the way. O Lord, make us forget the way, and remember our Country; and, if thou layſt on us a

load of Affliction, give us ſtrength that we don't fall down under our Burthen, but always have our Eyes and Deſires towards thee. And as to the laſt, O Lord, all things are thine; do concerning all things elſe without exception, as ſhall ſeem meet to thy unſearchable Wiſdom, this one thing being excepted, and ſuffer me not to be an Enemy.

The

The Concluſion of the Second Part, To the Reader.

WE have ſaid theſe things, partly to recreate thoſe that are in *Health* and *Sickneſs*, and to comfort them, partly to ſtir them up to Vigilance, and partly to ſtrengthen them that they may overcome, being prepar'd for all the Onſets of Death. It is better to try all things, than die amiſs. An unhappy Death is not only the worſt of all Errors, but it is an undelible and unexpiable Error.

Therefore now let us come to them that are ready to *Die*, and give them a few Inſtructions, not that they may read them when they are *Dying*, but that by reading them when they are *well*, they may ſtand them in ſtead when they are *dying*.

The Explanation of the Emblem.

A. *Seeſt thou this* Ax ? *with it at one ſmall ſtroke*
I level to the Ground the talleſt Oak;
Groaning it falls, and its poor weakneſs tells
And the Reſiſtleſs *Arm of him that fells.*
I ſtrike ——

B. *Go ye old Tenants, Wing your haſt with fears,*
Your crazy Houſe *will fall about your Ears;*
Get under Ground, *you'l dwell more ſafely there,*
You are in danger if you Loiter here,
For hark it Cracks ——

C. *As Fiſh by Hooks, and Birds with Lime are caught,*
So Men by Sickneſs *to their end are brought;*
No ſubtility can countermine the Art
Of Death, or render vain his flying Dart.

D. *Let not this* Wind, *that with infectious blaſt*
Kindles Diſeaſes, and lays Countries waſt,
Fright you; altho deſcending Skuls *appear*
Strip't clean of Life, and void of Eyes or Ear,
Tho not the leaſt remains of Senſe be there,
Yet they have in them ſtill reviving hope:
This mortal Seed brings an immortal Crop.

E. *As from* Aquarius *Urn the Waters pour,*
So Life runs out by Moment and by Hour.
Our Life in a juſt Balance, Libra *weighs*
In one our Actions, t'other holds our Days;
Then, if Proportions meet, we have our praiſe.

F. *The Sun goes* down *with an intent to riſe,*
And ſo ſhould Men ſhut up their dying Eyes,
Not like eternal Sluggards, but to riſe
After a reſting Nap ——

G. *The Game's our own, we've took the flying Deer,*
He can't get out, but Ends *his chaſing here.*

E. H van. Hove. sculp.

Conſiderations UPON DEATH, FOR DYING PERSONS.

PART III.

CHAP. I.

The Art of Dying well.

NOT to know how to die, is the worſt Ignorance of all: Therefore, that we may learn that, which is to be learn'd our whole Life, theſe five things are chiefly to be obſerved, in order to a good Death.

Firſt, *A free and undaunted Mind:* This is a matter of the greateſt moment, on which the reſt depend. *David* crys out, *I will Sacrifice my free-will Offerings.* There is ſcarce any thing more grateful to God, and more advantageous to Man; than an *undaunted, free, ready Mind, and generous truſt in God. Timorouſneſs* in this, is the ſign of a mind not acquieſcing with the Divine Pleaſure. Then, if it muſt be, why not now? A ſingular Affection to the Paſſion of our Lord, conduces very much to promote a readineſs of mind to Die.

Another thing that is very advantageous to dying well, is; *the ſetting in Order the Will and Debts.* It is an Error not to think of our *Will*, until Death is at the door. Diſpoſe of thy Goods while thou art in thy right mind. St. *Ambroſe* has given us this Rule for diſpoſing of thoſe things that are at our diſpoſe: Let there be *Fidelity* and a clear *Foreſight*; or *Love* with *Prudence*, or *Prudence* with *Charity.* Let him that gives Alms, or orders them to be given, ſee that he beſtows them right, and with good will.

Thirdly, *The only care of Salvation.* Let this have a conſiderable place; for it is the one thing neceſſary. St. *Auſtin, a* Copy of dying well, for, ten days before he died would not admit any body to, him

him, but at the time appointed by the Phyſicians, except they that brought him Food; he in that time with tears and ſighs treated with God concerning his Soul, and admoniſh'd us in theſe words; *Let no Chriſtian die without meet Repentance.*

Fourthly, *Let them confeſs their Sins and Repent.* Let not the *ſick Man* be forc'd, but do theſe things voluntarily; nor let him put it off till the very laſt. Many make a bad end, becauſe they would not ſeem to die ſo ſoon. In this matter of Health it is always very hurtful to put off, or delay. Therefore let him that would repent of his Sins ſeriouſly, do it early. Here a frequent and deep Contrition does good.

Fifthly, *An intire Reſignation of Self unto the Divine Pleaſure.* It may be, all are not equally Couragious; but a mind framed to the Divine Will, no body needs want. Therefore let the Sick repeat this a Thouſand times a day; *Even ſo Father, for ſo it pleaſed thee; ſo my Father; ſo my Father*, &c. It is not to be thought, that he can periſh, who after this manner makes his Judge his Friend.

CHAP. II.

How loſt Time may be regained.

WHoſoever deſires to recall loſt Time, let him turn himſelf from all *Place* and *Time*, and betake himſelf unto that *Nunc Æternitatis*, or *Now of Eternity*, in which God is: Here all loſt things are found; here a man may retreat into God, after this manner.

O Eternal God, I wiſh, I wiſh that at all times, from the beginning of the World until this time, I had lived ſo purely, and holily as all thoſe men have lived, who have pleaſed thee by the exerciſe of Virtue in Afflictions, and continual Labours. I wiſh that from gratitude and love towards thee, I could weep ſeas of Tears; help all in diſtreſs, and that in a time of need; comfort all that mourn, and exalt thee, my God, with that Praiſe and Love, that all the Glorified Saints and Angels do. It is but meet, O Lord, that all this be done. But now, my God, have Mercy on me as thou knoweſt and pleaſeſt.

The Antient Pſalmiſt ſaid concerning this; *And thoſe full of Days ſhall be found therein, He dies full of Days*, ſays *Gregory*, *that in this fleeting Time does that which paſſeth not away. He hath repaired loſt Time, who ſincerely mourns for the loſs of it.*

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How a ſhort Life may be lengthened.

A Man of a good Mind ought to look how long he ought to live, not how long he has a Mind to live. Wiſdom crys out: *Being perfected in a ſhort, he filled a long time.* He well comprehends much that contains all. For how could he but fiill up all his time, that paſſed to Eternity. Whatſoever time he could run over not in longævity or length of Life, but longanimity or greatneſs of Mind; not by a ſeries of Years, or number of Days but by *Devotion* of the Mind, an unextinguiſhable deſire of doing Good. This he ſeems to have ſaved, or gained. For he *has* that in *Virtue*, that he has *loſt* in *Time*. ſurely he recieves an equivalent for all his ſpent time, that never would change his good intention or reſolution. Therefore an indefatigable deſire to Profit, and continual endeavours after Perfection, will beaccounted Perfection.

CHAP. IV.

There is an end of all Things, but none of Eternity.

WHAT harm is it to be Chearful and ſing to a *dying Perſon*, Eſpecially if it be the Cuſtom of the place? *Jacopon*, a Man endowed with a chearful Sanctity, wrote theſe Verſes, by which he hath not unpleaſantly deſcribed the dotage of the World, and changes of Death.

Cur mundus militat ſub vana Gloria, &c.

Will the World *ſtill be ſham'd with* Fame *and* Glory,
And fight for what's ſo vain and tranſitory?
A Bubble which when graſp'd diſſolves away,
And is leſs firm than Potters brittle Clay.
For where is Solomon, *ſo fam'd of old?*
Or Sampſon, *ſo invincible and bold?*
Of dear-lov'd Jonathan, *what is become?*
And where's the once ſo beauteous Abſalom?
Where's Cæſar *gone? what Empire does he ſway?*
Where's Epulus's *Banquet took away?*
Where's Tully *now with all his Eloquence?*
Or Ariſtotle *with his rigid Senſe?*

Are

So many Princes, *and ſo many* States,
Time's *ſo well* fill'd, *and of ſuch glorious*
Dates;
Are all expir'd, blown out, like a faint Light,
By the ſtrong breath of Fate, *and hid in Night?*
How vain its *Glory? and the* World *how*
vain?
How much more vain than thoſe is fooliſh
Man?
Who with expence of Time *ſuch Trifles buys,*
And will have his Rewards *before he* dies.

Theſe things are all true, but it is trueſt of all; That all things are extinguiſh'd in the twinkling of an Eye. It is the ſaying of St. *Gregory*: All length of Time in this preſent life appears to be but a Point, in that it is terminated. Which the ſame *Gregory* confirms: Whatſoever has an end is but little. For that ought not to ſeem long to us; that in the courſe of its Time haſtens not to be: which while it is poſſeſs'd by moments, theſe very moments which cauſe the *Remora*, hurry on the progreſs; and by that time we ſeem to hold it, we perceive that it is not retainable. *Auſtin* ſpeaks plainly, ſays he; *All this time, not from this time to the End of the World, but from* Adam *to the end of the World, is but a little drop compar'd to Eternity.*

nity. There is an end of all things; but none of Eternity; alas, there's no end. There is nothing in the World but haſtens to its end: Feaſts and Dances, and all Sports and Merriments End, but Eternity never ends. Ships are ſwallow'd in a moment, even where they danc'd but juſt before under the Aſſurance of an Anchor. Theatres filled with Acclamations of Joy, have fallen in one Moment: All Pleaſure vaniſhes in one Moment; one Moment is the Sepulchre of all things. Why then do we follow after ſuch vain and ſhort liv'd Enjoyments, which cant ſatisfy a great Mind, and are but of ſhort continuance? All things paſs away in the twinkling of an Eye, *Whatſoever had beginning ſhall have an end; only Eternity ſhall have none.*

CHAP. V.

The Conſideration of a dying Man.

JOB the maſter of Patience, ſaith; *The Waters wear away the ſtones, thou waſheſt away the things that grow out of the duſt of the Earth, and thou deſtroyeſt the hope of Man; thou prevaileſt for ever againſt him, and he paſſeth: Thou Changeſt his Countenance;*

nance, and ſendeſt him away, Job. 14. 19. 29. God does not make uſe of many Ceremonies in ſending a Man out of *this* into *another* World, he changeth his Face and ſends him away. Surely when Death calls away; the Countenance is changed, And (as *Hippocrates* in his Book of *Aphoriſms*) is made quite contrary to what it was before: his Noſe is ſharp; his Eyes hollow and hidden; his Temples fallen; his Ears contracted; the tips of his Ears turned; the Skin on his Forehead hard, and wrinkled; the Colour of the whole Body changed, of a waxy or leaden Colour, black, or black and blue; the Lips loſe, hanging and pale; the Teeth burnt black; the Neck worn and ſlender; all things changed; ſo that it ſeems to be another Perſon of a Man. So when God has changed his Countenance, he ſends him away. Go Man, now get the gone into the Houſe of Eternity. On ſo little a *punctum* of *Death*, ſo many volumes of *Eternity* do depend, that will *never* be turned over, never!

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Standing dead Men.

THAT was a pretty Imagination of the Emperor *Veſpaſian*, That it was undecent for an Emperor to die any other way but ſtanding. I may ſay ſo too, it is undecent for a Chriſtian to die any ways but ſtanding.

But what is the beſt method of ſtanding?

In the Year 1605. at *Vienna* on *Chriſtmaſs* Eve, A Soldier upon Duty in a wooden Tower, was frozen to Death, and in the morning he was indeed found *ſtanding*, but not Watching; he had watched his Watch of turn and Life too. Another died by the like Fate, being killed with Cold, who forſook his Life before his Horſe: But the Horſe, knowing the way, carried his Maſter tho' dead very faithfully into a Publick-Inn in *Conſtance*.

Quintius Curtius tells us of ſome of *Alexander* of *Macedon's* Soldiers, who being faſtned to the Trunks of Trees were frozen with cold; and that they not only ſeemed to be alive but looked as if they were talking together, in the very ſame poſture that Death found them in.

Among

Among theſe is *Simeones* to be numbred; concerning which *Theodoret* relates theſe ſtrange things. This *Simeones* died ſtanding, and remained unmoveably fixed in his place after he was dead: His Soul indeed was arrived at Heaven, his Body forſaken of its old Inhabitant, was not willing as it were to fall ſo, but maintained its Ground, as though it had triumphed like a Victorious Wreſtler. So *Benedict*, a laudable Father of a numerous Family, ſtanding rendred his Soul to God; a truly magnificent Emperor, who had his Government over himſelf, the moſt glorious Dominion; and triumphed over himſelf among Thorns, by an Eternal Victory.

Theod. 26.

A Chriſtian ought to die ſtanding. A dying Man muſt ſtand and fight. *He hath ſtood ſtoutly, that hath fought well; he that relies on God, is not affraid to die.*

CHAP. VII.

Perſons Dead before Death.

IT was wiſely ſaid of *Alexandrida*: Thou ſhouldſt die before thou art forced to it. *Paul* of *Tarſus* did not only die once but often, nay daily. He affirms that of himſelf; ſaith he, *I die daily*, 1 Cor. 15. 3.

Gregoyr

Gregory the Great, who by how much the higher he aſcended the Throne was by ſo much the more radiant in Holineſs, that vigilant Shepherd, often ſeemed dead before Death. For not long before Death, deſcribing his Condition he ſaith; *The bitterneſs of my Mind, and continual Exerciſes, and trouble of the Gout ſo harraſſeth me, that my Body ſeems as it were dried in a Sepulchre: whence it is that I ſo ſeldom riſe from my bed.*

Coſmus the Phyſician, when near Death, being asked by his wife why he ſo often cloſed his Eyes, ſaid; *I would enure them to be cloſed, that they may not be unwilling to be ſhut a good while by Death.*

It is a very uſeful ſort of death, to ſhut ones eyes; then eſpecially, when ſome deadly Pleaſure entices. ☉ ſhut them, even till *Death* too, rather than *die*, whoever loves Chaſtity. *Seneca* perſwaded *Lucilius* very wiſely: *See that this be done before Death; let thy Vices die before thee.*

CHAP. VIII.

Perſons Buried by themſelves.

Paſuvius the Governour of *Syria*, under *Tiberius Cæſar*, did every Day ſo profuſely bury himſelf in Wine and Feaſting, that

that after Supper he was carried to bed by his Servants, ſinging as it were in conſort to a dead Perſon, *Vixit, vixit, He hath lived, he hath lived.* What was this but daily to bury himſelf? But *Seneca* very well moralizeth it: *This*; ſaith he, *which he did with a bad Conſcience; let us do with a good. and when we betake our ſelves to ſleep, let us ſay chearfully and merrily: I have lived.* If God ſhall bleſs me with to morrow, I will receive it joyfully. He is happieſt, and enjoys himſelf the beſt, who expects the morrow without ſolicitude.

Labienus, that accoſted all Men with Railery, (called *Rabienus*) was ſo hated by all, that all his Books were burnt, *Labienus* impatient of this Miſfortune, reſolv'd not ſurvive his Works, but commanded himſelf to be carried into and ſhut up in the Sepulchre of his Anceſtors: and did not only make an end of himſelf, but bury himſelf too. So *Labienus* buried himſelf. But this is the more ſtrange, to be buried while alive, but unburied when dead. *Storax*, a Neapolitan, but a few Years ago, a wealthy, luxurious, proud Clerk of the Market, having unjuſtly executed his Office, was aſſail'd by the Mob, inſtigated by Famine, He ſeeking a place to hide himſelf in the Church of St. *Auſtin*, betook himſelf to a Sepulcre: but being

being found was ſtoned, and pulled in pieces, ſo that many licked his Blood, and his Bones went without a burial, and had this for an Epitaph.

Storax, *qui vivus ſubiit ſepulchrum,*
Mirum defunctus caruit ſepulchro.
Storax, *alive was ſhelter'd in a Grave,*
Yet (ſtrange!) when dead could not that Favour have.

But theſe are prophane Burials, let us mix ſome more ſerious holy ones with them. *Albertus Magnus*, the Miracle of his Age, laying down the Cardinalſhip of *Ratisbon*, went back to *Cologn*, and betook himſelf to a life of Retirement and Devotion, where he loſt all the memory of his former Honours; but was not ſo forgetful, but that he daily remembred to viſit his Sepulchre, and tho Eighty-ſeven Years of Age he recited Funeral Prayers daily for himſelf, as though almoſt dead.

S. *Severus Ravennas*, the Preſident, enter'd alive into his Tomb, and repoſiting himſelf between his *quondam* Wife and Daughter, gave up the Ghoſt

Macarius the Roman, ſtood for three Years together buried up to the Neck in the Ground

Philoromus, the *Galatian*, an Elder, is ſaid to have dwelt ſix Years in the Sepulchres of the Dead, that he might overcome the Fear of Death. This

This is a ſerious and wonderful ſelf-burial, to whom I add a ſerious and a ridiculous one.

Combendaxis Prince of the *Bonzians* in *Japan*, being ſtricken in Years, buried himſelf in a Ditch of four Cubits deep, of a ſquare form, and forbad, on pain of ſevere penalty, it to be opened; ſaying that he would not die at preſent; but that after a Million of Years, a certain Man called *Mirozu*, ſhould come, famous for Learning, and that then he would come out of his hole; but in the mean time he would refreſh his weary Body. About his Sepulchre there are many Lamps burning, ſent thither from many Provinces, out of a fooliſh Superſtition.

Polemon of *Laodicea*, as *Suidas* relates, the Scholar, of *Timocrates* the *Philoſopher*, the Maſter of *Ariſtides* the Orator, when he had lived Fifty-ſix Years betook himſelf to a deep Sepulchre, becauſe of the pain of the Gout, and there died with hunger. And when his Friends and Acquaintance lamented him, deſiring him to come out again, he is reported to have anſwer'd: *Give me another Body, and I will come out.*

Two Hermits dwelt in the Rock *Pterigia* nigh a River; One of which being very old died, and was buried by his Companion in the Mountain. A little after the

the Diſciple of the deceaſed old Man, going to a Plowman at Plow, ſaid; *I pray thee, my Brother, do me this courteſy, take thy mattock and rake, and follow me*: The Country-Man follows him readily into the Mount: The Anchoret ſhewing him the old Man's Grave: ſaid, *I pray thee dig this place, while I go to Prayer.* And the Grave being dug, and Prayers ſaid, the Hermit embracing the Plowman: Said; *Pray for me, my Brother.* And throwing himſelf alive upon his Maſter, buried himſelf, and died.

Theſe things we may admire, but not imitate, unleſs, as St. *Paul* means, *You are dead*, ſays he, *and your Life is hid with Chriſt in God*, Col. 3. That is a good philoſophical Admonition. *Latens vive*; *Live privately.* For he lives well that keeps himſelf private. Such a one is honeſtly buried by himſelf, and to his great advantage too. For the moſt part He that is too much known to others, dies not enough known to himſelf. He lives quietly, that while he is alive buries himſelf thus.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

A Meditation on a Sepulchre.

TErtia me Phthiæ tempeſtas læta locabit:
The third kind fit of Sickneſs makes me free
Of t'other World, and Tenant, Death, *to thee.*

Said *Socrates*, preſaging his own Death. *Phthia* here ſignifies no other City than that arch we paſs under when we enter our wooden Houſe (a Coffin,) that is the Grave where all that breatheth goes. An old Poet ſang this of *Alexander* King of *Macedon.*

Cum tamen a ſigulis munitam intraverit urbem,
Sarcophago contentus erit.. Morsſola fatetur
Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula.

Death *alone ſhews us the true ſize of Men;*
They, when alive, look big and ſwell, but when
That puff of Breath's withdrawn, content with Room,
Shrink from wide Empire to a narrow Tomb.

No Houſe is ſo much our own, as our Grave. This *Facoponus*, a Man as facetious as religious, tell us, A Citizen of *Todi* in *Umbria* having bought a pair of *Pullets*; ſeeing *Facoponus* in the Market, turned to him,

him, ſaying; *Prithee do me the favour to carry theſe Chickens home to my Houſe: but ſee thou doſt not put a Trick upon me.*

Facoponus taking them, ſaid, *Believe me, I will carry them to thy Houſe as thou biddeſt me.* And away he goes ſtrait, and hides them in his Tomb, The Man returning home, enquired concerning the *Pullets*; all the family deny'd they had ſeen any; then the Citizen ran back into the Market, and finding *Facoponus*, ſaid; *This was what I feared, that you would do as you uſed, and put a trick upon me: But tell me where are my Chickens? Facoponus* anſwered, *I carried them to thy Houſe, as thou biddeſt me.*

But, ſays he, *all my Servants deny it.* ſays *Facoponus, Come along with me, Good man, and believe thy own eyes.* And ſo he carries the Man to the Church, and lifting up the Tombſtone a little: ſaid, *My Friend, is not this thy Houſe?* the Citizen did not dare to deny it. But receiving the Chickens again, addicted his mind to ſober Cogitations. Therefore *Job* ſaith truly: *I know that thou wilt deliver me to the Grave, the Houſe appointed for all Fleſh.*

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Nine Wills of the Dead.

PLinius *Junior* ſaid very right: *The Common Opinion is falſe, That the Teſtaments of Men are the Looking-Glaſs of Manners.*

1. *Ziſka* the *Bohemian*, a diſſolute Soldier dying, bequeath'd his Skin to head a drum, his Fleſh to the Fouls and Beaſts, and left his Soldiers ſtrict command not to ſpare but plunder Churches and Monaſteries.

There was no need of this Command, for being Heirs of his Manners, they were ready enough at that. *Ziſka* died *Anno Dom.* 1424. of the Plague. His laſt will ſhews his Spirit.

2. There was a Woman that willed Five hundred *Philips* to her Cat, that it might live well. O the ridiculous madneſs of Men, what Vanity are they guilty of? *Auguſtus* uſed to ſay of *Herod*: *I had rather be* Herod's *Hog then his Son*: Who would not wiſh the ſame here? I had rather be this Woman's Cat then her Servant.

3. A notable Uſerer at the point of Death, ſending for the Scrivener and Witneſſes, indicted to them this Will: *Let my Body*

Body be rendred to the Earth whence it was taken; but let my Soul be given to the Devil. His Friends terrified at such dreadful Expressions, admonished, and rebuked him. But he redoubled the same twice or three times, saying: *Let my Soul be given to the Devil, because I have very unjustly scraped up much. And let the Souls of my Wife and Children be given to the same, who have compelled me to this various Extorsion; that they might have to spend on fine Cloths, Banquetting and Riots. And let the Souls of my Confessors be given to the same, who animated my Dishonestly by their Indulgence.* Thus he said and died. Poor wretch! you'll have such Heirs as you desired, and such a Funeral as you have deserved.

4. St. *Ferome* ridicules the Covetousness of Heirs by this Fable: *A little Pig lamented the death of its Dam, by a bitter grunting. But when it heard the Will read, that it had a heap of Acorns, and several Bushels of Meal left it, it held its peace; and being asked, why so suddenly it had suppress'd its Mourning? said, The Acorns and Meal have stopped my mouth.* This is the true Mourning of Heirs, it is weeping in Comedy. This is the Humour of many Heirs at this Day: They are very eager after the Legacy, hurry away the

Ferom. Comment. in Isa. 10.

the Houſhold Stuff, tell over the Money, never regard what becomes of the Teſtator: Let him enjoy what he merits. But let us look into more Holy Teſtaments than theſe.

5. St. *Hierom* the Martyr, the fourth day before he was led to Execution, diſpoſed of his Eſtate to his Mother and Siſters, by Will, and to *Ruſticius*, that govern'd the Commonwealth at *Ancyra*, he willed his Hand that was cut off.

6. St. *Hilarion* being Eighty Years of Age, made *Heſychius*, being abſent, ſole Heir, in this Writing at length: *I give all my Riches, that is to ſay, my Bible, and Sackcloath, Cowl and Cloak to my Beloved Heſychius.* This was the Inventory of all his Goods.

7. *Antonius Magnus* made his Will after this manner; *None knows the place of my Burial, but your choice; let my Garments be thus divided: Give my Sheepskin-Hood and Old Cloak to Biſhop* Athanaſius, *becauſe he gave it me when new. Let Biſhop* Serapion *have the other Hood; and do you take my Garment of Hair. And fare ye well my Bowels,* Antonius *is going.* He ſcarce had ended his words, but while his Diſciples drove to embrace him, ſtretching his Feet a little out, he died with a ſmiling Countenance.

The Holy *John*, Patriarch of *Alexandria*, firnamed the Almoner, wrote his Will after this manner: 'I give thee 'thanks, my God, that I han't but one 'Three Half-pence left of all my Treasure 'that I had. When I was first made Patriarch of *Alexandria*, I found Eighty hundred Centenaries of Gold, to which 'Christian Friends added a great Sum, 'all which I have given to the Poor, that 'I might give unto God the things that 'are God's. And that Three Half-pence 'that is left, let it be given to the same. It is a short way of making a Will, to bestow all on the *Poor* before Death.

9. I shall add this one Testament of a certain Christian Man, only let the Name and Date be changed, and then it will serve any one.

'I *Achatius Victor* set out toward Eternity the 15th Day of *August*, 1581. and 'have Eternity in my mind. I bequeath 'my Spirit to God, and because I can't 'deny the Earth its due, I Will my Body 'to Corruption and Worms; as for Goods 'I have none that are my own, but a good 'Will, and that I carry to God's Tribunal, 'and thus I dispose of my other things.

'1. I forgive all my Enemies from my 'heart. 2. I truly repent of all my Sins. '3. I believe in Jesus Christ my loving

'Saviour

'Saviour, and desire to die in the Faith 'of his Church. 4. I hope for eternal 'Life by the Goodness of God. I love 'my God with my whole Heart, above all 'things, and resign my self fully to the 'Will of God. Being ready to be Sick, Well or Die, whensoever God pleases; let the Will of God be done. Unless every Christian shall thus begin and dispose of Life and Death, he may well be thought to have lived I'll, and died worse. *The last Hour finishes Death, but does not effect it.*

CHAP. XI.

Nine Epitaphs.

Aulius Gellius presents us with these Epitaphs. The proud Epitaph of *Nævius*, the vain one of *Plautus*, the modest one of *Pacuvius*: But let us mention others. *A. Gell.* l. 1. c. 24.

1. In one of the chief Cities of *Germany* there are two Tombs near one another; one of an old Man, and the other of a young Man, which have (as one would think) the same Epitaph: The Tomb of the old Man has this Inscription: *Et mortuus est, And he is dead.* Which is the Epi-

taph of *Adam*, and a great many more.

And there is the ſame on the young Man's Tomb; *Et mortuus eſt? And is he dead?* But take notice Reader, one has a Note of Interrogation added to it, which the firſt wants. So that the prudent Writer would ſay this of the old Man: This old Man has ſeen many Summers and Winters, a great many indeed, as if Death would have paſſed him by; having tried various Experiments, at laſt, by reaſon of Humane Miſery, and a declining Age, he is reduced to a Coffin, *Et mortuus eſt, And is dead.* But the Young Man's Epitaph is, *Et mortuus eſt? Is he dead?* Thus to be Interpreted: This Youth excelling in Beauty and Strength, beloved of the *Muſes*, and dear to *Apollo*, a Favourite of Fortune, not yet Twenty Years of Age, regardleſs of Death, as though he were Immortal; lived as tho' he would deceive the *Deſtinies* themſelves: *And is HE dead? Et mortuus eſt?* Few Men are ſorry for that decrepit old Man, no body admires at him: But all wonder that this Jolly young Man is taken away by Death; many are ſorry for that. *What is that handſom, brisk, genteel, Young Man dead? Alas, how ſevere are the Deſtinies!*

I add alſo this Sepulchral Title, not to be numbred among the reſt, therefore I put

put it as it were in the Margin, only to be looked on by the Curious Reader.

2. There is an old Epitaph at *Bononia*, that has puſled the Wits of many: The words of the Epitaph are theſe.

A. M. P P. D.

Ælia, Lælia, Criſpis, *Neither Man, Woman, nor Hermophradite; neither Damoſel, young Woman, nor old Woman; neither Chaſt, nor Unchaſt but all: Killed neither by Famine, nor Sword, nor Poiſon, but by all: Lies buried not in Air, nor the Waters, nor in the Earth, but every where.*

Lucius Agatho Priſcius, *neither Husband, Paramour nor Acquaintance; neither ſorrowful, Joyful, nor mournful; knows and knows not, what hath erected this heap, pyramid, or Sepulchre, and all things Elſe: This is a Sepulchre without a Carcaſs, a Carcaſs without a Sepulchre, but is both Corps and Tomb to it ſelf.*

There are who interpret this Riddle to be thus; The Soul of a Man; others, the Waters of the Clouds; others, *Niobe* turned into a Stone; and others, after other manners. *Johannes Turius* of *Bruges*, and *Richard Vitus* of *Baſingſtoke*, a Lawyer, an *Engliſh* Man, have written Commentaries on this, whoſe Book was Publiſhed at *Durdreſt*, by *Berewout Anno* 1618.

But let us leave these shadows and Clouds; and betakes our selves to the Sun; and temper our Narrations, so that we may not terrify and affright the Reader, but every now and then recreate him. And if you would have Specimens of good Manners and wholesom Instructions of dead Persons; here is another Epitaph for you, which you may see at *Naples*.

Reader, This stony Memorial is erected for me, and thee too: Whosoever thou art, watch while thou watchest, and dispatch thy own business. No body knows the hour. Farewel.

At *Cajeta* there is this Inscription.

Fui, non sum: Estis, non eritis;
SILVIUS PALLADIUS,
Ut moriens viveret,
Vixit moriturus.

I have been, I am not: Ye are, ye shall not be;
SILVIUS PALLADIUS,
That he might live at Death,
Lived as though dying.

4. I would not omit this short but pleasant one.

Quo vadam nescio,
Invitus morior:
Valete Posthumi
M. Posthumius Eques.
Where I am a going I know not:
I die against my will:

Fare-

Farewel my Succeſſors,

M. *Poſthumius Knight.*

5. This Epitaph, teacheth us, more than others, to be wiſe, and deſpiſe vain things, written by a pious and noble Gentlemen.

HEUS VIATOR, ADSTA ET PERLEGE; PAUCA TE VOLO.

Travailer hark thee, ſtand ſtill a little and read this over, I would ſpeak a word or two with thee.

When I was alive, I prepared this Tomb-ſtone, who live in this little Habitation, and wait for thee in Darkneſs, and the fatal Trumpet of the Angel. But it may be thou wilt ask who I am? Adam's *late Grandſon. It may be you'll ask what Country-man? I am of the World. My Learning? A Shadow. My Reputation? It was ſmoke. My Age? It was a point or a pretty long minute. Wouldſt know my Wealth? It was Poverty. My Honours? Contempt. My Liberty? Flattery. My Deſire? Death, and true Life after Death, which I wiſh for thee, Travailer, and do thou wiſh to me, and go away,* LETI MEMOR, *mindful of thy End.*

6. I add that ſad and lamentable Epitaph of a Brother.

HEU! HEU! *Alas! Alas!*

I lie here a young Man, the untimely ſport of Death, my Brother's Funeral, my

ther's Grief, my Mother's Sorrow, the Muſes mourning. An Example to Youth, a Lamentation for the aged, to my ſelf Corruption, Aſhes, and Nothing. But what to God? Alas! Traveller, why doſt ask that? Alas! I ſhall ſoon hear what I fear and hope for: and thou ſhalt know to morrow. Go on thou curious Citizen.

7. *Richardus de Mariſco*, Biſhop of *Durham*, wrote for himſelf this mournful and pious Epitaph, according to his wonted facetious Humour; as follows.

Culmina qui cupitis, laudes pompaſque fititis, &c.

You who Preferment *covet*, Praiſes *and* State,
Quench your Ambition with the thoughts of Fate;
You who the Rule have won, and practiſe King,
Learn of this Grave-ſtone, *That there is nothing*
Exempt from Death: *All Nations and their Kings*
Are in his hands but mighty *little things.*
Me you have known, and ſee what I am now;
Yeſterday *I was more than one of you*;
To Morrow, *or the next* Day, *you will be*
Again as little, or much leſs than me.

8. This Flower of Antiquity thus breaths out ſuch lovely Simplicity. But I add the Epitaph of a very Learned Man. Of *Juſtus Lipſius*, known by his Works, and thus beſpeaks thoſe that are alive by his Tomb-ſtone.

Doſt

Doſt thou ask who is here Interr'd? I told you long ago. I ſpake both with Pen and Tongue once; now another may ſpeak for me. I am Lipſius, *whom Learning and thy Eſteem made Famous: but when I died I went away, and this will go away too. And this World poſſeſſes nothing that it will Eternize, But wouldſt thou have me ſpeak a little louder? All human things are a ſmoak, a ſhadow, vanity, and picture of a Scene, and in a word nothing.* Juſtus Lipſius liv'd 59 years, and died in the year of Chriſt, 1606.

So learn'd and unlearn'd, rich and poor, have all one Epitaph that *Moſes* wrote, *Mortuus eſt.* In old time they uſed to ask the Emperor what ſort of Stone he would have his Sepulchre made of? and Reader, I ask thee ſuch a ſort of queſtion; What ſhall thy Epitaph be? Chuſe it, or elſe ſome body will do it for thee, and make thee ſpeak when thou art dead, if thou hadſt rather be ſilent, than make Epitaphs or Elegies while alive.

9. I'll give you one Inſcription more, which I think fit for me, and for thee, and many Chriſtians with a little Alteration.

Whoſoever thou art, Reader, I would ask thee a Queſtion.

Doſt thou know who dwells in this narrow ſubterraneous Goal? 'Tis I the Son of Corruption,

ruption, and Brother to the Worms: This is my Stock. Don't ask my Name, *that vaniſh'd away with my Life, which after my Infancy I ſpent in Books, which I ſhut up with Life. And tho' I now have left off to* live, *I have not left off to wiſh. Alas! my Gueſt; I wiſh rather than any thing in the World that I had devoted my ſelf leſs to* Vice, *and more to* Vertue: *O how do I wiſh, that often before Death I had been dead to my Affections! Now I can do nothing but* Wiſh, *but thou canſt* Act. *Whoſoever thou art, (for I can't ſee thee in the dark)* Die *as ſoon as thou canſt before thy* Death; *and ſo thy* Life *will be the better, the oftner thou doſt that. Farewel Reader, until Heaven's Trumpet ſounds.* Anno 1617.

But take notice of this; Purple Garments don't make a happy Death, nor ſtately Funerals, nor Velvet Palls, nor a great Train of Attendants, nor Six hundred Flambeaux, nor numerous Eſcoucheons, nor Coats of Arms, nor mourning Relations, nor the Acclamations of the Mob, nor the Lamentations of a Wife, nor the Funeral Orator, nor a loud Title on a laſting Marble, ſince Death devours Stones themſelves: But Vertue, a mind undaunted at the Threatnings of Death it ſelf. *To have lived well,* Bene vixiſſe, *is the beſt Epitaph.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Reaſons why we ſhould die Contentedly.

1. ABOVE all things think on the Death of thy *Saviour*, and thou wilt take thy own Death more contentedly. Compare, I pray thee, thy *Bed* with his *Croſs*; thy *Pillows* to his *Crown* of *Thorns*; thy *Diet* to his *Gall*; thy *Drink* to his *Vinegar*; thy *Pains* to his *Torments*; thou dyeſt among thy *Friends* and *Comforters*, he among *Enemies* and *Revilers*. thou among ſo many *helping hands*, He forſaken of *all*. Thou haſt many Medicines attend on thy Sickneſs, He could not get cold Water for his Thirſt. And yet He, the greateſt *Lord*; and thou, the loweſt and meaneſt *Servant*. All theſe happened to him undeſervingly and innocent, to thee deſerving, and guilty, therefore thou haſt no cauſe to complain.

2. The Greateſt favour of the ſupream Majeſty, is a Good Death. For to die well is to avoid the danger of living. And he dies well that dies willingly. Who does not riſe willingly from an uneaſy Bed? ſuch Unwillingly leave their *Beds* who lie at their eaſe on warm Couches of Down. If thou meeteſt with Troubles here in this Life,

Life, thou wilt be the more willing to go into a better: But if here thou enjoyeſt Proſperity, 'tis time for thee to put an end to it, leaſt Proſperity plunge thee, as it has done many more, into late but great Miſery. The Death of them that are Rich and proſperous is the moſt ſevere. *Cræſus* had not come to his Funeral pile, if he had not come to wealthy old Age. Many Servants if they had died in Youth had died in a freedom. Alas, how many mortals are condemned to Eternal flames, who had been heirs of Glory if they had died in Infancy!

3. The Heavenly *Chorus*, and our deareſt Friends invite us. But thou ſaiſt; I muſt go away from my Companions and Friends. That is a great miſtake, thou muſt go to them. Where are thy Parents? thou hopeſt they are in Heaven. Doſt not? Canſt not hope to go thither to them too? Doeſt not think there is many of thy Relations and Acquaintance gone to Heaven? And doſt thou not live in hopes of going to them? But theſe things are not *certain*; they are but *hopes*. Very well, for no body hopes for that he ſees or is ſure of. And therefore God gives thee this matter to exerciſe thy hope on. He has bid thee hope for Heaven; he never abſolutely promiſed it thee upon ſecurity.

But

But thou knoweſt this, that thou haſt a ſure hope, though of an unknown thing as yet. A Creditor has no reaſon to diſtruſt a faithful Debtor. I aſſure thee, God has made himſelf thy Debtor, do thou but ſee whoſe Creditor thou art: Is he not glad at this who crys out, *I know on whom I have believed*?

4. And think, O man of a low Spirit, on the great Alacrity of Mind, and ardent deſire of Death in the holy Martyrs, who deſpiſing Death underwent Torments with a ſmile. Surely neither *Death* nor labour is terrible, But only the fear of it. Therefore let us believe him who ſaid: *Death is not an Evil, but to die baſely is.* Children through ignorance are affraid of Masks. What is Death? A Mask. Turn 'tother ſide and then you will ſee it to be ſo. But indeed, neither Infants, Children, nor Madfolk are afraid of Death; therefore 'tis a baſe thing, If reaſon does not allow us that ſecurity, that Folly does. Death is a Tribute and Cuſtom all muſt Pay. Why art thou ſorry then that thou muſt Pay what thou oweſt? and doeſt that which every body Elſe does? Let not any body think himſelf priviledged, no body ever yet was exempted, nor none ſhall be. None of them all hath eſcaped. *The World*, ſays *Baſil, is Mortal, and a Region of dying Perſons.*

5. A

5. A long fear of Death, what is it but a long Torment? would'ſt thou live long? thou ſhalt be Tormented long. Thou ſayſt, I can't but fear an Evil, which I ſee coming upon me, though it be but ſlowly. Then leave of to fear, when the matter comes to be paſt fear. *Tertullian* ſaid very well: *Let us not* fear *Death that delivers us from all* fear. But thou wilt ſay it is a fearful thing to ſee Death creeping upon us in Sickneſs. O Man! O Man! What wouldſt have? Did not thy Saviour foreſee his own Death, for above Thirty-three years together? Art thou any better then he? But if thou art not only affraid of Death but the attendance of it, hear *Epictetus*: *Thou wilt not go out of the World with an undaunted Mind, but in Pain for thy Cloaths, and thy Silver Furniture, &c. Unhappy Man, haſt thou thus loſt all thy time?* But what ſhall I do, if I be ſick? Be ſick; honeſtly. Who ſhall take care of me? God and thy Friends. I ſhall lie very uneaſily. But like a Man for all that. I han't a Convenient Habitation. There is always Ill-convenience in ſickneſs. Who ſhall maintain me? they that maintain other Folks. What ſhall be the Event of my ſickneſs? What event ſhouldſt thou have but *Death*? Doſt thou not think this to be the Root of all evils, and the part of

a low and Cowardly ſpirit not only to fear Death, but the fear of it too: Therefore arm thy ſelf againſt this: let all the Diſcourſes thou heareſt, or readeſt tend to this. And then thou ſhalt know that Death is the only way to Liberty.

6. Alas! What a Multitude of Evils art thou delivered from by *Death*? to die, is to ſhut up the ſhop of all miſeries. *Pliny* ſays, excellently: *ſuch is the condition of Life, that to die is oftentimes the beſt Haven, and Chiefeſt Good of Nature.* Therefore let every one account this to be one of the beſt Remedies of their Mind: of all the gifts of Nature none is better than a ſeaſonable Death. *Cæſar* aſſerts, in *Salluſt.* That; in Mourning and Miſeries Death is the end of Wretchedneſs, not a Torment; and that it diſolves all the Calamities of Mortals.

Therefore a wiſe Man always conſiders *what* Life is, not how *long*. For Nature gave us an Inn to lodge in, not to dwell in; and affords us the uſe of *Life*, as it does of *Money*, ſetting no time. What reaſon then haſt thou to complain, If ſhe calls it in, when ſhe pleaſes? you received it on that Condition.

7. In Death the Priſon is ſet open, art thou afraid to go out? rather be glad, and rejoice, that whereas thou waſt a Captive.

tive hitherto, yet now thou ſhalt be Free: now the Priſon is open; fly out. What *Philoſophy* haſt thou been learning all this while, if this *Philoſophy Mori, to die*, is ſuch an uncouth thing to thee? Thou receiveſt this body upon Condition to return it again, and thou muſt reſtore it, that thou maiſt have it again with large Intereſt. O what a great Folly it is not to Endeavour after *that* Hope and Happineſs; that thou maiſt joyfully go from hence to that which laſts for ever, and make an exchange by Death for that which can never be taken away. *The Priſon is open; get out.*

8. Death is the Way; nay the Gate through which we are admitted to our own Country, to Eternal Life, to Immortal Joy. Death is not ſo much the End as the paſſage of Life. *Bernard* ſaid excellently; *The Righteous die indeed, but ſafely; for as their Death is the end of the preſent Life, ſo it is the beginning of a Better.* But thou wilt ſay; how pleaſant a thing it is to *live long*? But alas! how uncertain is it, whether Divine Grace will not forſake thee before Life? and who does not tremble ever and anon, leaſt he ſhould not *perſevere*? Which no paſt Holineſs can atone. This is a Gift, and a free Gift too. Therefore he that labours to enjoy it, obliges the Donor.

9. The

9. The *Cauſe* of *Cauſes*, is, the will of God, who from all Eternity pleaſed to give thee to Nature at this Time, in this Place, and by this Diſeaſe: What would you have more? ſo it pleaſes God: It is his Pleaſure: It is his Will, that can Will no Evil. Therefore do as the Son of *Syrach* perſwades thee, Shew thy Converſation in the time of Sickneſs, But I ſum up all theſe Cauſes thus; 1. The Death of Chriſt. 2. The Grace of God. 3. The Invitation of the Heavenly Souls. 4. The Examples of them that are gone before. 5. The End of Fears. 6. Deliverance from all Evil. 7. The Delivery from Priſon. 8. The Entrance to Paradiſe. 9. The will of God are Reaſons enough to perſwade to Contentedneſs in Death.

CHAP. XIII.

Therefore Death is not to be Feared.

THerefore my Chriſtian do that willingly, which elſe thou muſt do againſt thy will. Whatſoever is done voluntarily, is done the eaſier, and ceaſes to be neceſſity, when 'tis done by choice.

A wiſe Man is ſo well adviſed, as always to comply when he cant reſiſt. Therefore being

being ſecure fear nothing. *Nature*, that kind Parent made nothing dreadful; 'tis the Error of Man that made Death ſo terrible, and not the provident Nature of the Thing. We are affraid of Death, not becauſe it is terrible, but becauſe Men don't know it. If thou meditateſt any thing great, or endeavoureſt after any noble thing, regard not the fooliſh Notions of the Mob, but imitate *them*, whoſe imitation is the way to Glory. We have abundance of Examples of them that have died joyfully, and happily. Let not the Speeches of thoſe terrify thee that tell thee Death is at Hand. Imitate that antient Sage, who chearfully dialogized with one that admoniſhed him, *Morieris*: [*thou ſhalt die.*] That is the Nature of Man, not the Puniſhment, I entred into Life on this condition that I ſhould go out of it again, *Morieris*: it is the Law of Nations to Pay what we Owe. *Morieris*. Life is a Journey, when thou haſt walked pretty well, thou muſt return Home: *Morieris*. I thought thou wouldeſt have told me ſomething new. I came for that End, that's it I am doing, Every Day carries one thither. Nature preſcribed me this bound as ſoon as I was born. What reaſon have I to be angry? I have taken my Oath of this. *Morieris*: Its a folly to fear

that

that which thou canſt not avoid. He has not eſcaped it, that has deferred it as long as he could. *Morieris*: Neither firſt nor laſt. Many have gone before me, and all will follow me. *Morieris:* This is the End of human office. What Man in his right Wits thinks it much to be lifted? I ſhall go where all the World goes. All are born for this purpoſe. That which had a beginning muſt have an Ending. *Morieris*: *That's* no hard thing; *That* is to be ſuffered but once: Eternal things Torment really, but Death is leſs to be feared now than in times paſt: for of old, Heaven being ſhut up, all uſed this Lamentation..

Noctes atque dies patet atri Janua ditis.
The Gate of Hell ſtands open Night and Day.

But now we may ſing joyfully;

Noctes atque dies patet alti Janua Cæli.
The Gate of Heaven ſtands open Night and Day.

Therefore we ought boldly to look Death in the Face, although he aſſaults us with dreadful and vigorous Onſets, or by daily and uſual Aggreſſes: It's no matter how ſternly it comes, it asks but a ſmall matter of us. *He never thinks hardly of Death, who lives well; neither does he loſe any thing, who gets all things.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

How Saints wiſh for Death and yet fear it.

SAYS *Gregory*, Let us ſee St. *Paul*, how he Loves what he Shuns; and how he Flies from that he Loves. Behold he deſires to die, and yet is afraid to be deſpoil'd of Fleſh. What is the reaſon of this? Becauſe although Victory perpetually animates, yet hardſhip for the preſent is always troubleſom: and though the hopes of the ſubſequent Reward Conquers, the punges of Pain do gall the Mind. As a valiant Man accoutred for a ſudden Engagement, hafts and pants, trembles and threatens; his paleneſs ſhews his Fear, and Anger ſpurs him on: So a holy Man, when he ſees Paſſion approaching, is both ſhaken with the Infirmity of his Nature, and ſtrengthen'd with the ſolidity of his Hope, yet fears approaching Death, and yet rejoices, that by dying he ſhall live better. For he can't paſs to the Kingdom but through the Vale of Death: and therefore with doubt confides, and confidently doubts; joys with fear, and fears with joy; becauſe he knows he cannot gain the Prize of Reſt, unleſs he ſhoot this interjacent Gulf. Therefore it is that the moſt

Holy

Holy Men are ſomething terrified at the approach of Death. King *Hezekiah*, when the Diſeaſe grew upon him, mournfully laments, that in the very middle of his days he goes to the Port of Death. But why? Did not the fear of Death extort the ſame complaint from *David* himſelf: *Call me not away in the midſt of my days?* Why ſhould I mention *Abraham*, *Jacob*, and *Elias*? who we learn from the Sacred Scripture to have fear'd Death, although *moderately*. *Elias*, tho' he fled from Death, invokes it under a Juniper.

Arſenius, a Man of One hundred and twenty Years of Age, never much troubled with Sickneſs, who when he had ſerved his God Fifty-five Years, and was about to die, began to fear and weep. The Standers-by wondring at it, ask'd him; And art thou, Father, afraid of Death too? to whom he anſwer'd; In truth I always fear'd this hour ever ſince I became a Monk. *Seneca* ſpeaks excellently well to the purpoſe: The valianteſt Man in the World is ſometimes afraid; while he puts on his Armour, and changes pale, and the boldeſt Soldiers Knees do ſometimes ſhake to hear the firſt Onſets of War.

The Heart of the ſtouteſt General does ſometimes pant before the Battel's join'd: The moſt facund of Orators have Sweat with

with fear preparing to declaim. Thus it ſeems to have been with the greateſt Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, who though a Man of Spirit in all warlike Expeditions, undaunted at Dangers, who never ſtarted nor ſhrunk at the Thunder of the loudeſt Cannon; yet uſed to ſhiver at putting on his Corſlet before the Fight, and turn pale for fear. But when once armed *Cap-a-pee* with Head-piece, Sword, and Coat of Male, went Lion like, an Iron Champion to outbrave his Foe.

So all good Men *hope* for Death and *fear* it; they deſire to depart and are afraid on't. But it is better to die with *Cato*, than live with *Anthony*. *He has conquer'd Death, who hath bravely fallen its Victim*

CHAP. XV.

A bad Life follows a bad Death.

AS a Tree cut down falls that way that it leans; ſo for the moſt part that way we encline while we live, we fall when we die: We generally go on that way we begun. It would be a wonderful thing if a good Death ſhould finiſh a bad Life. The things we delighted in while we were alive,

alive, will infeſt us when we die. A certain Courtier of King *Cœnredus*, who ſtudied more to pleaſe his *Maſter* than his *Saviour*, when he came to his Death-bed, did not ſeem ſo deſirous wholly to neglect, as to defer to prepare for Death; till at laſt he ſeeing *Cacodæmons* triumphing with Volumes of Crimes, dies in Deſpair. While impious *Chryſaorius*, crys out, *Inducias*, Truce, *Inducias vel uſque mane*, *Truce but till Morning*; but not obtaining Truce, dies. *Herod Agrippa*, as he fill'd his Life with Crimes, ſo he did his Death. *Herodias* the Dancer, that procur'd *John* the Baptiſts Decollation, had her own Head cut off by *Ice*. So *Jezebel* and *Athaliah*, Queens, King *Benhadad* and *Balthazar*, *Antiochus* and Six hundred more, died as they lived.

The Death of wiſe Men is to be lamented, but the Life of Fools much more. But the death of Sinners, andtheir irrevocble Ingreſs into Eternity that has no return is moſt of all to be lamented. He is fooliſhly afraid of Death, who neglects Life. He that lives to Luxury, dies while he lives.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

A good Death *follows a good* Life.

* *lib. de Civ. c.* 11. AUſtin ſaid truly; That Death is not to be thought ill, which ſucceeds a good Life. Neither can any thing make Death bad, but what follows it. A good Seed time is a good Harveſt. A good Life is the King's Highway to a good Death: *That* is the firſt, *that* the ſecond, and *that* the laſt. I may aptly compare Death and Life to a Syllogiſm; the Concluſion is the end of a Syllogiſm, and Death of Life. But the Concluſion is true or falſe, according to the quality of the Antecedents; ſo all Death is good or bad, as good or bad Antecedents of Life have gone before: So St. *Paul* ſeverely pronounces; *So*, ſays he, *ſhall their End be according to their Works.*

The death of the Holy Martyr *Felix* is worthy to be related, who being led to the place of Execution, congratulating himſelf with a loud voice, ſaid; *I have kept my Virginity, maintained the Goſpel, and preach'd the Truth, and now I offer my head a ſacrifice to God.* A Man of a religious Life, being taken away by ſudden Death, is

is reported to have been found dead in his Study in a reading posture, pointing to the Bible with his Finger, to that Page in which Wisdom admonishes; *If the Just shall die suddenly, it shall be a Refreshment, Wisd.* iv. 7. *Pretious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of his Saints,* Psal. cxv. 15. whether slow or sudden. Sweet temper'd *Bernard* approaching to Eternity, took his last Farewel of his Friends with this Memorial: *Because,* says he, *I leave you no extraordinary Examples of Religion, I commend to you these three things to be observed, which I have practised. I always gave greater deferrence to anothers Judgment than my own. 2. Receiving an Injury I sought not Revenge. 3. I endeavoured never to offend any: but if any Offence happened, I made it up as soon as I could.* And being about to depart, he dictated a Letter to *Arnauld,* Abbot of *Bonavall,* in these words: *There is a weak Spirit in a willing Body. Pray ye my Saviour, that he would not defer a seasonable Death, but preserve me. Take care to fortify by Prayer that which is naked of Merit; that the Enemy which lies in wait may not find where to fix his Teeth, and make a Wound.*

Gerard the Brother of *Bernard,* both in the bands of Nature and Religion, hath plentifully demonstrated what we affirm;

A good Death to be annexed to a good Life. But let us hear *Bernard* himſelf, whom Sorrow made Eloquent: I wiſh, ſaid he to his Brother, I may not loſe thee, but ſend thee before me; I wiſh I may follow thee gently whereſoever thou goeſt. For it is no doubt but thou art going to the Gueſts thou provokedſt about midnight to Praiſe, when with a chearful Face and pleaſant Voice, thou breakeſt forth into that Holy Rapſody of *David*, to the aſtoniſhment of the By-ſtanders; *Praiſe ye the Lord from Heaven, praiſe him on high.* My Brother, it grew day to thee at midnight, the night ſhone as the day to thee. I then at laſt beheld that Miracle, a Man rejoicing at Death, and inſulting over it; *Death, where is thy Victory? O Death, where is thy Sting?* Now 'tis no Sting, but a Jubilee. Now a Man dies ſinging, and ſings dying. The Parent of Sorrow brings Joy, the Enemy of Glory is made ſubſervient to it, the Entrance of Hell is made the Gate of Heaven, the Pit of Deſtruction the Way of Salvation, and that to ſinful Man. Very juſtly too, for thou haſt domineeringly uſurp'd Authority over innocent and juſt Men. O *Death* thou art *dead*, taken by the Hook thou unwarily haſt

Serm. 26. in Can. propius finem.

haſt gorged; wherefore the Prophet ſaid, *O Death, I will be thy death; O Grave, I will be thy deſtruction.* Being wounded. I ſay, by that *Hook*, to the faithful paſſing through the midſt of thee, thou unfoldeſt a ſpacious and pleaſant path to Life. *Gerard* does not fear thee, thou *masked Feature*. *Gerard* has paſſed through thy Confines to his own Country, not only ſafely, but joyfully and thankfully. So when I roſe up, and he had in my hearing with an audible voice finiſh'd the *Pſalm*, looking up to Heaven, he ſaith: *Father, into thy hands I commend my Spirit.* And often repeating, and ingeminating the ſame: turning to me, he ſaid with a chearful Countenance, *My Father, my Father, what an Honour is it, that God vouchſafes to be the Father of Men? What a Glory is it to Men, to be the Sons and Heirs of God?* So *He* ſang, whom we lament, by which (I confeſs) he almoſt turned my mourning into rejoicing; while beholding his Glory, I almoſt forgot my own Sorrow. *He cannot die amiſs, that hath lived well.*

CHAP. XVII.

Such as is the Life, *ſuch is the* Death.

Tho. Morus.

Venator defeſſa toro cum membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad ſilvas & ſua luſtra redit.
A wearied Huntſman when laid down to ſleep,
Cannot his active Mind *in ſlumber keep;*
It to the Woods and Caves will take its way,
And Hunts by night what it has caught by day.

Indeed thoſe things we are buſied about in the day, return upon us in the Night. Much after the ſame manner, thoſe things we have habituated our ſelves to in Life, we delight in at Death. Hence it is that very often *Death* is like the preceding *Life.*

A certain Goldſmith, even at the point of death, is reported to have been ſo careleſs of his Salvation, that he thought more of Silver than of Heaven: To whom a Silver Crucifix being offer'd to kiſs, and to admoniſh him thereby to think on the death of him, who had delivered Mankind from ſo bitter a Death; was ſo regardleſs of Heaven and Hell, of God

God himſelf, and all holy Thoughts, that he asked how many pounds that Image weighed? Miſerable Goldſmith, wilt thou not think on better things than theſe, in this very punctiſtice of Eternal Health, in which Life and Death is parted but by a moment? So what we do by day, we act it o'er again in our nocturnal Theaters of Fancy; and what we do in Life, we ſeldom leave it off, when we diſrobe our active Souls by Death. Would you not ſay that ſuch Perſons are like the Fox? which while he went to be hang'd, deſir'd to take his lateſt walk amidſt a flock of Geeſe: So thoſe that love their Gold and Pleaſures, even when Death has cloſed their Eyes, and they have gaſp'd their laſt, in Death's Lethargy, dream them o'er again. So we Live, and ſo we Die. But how much better did *Socrates*, who at the very moment of his departure could not forget himſelf, nor his Virtue.

Antiochus King of *Syria*, inhumanely perſecuted the *Jews*: But *Maximin* the Emperor, by ſevere Edicts, and cruel Torments, determined utterly to extirpate the Chriſtians; but both of theſe were overtaken by Divine Juſtice by ſevere Diſeaſes; when no other way could be found out for help, the one earneſtly entreated the *Jews*, the other the Chriſtians, to ſup-

plicate God for their Health. Juſt like *Eſop*'s Crow, who ſick to Death, beſpake it's Mother not to ſit and mourn, but implore the aid of the gods for its health: To whom ſhe replied; O my Son, whom of the gods canſt thou hope to be thy Friend, when there's none whoſe Altar thou haſt not made a prey.

Therefore *ſuch* as we live, *ſuch* we die, and *ſuch* we ſhall be Judged, and made *ſuch* Denizons of Heaven, or *ſuch* Slaves of Hell.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Wiſhes for a good Death.

LET me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my laſt End be like his, Num. xxiii. 10. crys out old *Balaam* the Prophet. How much better had he wiſhed: Let me live the Life of the Righteous, that I may die the Death of the Righteous. It is a ridiculous thing, to wiſh for a good Death, and ſhun a good Life. It is a *Labour* to live well, a *Felicity* to die well, but *one* depends on the *other*. He that refuſes to paſs the *Red Sea*, ſhall not be able to eat the Manna; he that loves *Egyptian* Bondage, ſhall not ſee the Bleſſed Land. St. *Bernard*

nard ſaid piouſly and wittily: *I wiſh*, ſaid he, *that I could often fall by this death, that I may eſcape the Snares of Death, that I may not feel the deadly allurements of a luxurious* Life; *that I may not be ſtupified at the ſenſe of Luſt, the heat of Covetouſneſs, the incentives to Anger and Impatience, the ſolicitude and perplexity of Cares. That is a good* Death *which does not take away* Life, *but tranſfers us into a better.*

This is the Death that they deſire, who court a Life that's free from Death. To die to Sin before Death, is the beſt Death of all.

CHAP. XIX.

Sleep is the Brother of Death.

Pauſanias reports, That he ſaw at *Olimpia* the Portraiture of Night in a Woman's Dreſs; holding in her Right-hand a white Boy ſleeping, in her left a black Boy as though a ſleep. Of which the firſt was nominated *Sleep*, the other *Death*, and both of 'em the Sons of *Night*. Hence *Virgil* makes Sleep the Couſin-german of Death.

Georgius Leontinus, being grown old, and drawing toward a better Life, being

ſick, his Friend coming to ſee him, found the old Man a ſleep, and when he awak'd aſked him how he did? to whom *Georgias* anſwer'd, *Now Sleep begins to deliver me up to her Brother.*

Whoſoever is of the Chriſtian Race, let him never permit himſelf to Sleep, before he has examined his Conſcience, and purged away his Guilt by Repentance. Some begin to ſleep and die at once, and end their Life before their ſleep. Therefore Sleep, the Brother of Death, is to be fear'd; and, as far as we can, we ought not only to betake our ſelves to it cautiouſly, but chaſtly. *He that does not go to ſleep chaſtly, will ſcarce wake ſo.*

CHAP. XX.

The Forerunner of Death.

DEath is the Forerunner of Eternity. Pains, and deadly Omens are uſual Pages of Death. If we will believe *Pliny*; Laughter in the height of a Diſtemper is a mortal Sign; in other Diſtempers, an unequal or ſlow pulſation of the Veins. The Noſe and Eyes alſo afford undoubted ſigns of Death. Experience confirms the Opinion of *Pliny*; That for a perſon dangerouſly

gerously sick to forecast long Journeys, rise out of bed and run, are Omens of impending Death; as also the folding of Bed-cloths, or picking the Covering to pieces. And there are other things besides these, that which e'er and anon are no vain presages of approaching Death. *Augustus* the Emperor before his death, falling into a Frenzy, complained that he was haled away by Forty young Men. But that, says *Suetonius*, was more a presage, than the sign of light-headedness. For so many Prætorian Soldiers carried him out.

When *Alexander*, King of *Macedon*, sailed to *Babylon*, a Wind rising dispoiled him of his Royal Robe and Diadem, which falling into the Water the Crown hung by a Reed. A certain Mariner fetching it out, that he might not wet it put it on his Head, and so brought it back to *Alexander*. The Mariner received a Talent for his Reward, but soon after was put to death by the instigation of the *Chaldæans*. But *Alexander* did not escape the Death, which the translated Crown portended him. *Plutarch* & *Arrian.*

I have already related the presagious Dream of *William* Duke of *Bavaria*, he had a Virgin related to him; *Barbara*, Princess of *Bavaria*, who at five Years of Age be-

took her ſelf to a Monaſtery. The King of *France* deſiring her for a Wife, made his Application to her own Brother, Duke *Albertus*. The Damoſel coming to the knowledge of this, deſired three days to deliberate on it. And in that time removing all Company from her, ſhe enquired of God by Prayer, and ſearching after the Mind of God. And at the three Days end anſwered; *My Parents have dedicated me to God, and I will not renounce their dedication.* And ſo remained in the Nunnery. Among other things ſhe had ſweet Marjoram allowed her, of ſuch magnitude that two Men were ſcarce able to carry it: She with that nouriſhed a Cave full of Birds: And wore a golden Chain under her holy Garments on her naked Body. But fourteen Days before the Death of *Barbara*, all the Marjoram wither'd; the next Night all the Birds were found dead; the third Night the Chain burſt in two in the midſt. The Virgin *Barbara* preſaging her Death, comes to the Matron; ſaying, *All theſe things aim at me.* And a little after, in the 17th Year of her Age, died, *Anno* 1472. After the death of this illuſtrious Virgin, on the 14th day, another of the Nuns died, and this was followed by one and another by equal Intervals, till twenty of the Family died alſo.

Very

Very frequently Men, Princes and Women have their Preſages of Death, as the uſual howling of Dogs, roaring of Lions, untimely ſtriking of the Clock, nocturnal noiſes in the Houſe, and other Tokens of imminent Death. *Pliny* ſaid very rightly: Since there are ſuch innumerable ſigns of Death, and none of Health and Security; what does this admoniſh us, but that we are Men? O Man! think on Eternity, whether thou art haſtning: You muſt go quickly, thou art but a Gueſt; aſk the way; come on, make ready, thou art called to the Tribunal of God, the Rock of all guilty Perſons. *Such as thou livedſt, ſuch thou ſhalt be judged.*

CHAP. XXI.

What we muſt anſwer the Meſſenger of Death.

ST. *Ambroſe*, receiving monition of Death, when his Friends lamented him, and deſired him to implore longer Life from God: ſaid, *I have not lived ſo as to be aſhamed to live with you: nor am I afraid to die, becauſe I have a good Maſter.*

Auſtin much admired this wiſe ſaying, and highly commended it to his Friends, as a poliſhed and weighty expreſſion. Neither am I afraid to die, becauſe we have

have a good Maſter, that he might not be thought to depend on his own Merits, he aſcribes more to the Goodneſs of God than his Merits.

Auguſtin himſelf, nothing terified at the Meſſenger of Death, ſaid, *It is not the part of a great Mind, to wonder that Trees fall, when Stones and Mortals die.*

Chryſoſtom, that Orator of a golden Mouth, a little before his Death being in Baniſhment, wrote to *Innocent* : I have lived this Three Years an exile, expoſed to Peſtilence, Famine, War, continual Allarms, unutterable Solitude, daily Death, And the *Iſauric* Swords. But when he breath'd his laſt, proclaims aloud ; *Glory to thee, O God, in all things.*

St. *Cyprian*, martyred for the Chriſtian Religion, with great earneſtneſs cry'd out ; *Deo gratias, thanks be to God, that pleaſes to looſe me from the bands of the Body.*

Being about to die take theſe holy Men for thy Imitation, and ſay this over often : *Thanks to God ; Glory to the Lord in all things. I have Watched long enough among Thorns, and ſported long enough among wild Beaſts, toyl'd long enough in Storms : And now, ſince I ſee the end of my Watchings, Encounters and Toyls, Thanks to God ; Glory to the Lord in all things. To thoſe that are weary of Life, Death is gain.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

The pleaſanteſt Death *the worſt.*

George, Duke of *Clarence*, being ſentenced to Death by his Brother *Edward* the IV. King of *England* for Treaſon, obtaining his choice of Death, choſe a pleaſant one, commanding a bathing tub to be filled with *Mamſey* Wine, in this he placed himſelf, and as others extrude their Soul by little drops, ſo he by ſupping in ſweet Liquor, receives it in, till at laſt he was drowned in this ſweet but deadly Bath.

If we look at their Manners; Ah, how many die ſo! they drink the ſweet Potion of Pleaſures as imtemperately as they thirſt after them, and ſet no bounds of Thirſt or draught. So while they lick, ſup, ſuck, and imbibe vain tranſitory, and baſe Pleaſures into themſelves with their whole Soul. Alas, they miſerably drink in deſtruction drop by drop, being ſlaves to their Belly and Luſt.

But the more greedily they ſuck in this Luſcious Death, the ſooner they are drowned. *They ſpend their days in Pleaſure, and in a moment go down to the Grave.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Death *is better than a bitter* Life.

IT is better once to die, than often to be infeſted with Death. We die daily, we loſe our Infancy, and then our Childhood, and then our youth: All the time that is gone untill Yeſterday, is loſt; and not without many Labours and Miſeries. *Gregory Nazianzen* ſumming them up in a Compendium; ſaith, There is no Good to Man unmixt with Evil: Riches are ſnares: Poverty is a fetter; the ſtate of Dignity, is a meer Dream; to Command is dangerous; to Obey troubleſome; Youth is heat of Time; gray Hairs the ſetting of a troubleſome Life; Glory is Wind; Nobility ſtale blood; Matrimony a band; Children the Harveſt of Cares; fulneſs excites *Petulancy*, Poverty, Impatience.

And laſtly, all things mortal are full of Labour; all humane things meer Fears, Laughters and Floods; meer Blaſts, Smoak and Flight. Whatſoever is ſeen in the World, turns round in a certain Orb with a perpetual motion; ſo that that which juſt now ſeem'd fix'd, is preſently tottering and ready to fall, always uncertain and various

various, either by Days or Nights, Labours, Diſeaſes, Sorrows, or Calamities. And what is after all theſe uncertainties? Death. Death is the moſt certain thing. *Auſtin* ſaid very wiſely, *Death alone is certain, all other things are uncertain.* The Child is conceived, it may be it ſhall be born, it may be it ſhall not, but be an Abortive. If it be born, it may be it ſhall grow up, it may be not: It may be it ſhall live to old Age, and it may be not: It may be it ſhall be Rich, or it may be it ſhall be Poor; It may it ſhall be Honourable, or perhaps deſpiſed: It may be it ſhall Marry, it may be not: It may be he ſhall have Children, and perchance none: It may be he ſhall be Sick, or torn by a Beaſt, or it may be not. But can we ſay, *It may be he ſhall* die, *it may be* not.

The *Apocrypha* thus paints out the Fate of King *Alexander*: *And after theſe things he fell on his Bed, and knew that he ſhould die.* O what a deal there is in theſe little words, *After theſe things*, and that, *He fell ſick, and knew that he ſhould die.* *Alexander* had gorg'd the World, nay many Worlds in hopes of Victory: And ſeem'd to have done things worthy to be Chronicled in Eternal Annals: Yet for all that, after ſo many and large Conqueſts, he falls a Victim, not only to his Bed, but to his Tomb too,

too, content with a Coffin. *Peter Alfonſus* tells us, that when *Alexander* was dead, many Philoſophers met together, pronouncing various Apothegms concerning his death; one ſaid, *See; but four bare yards ſuffices him, whom the ſpacious Earth could not content.* Another adds: *Yeſterday* Alexander *could reſcue whom he pleaſed from Death, but to day can't Bail himſelf.* Another ſeeing the Golden Sepulchre, ſaid; *Yeſterday,* Alexander *made Gold his Treaſure, but now the ſcene is changed, and Gold makes* Alexander *ſo.* Thus they ſtrove together in witty Expreſſions, but they were all in *one Tone, He is dead.*

See into how great Cogitations we fall, forgetful of our Condition we project immortal Deſigns (if they were but Heavenly ones) in our Mind, deal them out to our Sons and Grandſons, when in the mean time Death intercepts our long deſigns, and that which we call old is a Circuit of but few Years. And pray why ſhould we truſt to Death? ſee upon what ſlight cauſes we loſe our Life: neither *Meat,* nor *Drink,* nor *Waking,* nor *Sleep,* are wholſom for us but by ſuch a meaſure, The Toe but little hurt, Ear ake, or a hollow Tooth, or Food not well befitting our Stomach, or a little drop of an ill plac'd Humour, throw ope the Gates of Death to us. It is no great

great matter that overcomes us. Smell, Taſt, Laſſitude, Nutriment it ſelf; and that without which we can't ſubſiſt, is Killing to us. Humane Body being weak, and fluid, putrid, and diſtemper'd, whereſoever it turns it ſelf, is preſently conſcious of its own infirmity. It cant endure every Climate, and is offended by the change of Water, unuſual breezes of Air, or the moſt trivial cauſes in the World. Therefore let us believe the Son of *Syrach*: Therefore Death is better (to mortals) than a bitter Life, and Eternal Reſt, than Continual Pain; an Habitation in Heaven, than a Pilgrimage on Earth.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Beatitude of Death.

WRite: *Bleſſed are the Dead that die in the Lord: yea ſaith the Spirit for they reſt from their Labour: and their works follow them*, Rev. 14. 13. To die in the Lord is the ſame as to die the ſervant of the Lord, as the holy Scripture ſpeaks of *Moſes*: *My ſervant* Moſes *is Dead*: As if the Lord ſhould ſay, ſays *Cajetan*, Although he did ſin, and by ſinning was not my Servant, yet he died my Servant; he died.

died in my ſervice, he died ſo, that whatſoever he was, and whatſoever he wrought, it was mine; for a Servant, whatſoever he is, is wholly his Lords. And ſuch a ſervant of the Lord was *Simeon: Now, O Lord, letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in Peace, according to thy word.* Altogether in Peace, and that an Eternal one too, at the very beginning of which all the Wars of wicked Men are preſently ended, never more to be renewed, Such Servants of the Lord die in the Lord, who dying as it were, reſt in the Boſom of the Lord and ſo ſleep out Death ſweetly.

So *Stephen* ſlept in the Lord among thoſe ſhowers of ſtones, and ſhouts of the ſtoning crew of Executioners, *Acts* 7. 60. So it was, that Chriſt ſaid his Friend *Lazarus* ſlept, *John* 11. 11. So *Moſes* the Servant of the Lord, died according to the command of the Lord, or in the Kiſs of Jehovah; Juſt as a Mother kiſſes her Infant ſleeping in her ſoft Embraces, and gently lays it in its Cradle; ſo God with divine Embraces and Kiſſes, places *Moſes* as a ſleeping Infant in the Boſom of *Abraham* as though in a Bed. *When he gives his beloved ſleep,* Pſal. 127. 3. Therefore bleſſed are ſuch Dead, and very bleſſed becauſe they ſhall never more be miſerable. Saith *Bernard*, The Death of a juſt Man is good, be-

because of its rest; better, because of its newness; best, because of its security. Such are blessed and twice blessed, *for their works follow them*: They follow them as servants do their Lord, and as Sons Father, and as Disciples their Master, Soldiers their Captain, or Nobles their King; they follow them even unto God's Tribunal; and attend upon them unto God's highest Court, where none but these Favourites shall be admitted. And as every noble Man is known by the number and Livery of his Pages: so he that would appear before the King of Glory in a becoming Equipage, let him furnish himself with such a Family, and be attended by such a Train, frequent and well apparelled; and although our good Works deservedly go before us, they follow us in Reward; the labour of them goes before, the Reward that proceeds from them follows after.

CHAP. XXV.

The sick Man's last Farewel to those that live, and shortly are to follow him.

THERE are many things that I repent of; Virtue too often neglected, and time ill spent. How much therefore ought

ought I to be patient and more ſubmiſſive, and ſtudious of daily Death! how little is the ſhare of Divine Love that lodged in me? have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me according to thy great mercy: O infinite Goodneſs pardon me a ſinner. I entreat thee by the Blood of thy Son. And all that I have offended in word or deed, I forgive: I confeſs and am ſorry: do not deny me this *Viaticum*, the Forgiveneſs of all my Offences. Let not, I entreat you, your Virtue flag, by my example, which hath been ſo often bad. Take Pattern by more reformed Manners, and holy Lives, and ſquare your ſelves by them: Emulate with great deſire the Patience, Submiſſion and Obedience of ſuch. I give you thanks for all your courteſies; Whoſoever have aſſiſted me. either in Labour, Care, Counſel or Love. God, the unexhauſted Fountain and Ocean of all Love, make you amends. For ſurely God uſes to be very liberal to thoſe that commit themſelves to his wiſe Providence. Obedience is an excellent Virtue, other things in a religious Man are not Vertue. Patience is a very neceſſary thing: and Submiſſion and Contempt of ſelf is an excellent Vertue, and Poverty is a Vertue dear to Chriſt. And Charity, the Queen of Vertues. But of all other Vertues, truſt

truſt in God ſeems to me to be an excellent and rich one. And a full reſignation of our ſelf to God's Providence, which the holy Scripture ſo much commends; which was ſo conſtantly in the Mouth of the Royal Prophet, which Chriſt himſelf endeavours to perſwade to by Arguments drawn from Flowers and Birds. He neither knows, or can know, nor can believe the force of this Faith, and what tranquillity follows it, who does not always, and in all things, greateſt and leaſt, truſt in God, and commit himſelf wholly to Divine Providence. Neither do I think there is any Man that hath thus comitted himſelf to God, but hath underſtood ſome hidden miſteries. Let us truſt in God, and commit our ſelves to Divine Providence, and believe as ſurely as we can, that he will provide, and that he takes care of us.

I am ſummoned as you ſee to God's Tribunal, to give an account of this Sixty Years. All my Deeds, my Words, and Thoughts are known openly to that Judge: All the actions of my Life will receive their juſt Sentence. Alas, I tremble, for 'tis a terrible thing to ſtand before God's Tribunal. But I have this to Comfort me in my Diſtreſs, that though I have been a bad Servant, I have a good Maſter, and an infinite good one too, who

will

will acknowledge me for his Servant, as bad as I have been.

And you that are above farewell all of you, you will all follow me in your turns

CHAP. XXVI.

Some laſt Monitions for dying Perſons.

AS the ſetting Sun is moſt pleaſant: ſo Man near Death is commonly ſthe wiſeſt. Hence proceed thoſe Inadable orations of Wiſdom. I'll give a few for Example.

Zenophon. in Cyro.

King *Cyrus* at the point of Death, ſaid: *O my Sons, when I ſhall have concluded my laſt Day, don't you involve me in Silver or any other Metal, but give the Earth its own.* His laſt words were: *If you be kind to your Friends, you will not want power to puniſh your Enemies. Farewel, my dear Sons, and bid your Mother farewel in my words. And you, my Friends, that are here. God bleſs ye.*

Theophraſtus dying, ſaid wiſely: *Life promiſes many Pleaſures under the pretence of Glory, than the love of which nothing is more vain.* Hither we may referr the ſaying of the Emperor *Severus*, when dying: *I have been all things, but it ſignifies nothing.*

Con-

Conſtantine the Emperor, the Father of *Conſtantine* the Great, being at the point to die, and transferring his Empire to his Son, ſaid with an extraordinary Alacrity: *Now I eſteem Death more than that immortality: I leave my ſon Emperor.* This is the Man who after Two hundred and ſeventy Years wiped away the Tears of the Chriſtians, and took Vengeance on the Cruelty of the Tyrants; Chriſt indeed fought with *Conſtantine.* *Ælius Sparti-nus.*

Lewis King of *France*, when dying, Commanded his Son, ſaying: *Take care my Son, that thou never committeſt the leaſt Sin. Often confeſs thy ſins, and Chuſe thoſe Teachers, that are not affraid to teach Duty, and admoniſh Faithfully and reprehend Vices boldly. Obey, Love, and Reverence thy Parents.* *Robert. Gaguinus Hiſ. Franc.* l. 7.

King *Clotarius* dying in an obſcure Village, ſaid: *what think you*, ſays he, *how great a King is he, that hath ſlain ſuch mighty Kings?* The Auguſt Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, drawing near to Death, calling to his his Son *Philip* the Second, delivered to him a rough hairy Garment and, Bloody Whip, which he uſed on himſelf, giving him excellent Inſtructions.

And

And *Philip* the second of *Spain*, ending his life took his Father's Hair-Cloath and Scourge out of a private Desk, with which he also chastised his own Body, and gave it to his Son *Philip* the Third for a present; adding these Instructions: *God*, saith he, *shall shew thee great Favour, if he promote thee to that Honour, that I have enjoy'd before thee. But I charge thee strictly, when thou hast attained it, that thou remembrest this Bed whereon thou seest me lie; here as thou seest all the Glory of this World is stopped. I recommend also to thee, to be an observer of the Church, a Protector of the Catholick Faith,* Zealous of the Christian Religion, *the Peace of the Commonwealth, and Justice toward thy Subjects. If God shall say Amen to these my prescriptions, this Kingdom shall not lose its King, but commodiously change it.*

Raymund. lib. 4.

Ferdinand the Great, King of *Castile*, died a memorable Death. He sickned on *Christmas*-day, expecting his fate by the warning of *Isidorus*; the day following he was born to the Church with magnificent Funeral Pomp, attended by the Bishops. And laying aside his Royal Robes, and offering to God his Possessions, as though restoring to him

Hen. Spond. Baro. Anno. 1065.

him what was his, he going to the Altar, fell down on the ground weeping, and said: *O Lord, the Kingdom I received from thee, I restore to thee; place me, I intreat thee, in thy Eternal Light.* The day after, having received the Sacrament, he died in the same Church, after he had reigned Forty Years.

Charles King of *Sicily*, being come to his last, spake these things: *O the vain thoughts of Men! Alas, we miserable mortals, are pleased with Honours, heap up Gold, and neglect Heaven. O the happy lot of the Poor, who content with small Provision, can sleep at peace: What good does the Kingdom, or the obsequiousness of all do me? I could be miserable for less cost. I have not yet began to live, and yet I am forced to make an end. Where's my Power now? I am under the same fatal Necessity as the poorest Beggar. Of so many thousand Servants, Clients, and Parasites, there is not one left, that will or can bear me Company to God's Tribunal. Be gone ye mortals fill your breasts with anxious Care. You wary Blades, secure the Titles of your purchas'd Farms for a millennium; ready to die before two Morrows more. Farewel Earth: and would to God I might wish Heaven Health.* *Lucius.*

But let us not paſs over in ſilence that wealthy, holy King, *David*, the Sun of the *Hebrew* Nation, who departing this Life ſaid; *I go the way of all the Earth.* And turning to his Son, ſaid; *And thou* Solomon *my Son, know thou the God of thy Fathers, and ſerve him with a perfect Heart and a ready Mind. For God ſearcheth all Hearts, and underſtandeth the thoughts; if thou ſeek after him, thou ſhalt find him; if thou forſake him, he ſhall caſt thee off for ever,* Chron. 1. 28. 9. A terrible Exhortation that would even pierce a Heart of Flint. Thus *David* exactly comprehends the ſummary of a Good Life, in this laſt Sermon, That the preſence of God is every where to be thought on, and God faithfully to be ſerved; God to be the Reward of Obedience; Puniſhment eternal the Portion of Sinners.

So Death devours all; it leads Kings and draws the People, and drives the Nations; It cannot be overcome by Prayers nor bribed by Treaſures, nor melted by Tears, nor vanquiſhed by the mightieſt powers. *Therefore a wiſe Man dies Patiently, but a Fool with reluctancy.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

An Invitation to Chriſt.

STAY with me, Lord; for it grows late, the day's far ſpent, the day of my Life draws toward the evening, nor there's no *Joſhua* to cauſe this haſty Sun to ſtand, and lengthen out the day: my Sun haſts to go down and lodge it ſelf in Earth's Horizon; but as the Sun is daily buried by the Earth, and haſts to its interment, yet it as oft lifts up its Head from its nocturnal Sepulchre, and oft enjoys a new revive. And ſo ſhall we that live. We go to Earth, to be interr'd: but once ſhall riſe again more glorious than the riſing Sun.

But do thou, my Chriſt, my loving Saviour, ſtay: ſee it grows late: my Eyes, my Ears, and all my Senſes fail, and leave me every Hour; nor can I ſtay their haſt, or hold them in. I entreat thee, my ſweet Jeſus, don't thou forſake me, I'll ſend the reſt away with all my Heart: be packing all things elſe; I bid you go, I give you leave: For my Creator's with me, that's enough; I have all my Goods about me. But I cry out to have him ſtay till Night, or bear me Company to the Hour of Death: ſtay with me Lord; it grows to-

ward Night. And when my voice grows low, and all my Senſes fail, and only breath ſurvives, let all my breathings be for words unto the very laſt, and always mean and often ſay: *Stay with me, Lord; ſtay with me, Lord.*

CHAP. XXVIII.

The dying Perſons Refreſhment.

WHEN thou haſt no Mind to read much, here's a few lines very fit for thee, to divert, and eaſe thy Mind. Think *Cyprian* whiſpers theſe things in thy Ear: *When we die we go to immortality; nor can eternal Life ſucceed unleſs we go from hence: 'tis not an end, but a paſſage, and a Earthly Journey to a Heavenly Place.* How prepoſterous and perverſe is it, when we aſk the Will of God to be done, not to readily obey it when he calls us away, and ſends for us out of this World. Then we ſtrive, and ſtruggle, and like ſtubborn Servants are brought to our Lord with Grief and Sorrow, forced by neceſſity, not going voluntarily. And yet we would be honoured by *him* with Heavenly Rewards, to *whom* we go againſt our Wills. Why do we beg and pray that the Heavenly King-

Kingdom come, when ſo delighted with the ſlavery of Earth? Why do we ſo often with iterated Prayers intreat and wiſh the haſtning of that Kingdom-day, if we have more deſire and greater love to be the Devils Slaves, than Viceroys there with Chriſt?

There's Peace to the Servants of God; there's a free and uninterrupted Reſt, when landed from the Whirlwinds of the World, we touch the Port of Eternity, Security and Reſt; when Death's caſhier'd and we are come to Immortality. When that's our Joy to ſee our Chriſt, nor can we truly Joy unleſs we ſee him: What blindneſs, what madneſs is it to love Toyls, Pains, and Worldly Tears, and not with haſt Embrace that Joy that never can be loſt!

So Death is a Port to all Mortals. A happy Shore, a ſafe Haven, in which no body was ever wreck'd, unleſs they would.

CHAP. XXIX.

The Faith of the Reſurrection.

THIS Fleſh of our's now lives, but will ſhortly return to its proper Soil, and worthleſs Duſt; nay, to Dunghil

Vermin, and in them feed on Poiſon ; or after Shipwreck it ſhall be meat for Fiſhes, or be turned to Gnats, or Moths, Locuſts or Ants ; to terreſtrial or aquatile Creatures, to Bats and Owls ; and into what not ? and after all this the ſame Fleſh ſhall riſe : whatſoever was torn in pieces, or burnt to aſhes, ſhall be Crowned. Nor don't thou think that it is any other Fleſh but the ſame, unleſs thou wouldſt count God unjuſt, that rewards another inſtead of the Conqueror ; makes another his Companion in Heaven, than he that labour'd for it ; as though the Reward is anothers, and not theirs that ran the Race and won the Prize. The ſame Soul in every part of it that fought in Fleſh, that held out, learned God, put on Chriſt, ſowed the hope of Salvation, ſhall reap the Fruit of it. The very ſame Fleſh that ſpent this Life in the Aſſociation of the Soul, that ſuffer'd cold, endur'd heat, and ſhed its blood, with the ſame aſſociate Soul ſhall be rewarded. It was the ſame *Lazarus* after a four days burial as it was before, the ſame Son after his Mothers tears were dried up, that he was before. The ſame Chriſt after he came out of the Sepulchre that he was before. Nor can the length of the Sepulture take away God's Power, or delay his Goodneſs. It was the

ſame

ſame Tongue of the rich Man that taſted Dainties, and which was tormented in Flames, and hopes for the ſolace of a droping finger of a beatified *Lazarus*: The very ſame Soul in all things which mourned while the World rejoiced, that ſhall rejoice while the World mourns; that none may be felicitated for Wickedneſs, or miſerable for Honeſty, when every thing is reſtor'd again, that according to our Merits or Deſerts in this Life we may be either puniſhed or rewarded.

Mark the Potter; he tempers his Clay into a ſofter or harder conſiſtence by the help of fire, and forms it into ſeveral ſhapes. Cannot God be able to raiſe to Life the ſame Clay, in which he once infuſed his breath of Life? And ſhall not he be able to make the ſame out of the ſame, that formed the clods into Muſcles, the ſtones into Bones, the pebble ſtones to Paps the trailing branchy Veins, and the hidden, Marrow out of the ſame lump of clay? Or was there a greater Efficacy in the virgin lump of clay, and leſs in that widow'd maſs, after the Soul's divorce? Why ſhould that formed by the ſame hand, not be animated by the ſame infuſive breath that it was before? Or muſt that which periſh'd once, of neceſſity periſh always? What Law is there for that? Do but look upon this

rolling Order of all things (not to carry thee to a higher) is a teſtimony of Man's return. See how all things return, when once departed. Hence it is the Moon is renewed when worn out by her monthly courſe: Winters and Summers, Springs and Autumns, with all their viciſſitudes are all revolved again. The Rays of the Sun and Stars eclips'd by morning light or darkned night return again. Thou wouldſt dare to ſwear the Vines were dead, and fit for nothing but the fire; but we ſee they are renew'd again, and after their denudation richly array'd with Grapes and Leaves: and that which the cold had almoſt kill'd, the Spring reſtores in greater glory, with large Uſury.

And in Fowls we have noble Documents. As the *Phœnix*, a miracle for its ſingularity, to whom dying another ſucceeds. Not that theſe exactly expreſs the Reparation of human kind, but that they as it were lead us by the hand to it. Would you have a more expreſs inſtance? We have a pledge in Chriſt, by which we take poſſeſſion of Heaven, and the Kingdom of God. Would you have one in Man? *Lazarus*'s Fleſh was almoſt corrupted, yet his Fleſh aroſe: it lay without a Soul, but roſe with it. And in the Transfiguration on the Mount, *Moſes* and *Elias* were know-

able

able to the Apoſtles, the one not having taken upon him Fleſh again, the other not yet really dead, yet they teach us that the ſame Diſpoſition of Body remains in Glory. And thoſe ſolitary Souls, altho' they have broke out of this Cabbin the Body into a larger Manſion, to their native and purer Air, yet ſure of their Happineſs they breath after nothing elſe but to be clothed upon with this Duſt, to be eſpouſed to this Conſort the Fleſh, and lead a life indeſoluble by any force, that they that have fought under one Banner, may be rewarded with an equal Reward of Glory, when this Duſt ſhall put on Immortality by a noble mutation under the Conduct of Chriſt, who carried Fleſh and Bones a pledge and example of future Integrity. Let us not be therefore ſorry, when our old Houſe falls, a better far than it ſhall riſe. *He has not only believ'd without ground, but lived without deſign, who believes he was only born to die.*

CHAP. XXX.

The Hope of the Reſurrection is the greateſt Comfort to dying Perſons.

JOB almoſt buried with innumerable Miſeries, yet crys out with alacrity; *I*

know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand at the latte day upon the Earth. And though after my skin worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh I ſhall ſee God, whom I ſhall ſee for my ſelf, and my eyes ſhall behold, and not anothers. This hope is in my heart, Job 19. 25 —— 28. Chriſt anſwering *Job* as it were by a Dialogue: *I am the Reſurrection and the Life, he that believeth in me, although he be dead, yet he ſhall live, John* 11. 25. The day ſhall come, ſhall come again (there is nothing more ſure) that ſhall bring us to the light; and therefore ſince we ſhall return, we ought to go out contentedly.

They report concerning a certain Bird in the remoteſt Parts of *India*, called *Semendi*, (like the Phœnix for Birth, having her beak cleft in three) that when ſhe perceives her Death nigh approaching, ſhe carries ſticks into her Neſt, ſweetly ſinging, and kindles the ordered Pile by the fluttering of her Wings, and ſo conſumes in that fire, from whence a Worm is produced, which afterwards becomes a Bird. A very lively Symbol of the Reſurrection, if it be true.

Minucius, a *Roman* Orator, a Champion for the Chriſtian cauſe, ſays wiſely and briefly; *See how Nature conſpires to comfort us by the future Reſurrection. The Sun dives into*

into the Weſtern Horizon, and riſes again in the Eaſt: The Stars ſet and riſe again; the Flowers die, and yet revive; the Shrubs adorn themſelves again with leaves after their old Age: The Seed does not ſprout again, except it die: So the Body in the Grave, as Trees in Winter, ſeems to be dead. Why art thou in ſuch haſt, that it grow and flouriſh in the midſt of Winter? We muſt ſtay till the ſpring time of the Body. *I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I ſhall ſee him at the laſt day.*

CHAP. XXXI.

The Hope of Heaven.

WHAT wouldſt have? what doſt deſire? what doſt want? wouldſt thou live? and wouldſt thou not die? then live ſo, that one time or other thou maiſt live happily. For to live, and not ſo to live, is a ſort of Death. In Heaven thou ſhalt live, and ſhalt not die: there thou ſhalt enjoy Happineſs; for thou neither ſhalt nor canſt ſuffer evil, becauſe there is none to ſuffer: there thou ſhalt have what thou wiſheſt, and ſhalt poſſeſs what thou wanteſt, and canſt not be diſpoſſeſs'd; and this ſhall ſatisfie thee. *Eat,*

O Friends, says the King of Heaven, *drink, drink abundantly, O beloved.* This Feast has no end, no sour shall come after this sweet meat: as it is to day it shall be for ever.

Austin crys out: O everlasting Life, and everlastingly Blessed, where there is *Joy* without *Sorrow*, *Rest* without *Labour*, *Honour* without *Fear*, *Riches* without *Danger* of losing, *Health* without *Sickness*, *Plenty* without *Want*, *Life* without *Death*, *Beatitude* without *Misery*; where all good is in perfect Love, where there is Vision face to face. The Gates of *Jerusalem* are built with Sapphire and Emerald; and all the circuit of her Walls with precious Stones. The Streets of the City are pure Gold, like transparent Glass. And Hallelujah is sung in her Streets. *Revel.* 21. 1.

Wherefore blessed are they that dwell in thy House, O Lord, they shall praise thee for ever and ever. I trust to see the Goodness of the Lord in the Land of the living. *Psal.* 83. 5. *Ps.* 26. 13.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

Breathings to Heaven.

SHEW me thy Glory, ſhew me all Good.

O when ſhall mourners have Beauty for Aſhes, the Oil of Joy for mourning, the Garment of Praiſe for the Spirit of Heavineſs? O that I might have my requeſt, and that God would grant me the thing that I long for! Even that it would pleaſe God to deſtroy me, that he would let looſe his hand and cut me off; then ſhould I have comfort: let him not ſpare, for I have not concealed the words of the Holy One.

As a ſervant earneſtly deſireth the ſhadow, and a hireling looketh for the reward of his work.

O Lord, who ſhall dwell in thy Tabernacle? who ſhall dwell in thy holy Hill?

I have deſired one thing of the Lord, this will I ſeek after, that I may dwell in the houſe of the Lord all the days of my Life: that I may ſee the beauty of the Lord, and enquire in his Temple.

As the Hart panteth after the water brook, ſo my ſoul thirſteth after thee, O God. My ſoul thirſteth for the living God;

God; when ſhall I come and appear before the face of God? Theſe things when I remember, I pour out my Soul in me, for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the houſe of God.

O that I had the the wings of a Dove, then would I flee away and be at reſt.

Who ſhall lead me unto the holy City?

Bleſſed is the Man whom thou chuſeſt, and makeſt to dwell in thy Courts.

How good is God to Iſrael, even to them that are of a perfect heart. Whom have I in Heaven but thee, or in Earth that I deſire beſides thee?

My fleſh and my heart faileth, God is the ſtrength of my heart and my portion for ever.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hoſts! my Soul longeth, yea, eaven fainteth for the Courts of the Lord. Better is a day in thy Courts, than a thouſand elſewhere.

I will praiſe the Lord in the land of the living.

Woe is me that I ſojourn in Meſhech, my ſoul hath long dwelt with them that hated peace.

I was glad when they ſaid to me, we will go into the Houſe of Lord.

By the Rivers of *Babylon* there we ſat down, and wept, when we remembred Sion.

Sion. How ſhall we ſing the Lord's ſong in a ſtrange Land? If I forget thee, O Jeruſalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

Bring my ſoul out of Priſon: I truſt in thy Name, the righteous ſhall encompaſs me about, for thou ſhalt deal bountifully with me.

I deſire to be diſſolved and to be with Chriſt.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Some brief Comforts againſt Death.

FIrſt, *Death ſlays our familiar Enemy, the Body.* There is no Plague worſe than an inteſtine Enemy, as no Thief is worſe than a domeſtick One. We know; the Fleſh luſteth againſt the Spirit, and the Spirit againſt the Fleſh; theſe are one againſt another.

Secondly, *Death breaks open the Priſon door, where we are detained.* But the cuſtom of the place oftentimes detains us old Priſoners, loth to leave our wonted Chains and Hardſhip. The greateſt King was of another Mind, that deſired to be brought out of Priſon.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, *Death delivers us from a great burthen.* The Body that is corrupted, burthens the Soul, and a earthly habitation depreſſes our buſie cogitations. When this burthen is taken away, it will be better. No body can eſcape with this luggage.

Fourthly, *Death puts an end to our Journey.* Says St. *Gregory, What is mortal Life but a way?* Conſider, my Brethren, what a folly 'tis to be tired by the way, and not to be willing to be at our Journeys end. Our preſent Life is full of labours, and is lived in ſorrow, and does not end without tears.

Fifthly, *Death frees us from all dangers.* No body lives ſo happily as not to be obnoxious to many Dangers; and we ſeldom avoid *one* but we fall on *another.* He only eſcapes all dangers, that leaves off to live.

Sixthly, *Death is of neceſſity.* The *Roman* Sage ſaid wiſely: *There is no greater Comfort for Death than Mortality it ſelf.* He is not willing to live that refuſes to die. Death hath an equall and invincible neceſſity. Who will complain that he is in that condition that all are in? Equality is the Chiefeſt part of Equity.

Seventhly, *The Death of Chriſt.* *Paul* exhorting to conſider this, ſaid: *Let us run*

run with Patience the race that is ſet before us, looking to Jeſus the Author and Finiſher of our Faith, who for the joy that was ſet before him endured the Croſs. This is a great comfort to the Members; for that the Members might not fear Death, the Head ſuſtain'd the greateſt aſſaults of Death. The Author of Life, by dying, opened Heaven: why ſhould we be afraid to die?

Eightly, *The Hope of the Reſurrection.* Why do we expoſtulate with Death? It does not take away Life but only intermits it. That Eternal Day will break that ſhall call us from our Graves, we ſhall all riſe again. Nature variouſly teaches us this. The ſummer paſſes away, but another Year will reduce it again; The Winter departs, but will come again at its appointed time. The Night overwhelms the Sun, but that will Chaſe away the Night. Many things which ſeem to periſh, are changed; and ſo we die, that we may live for ever.

Ninthly, *Immortality it ſelf.* Death is both an End and a paſſage: the End of Calamity is a way to Immortality. From hence in the Scripture, the Death of the Righteous is called his Birth. And therefore *Prudentius* ſays; *That Death is a Play.* And leaſt any one ſhould be afraid of this Play, he ſings excellently.

Non

Non eſt, credite, pœna quam videtis,
Quæ puncto tenui citato tranſit,
Nec vitam rapit illa, ſed reformat.
You are miſtaken much in Puniſhment:
When for a Man a haſty Summon's ſent,
It takes not Life *away, but does his* Death *prevent.*
So to every good Man the end of Mortality is the beginning of Felicity.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Againſt thoſe that are unwilling to die.

SO we commonly live; we are afraid of Death, and yet neglect Life, and die againſt our will. Who does not die with reluctance? who without ſorrow? But this is very ungrateful, not to be content with the time that is allotted us. Says *Seneca*: *Thy days will be always few, if thou count them*: Do not account thy chief-eſt good to be in time. Whatſoever is of it take it well. If your day of Death were prolonged, it is of no advantage to Felicity: for delay is not a better Life, but a longer. How much better is it not to reckon up the years of others, but to take our own kindly, and reckon them all clear gain? does God think me worthy of this

this time? This is enough. He might have given me more indeed, but 'tis a kindneſs he has given me this. The *Venuſian* Poet very opportunely admoniſheth.

—— *Exacto contentus tempore vitæ*
Cedat, uti conviva ſatur ——

He ſits down quietly, and is content
With that part of his Life which he has ſpent:
Juſt as a Gueſt, who at a liberal Board,
Has eat of what the Table did afford,
Deſires no more, but ſatiate with Food,
Puts up his Knife, altho' what's left be good.

Who could bear with ſuch a Gueſt, who would ſing this Epilogue: *I han't my Belly full*, at the end of a plentiful Entertainment? Who would praiſe that Man, who departing this Life ſhould complain; *I han't lived long enough*, and ſhould lament as though his Life were taken from him in the middle of his days? Such a complaint is not only baſe but vain. The bound is ſet; whether life hath been long or ſhort it muſt end. So the Author of Life's pleaſure is.

Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti,
Tempus abire tibi eſt.

Thou'ſt had enough of Drink, enough of Play,
And eat thy Belly full, then go thy way.

Epictetus ſaid notably: *The Solemnity is over: go out: and go away thankfully and modeſtly, and let others come in thy room: others muſt be born as well as thee, and have*

room

room to live in when they are born, and Houſes, and Victuals too. But if they that are before them do not go away, where will be place for them? Why art thou inſatiable? Why canſt thou not be ſatisfied? Why doſt trouble and cumber up the World? But *Auſtin* out-does *Epictetus*: *Whenſoever*, ſaith he, *God would have thee go out from hence, let him find thee ready.* Thou art a Lodger, not a Landlord. 'Tis a hired Houſe: thou renteſt it: it was not given thee, and thou muſt go whether thou wilt or no: and thou didſt not take a Leaſe of it neither. What ſays the Lord thy God? When I pleaſe to have thee go, and give thee warning, be thou ready. I'll turn thee out of this Inn, but I'll give thee a Houſe. Thou art an *Inmate* on Earth, but thou ſhalt be a *Pariſhioner* in Heaven.

He expects the delicacy of Heaven more greedily, and hopes for it more firmly, who denies himſelf the delights of this Earth. Surely,

Cui durior vita eſt, minus mortem timet.
Whom Life oppreſſes, he Death the leſs will fear.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

Delay is the dying Man's Rock.

WE have admoniſh'd the healthy and ſick, and now we muſt admoniſh thoſe that are dying too, that they keep clear of this Rock, *DELAY.* How many thouſand have been wreck'd by this one thing; *by delaying, what ſhould not be delay'd?* Sick Soul, why doſt thou deſtinate to morrow or next day to thy Salvation? to morrow is not thine, to day is, do, I pray thee, *to day, this hour,* nay *now,* what thou haſt to do. Where wilt thou be to day or to morrow?

Emylius and *Plutarch* tell us, That the Approach of the *Theban* Exiles with an Army, was told to the *Theban* Rulers, but they being buſied in Feaſting and Carouſing, did not regard it: Moreover Letters being brought their Chief Governor, diſcovering their whole Deſigns, and delivered even while they were at Supper; he, without opening, laid them under his Bolſter, ſaying: *Seria cras, I put off weighty Affairs till to morrow.* But this trifler and the reſt of his Crew were ſlain that night. So Death uſes to ſerve delayers; while they are deliberating, conſulting and deferring, it

it comes upon them, and wounds them with an unlook'd for Dart. St. *Auſtin*, was a faithful Monitor, and thus documents thoſe that ſay, *To morrow I will live well.* God indeed has promiſed thee Pardon, but no body has promiſed thee to morrow. If thou haſt lived ill, live well to day. Thou Fool, this Night thy Soul ſhall be required of thee. I do not ſay whoſe ſhall theſe things be thou haſt prepared: but according to thy rate of living where wilt thou be? God calls thee now, he exhorts thee now, he waits for thy repentance. And doſt thou loiter? For he is not ſo long ſuffering in bearing, but that he will be juſt in Puniſhing. He has appointed the time, therefore do not thou ſay I will pleaſe God to Morrow, I will be converted to Morrow, God has bid me do it to Day or to Morrow. Thou ſaiſt right, God promiſed Pardon to thy Repentance, but has not promiſed thy delay to Morrow, Do not linger in turning to the Lord; for his anger will come ſuddainly and in the time of his revenge he will Deſtroy thee. *That day is to be prevented that uſes to prevent.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

The Pains and Sorrows of dying Persons.

'TIS a very serious thing to die, and seldom done without Pains and Sorrows; Concerning which *Tertullian* said very Eloquently: *It oftentimes happens that the Soul is most vehemently agitated at its divorcement, having a more sharp aspect, a shriller voice; while from a more lofty Pulpit, being set at liberty, by that superfluity which yet remains in the body, it tells what it sees, what it hears, and what it begins to know.* *Lib de anima c. 53.*

It is reported that one *Cuno* who was for Forty years Lord of the Mannor of the Town of *Malburch* who lived very dissolutely, did at last change his Mind, and bestowed the remaining Three years of his Life on the Service of God, and died a very Pious Death. At that time an Evil Spirit that had infested a Woman confessed that Fifteen thousand Devils came together in *Cuno's* Chamber; but were so far from hurting him when dying, that they could not come near him, being repulsed by the Prayers of the Godly. Complaining also that *Cuno* was unjustly taken

taken from them, to whom he devoted himſelf Forty Years, and had ſerved God but Three.

O Good God, What ſo many thouſand Enemies out of Hell at once, to work the ruin of one poor Man! he that would not be affrighted while dying, let him learn to die betimes. No body has a kindly Death, but he that thinks it preſent while its abſent; but the ſequel will confirm this.

Johannes Climacus tells us of a certain Hermit, of but a looſe Life, who lay as Dead (in the opinion of all) for an Hour, that when he came to himſelf, earneſtly Entreated thoſe that were preſent, to go out of the place. And all being gone out, he ſtraitway ſtopped the entrance into the Cottage with Stones, leaving only a narrow hole, capable to receive a Pitcher of Water. And condemning himſelf to this Priſon, ſpake to none for Twelve Years, but ſpent his time in Sighs, Groans, and Tears; living only on Bread and Water. And ſat as it were in aſtoniſhment with a fixed Countenance, oftentimes looking upon exceſs without being moved, and in a profound Cogitation, Weeping plentifully, and his laſt Twelve Years being thus ſpent, and drawing nigh to Death, the ſpectators broke down the obſtructed,

obſtructed heap, and ſtanding about him, asked him, whether he would leave any Monument of himſelf, and admonition or incitement to Vertue, but obtained no other anſwer than this: *No body that ſhall rightly remember Death can ever ſin. Conſider*, ſays *Bellarmine*, *this is a Hiſtory, not a Fable, and written by a Holy Man too, who wrote what he had ſeen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears.* This is *Bellarmine*'s Opinion of this Story.

By theſe it is no hard matter to gueſs, what Pains and Terrors Death brings, eſpecially to thoſe that live remiſly and careleſly. If any one ſhall ſeriouſly think on Death and Eternity, if he does not ſit aſtoniſh'd whole Days and Years, yet he will do it often, and will prepare himſelf for that which every Man muſt undergo.

St. *Bernard* well admoniſhes; Let Death's monition be thy emendation. It will do thee no hurt to be Buried without a Sermon, Interr'd without Pomp, to Rot without Fame, and Go without an Epitaph, ſo that thou art not buried in Hell.

CHAP. XXXVII.

The Readineſs of Mind of a dying Perſon.

I Will take the Cup of Salvation, and call on the name of the Lord. That Cup is indeed a bitter one, but yet my Saviour drank it, and drinks to me in it too from the bloody Croſs. That cup is the fatal cup of Death, which Chriſt and all his Friends did, and all Men muſt drink, by an inevitable neceſſity; why ſhould I alone refuſe it? Whoſoever hath begun to live, ought to end, that he may begin that Life which ſhall never end. Good and Evil, Life and Death, Poverty and Riches come all from the Lord. Therefore what wouldſt thou have, vain Fear, thou hurtful Grief, what doſt thou call back? The cup my Father has given, and Chriſt has prepared me, wouldſt thou not have me drink it? Am not I mortal, and do I wonder that I muſt die?

Alexander, King of *Macedon*, being ſick, ſome too ſuſpicious Friends of his accuſed his Phyſician *Philip* to him, of intending to Poiſon him. whom the King thus receives bringing the Potion. He takes the draught into one hand, and with the other gives him his Friends Letter to read: and

and while he lifted the Potion to his mouth, he ſtedfaſtly kept his eyes fix'd on *Philip*'s Face, narrowly obſerving if he could perceive any tokens of Guilt to appear. But perceiving nothing but ſigns of an innocent Conſcience, he drank up the draught boldly. And ſo I'll do. The Cup which my Jeſus, my Phyſician, and my Saviour ſhall preſcribe me, to cauſe me to reſt, and hath made up for me, and given me to drink; I'll drink, I won't take my eyes off this Phyſician of mine, while I drink it: I will look ſtedfaſtly in the Face of my Crucified Saviour, in whom I may read Characters of indeared Affection and conſtant Love to me; I'll drink it off without fear: For it is ſo much the more healthful, by how much the more compounded with Love.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

What the ſick and dying Perſon ſhould always have in his Heart and Mouth.

MY Chriſtian, when thou art ſick, and any one asks thee how thou doſt, *&c.* ſee that thou anſwereſt them after this manner: *As God pleaſes: According to the will of God, ſo it is: According to*

God's good pleaſure: As God will have it: Pretty well: Very well: As God pleaſes: Let thy Will be done as in Heaven ſo on Earth. And that thon maiſt be able to do this, whether thou art ſick or dying, let this threefold Prayer be always in thy mouth and heart.

1. Bleſſed be the Lord for ever.

2. Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy; although, O Lord, I am leſs than the leaſt of them.

3. O my Lord and my God, I offer my ſelf to thee, to be diſpoſed of according to thy good pleaſure. Let thy Will be done.

Some perſons have had this threefold Prayer, written in great Letters, fixed to their bedſide, that they might be frequently admoniſh'd what they ought to think on, and uſe night and day.

Our Prayers are our Pages to God. Let us therefore learn of our Harbingers what way they go, and let us chearfully follow to the place to which bleſſed Eternity invites us.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Some things chiefly to be obſerv'd by dying Perſons.

1. LET him not depend upon his own Merits, but caſt himſelf wholly into the immenſe Ocean of divine Mercy, with all his Sins and Omiſſions.

2. Let him maintain his Communion ſtedfaſtly in the Church of Chriſt.

3. Let him wholly ſequeſter himſelf from all fading, fleeting Enjoyments, and ſet his Affections on his Heavenly Father, and breath after the Land of Promiſe, that he may there give thanks, and always offer the ſacrifice of praiſe.

4. Let him offer himſelf a living Sacrifice to the Glory of God, according to his good pleaſure, in true love; to bear all the pain of Sickneſs, and bitterneſs of Death; and all Punihment temporal and eternal, ſo that if he might enjoy a Thouſand Years of Pleaſure, and live to his hearts content, yet he would rather chuſe to undergo Death for the Honour and Love of God.

5. Let him meditate on the bitter Paſſion and Death of our Lord Chriſt, and put his Soul and Body in the ſtead of the

wounded, afflicted Soul and Body of Christ, and as though he was dying on the Cross too, let him commend his Spirit into the hands of his Heavenly Father: And let him commit his heart into the open bosom of Christ.

Moreover, it is safest of all for every one to do that in Health, which he would wish he had done when he comes to die.

CHAP. XL.

Refreshments for dying Persons.

GO, my People, enter into thy Closet, and shut the door about thee for a little season, for a moment, till my indignation be past.

In the time of indignation I hid my face a little from thee, but in everlasting kindness have I had mercy on thee; saith the Lord thy Redeemer.

Why art thou cast down, O my Soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.

We are the Sons of the Saints, and let us expect that Life that he will bestow on them that keep the Faith.

It

It is not the pleaſure of your heavenly Father, that one of thoſe little ones ſhould periſh.

God ſo loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoſoever will believe on his name, ſhould not periſh, but ſhould have everlaſting life. And if any one ſin, we have an Advocate with the Father, even Jeſus Chriſt the Righteous; who is a propitiation for our ſins, and not for ours only: but alſo for the ſins of the whole World.

Verily, verily, I ſay unto you, that whoſoever heareth my word and believeth on him that ſent me, hath everlaſting Life, and ſhall not enter into Judgment, but paſs from death to life.

All that my Father giveth me ſhall come unto me; and thoſe that come unto me I will in no wiſe caſt out. Verily, verily, I ſay unto you, whoſoever believeth on me hath everlaſting Life.

I am the Reſurrection and the Life, he that believeth on me, although he was dead yet he ſhall live, and every on that liveth and believeth on me ſhall not die for ever.

In my Father's houſe are many manſions.

If God be for us, who can be againſt us?

He that ſpared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all, how ſhall he

not with him freely give us all things? who will accuſe the Elect of God? 'Tis God that juſtifieth. Who is it that condemneth? 'Tis Chriſt Jeſus who died, yea rather who roſe again, who is at the right hand of God, and alſo makes interceſſion for us.

We know that if our earthly houſe be diſſolved, we have a building of God not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. For in this we groan, deſiring to be cloathed upon with our Houſe which is from Heaven: If that being clothed we be not found naked.

Now Chriſt ſhall be magnified in my body, whether by Life or Death: for to me to live is Chriſt, but to die is gain; to be with Chriſt, is much better.

Our Converſation is in the Heavens, from whence we look for our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who ſhall transform this vile body and make it like his glorious body.

That is a faithful ſaying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jeſus Chriſt came into the world to ſave ſinners, of whom I am chief.

He that ſhall endure to the end ſhall be ſaved.

Be faithful unto the Death, and I will give thee a crown of Life.

Theſe Fountains cool the hot baths of Death. He will happily ſwim out, whoſoever is plunged in theſe Fountains.

CHAP. XLI.

The Breathings and Prayers of the dying Perſon to God.

ELigius, Biſhop of *Noviomenſis*, embracing his Friends with Tears at his laſt moments thus took his farewel, ſaying: 'Farewel, and then let me be at reſt. 'Let earth return to earth. The Spirit 'will find its way to return to God that 'gave it. So lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, he prayed a long time without moving his Lips, till at laſt breaking forth into theſe Expreſſions, he expired.

'Now letteſt thou thy Servant depart 'in peace, O Lord, according to thy 'word. Remember, I pray thee, that thou 'madeſt me clay: And do not enter into 'Judgment with thy Servant, no fleſh li-'ving ſhall be juſtified in thy ſight. O 'Chriſt, Redeemer of the World, who 'alone art without ſin, do thou remember 'me; and leading me out of the death 'of this body, transferr me into thy 'Kingdom. I know I deſerve not the

'enjoyment of thy Preſence: but thou 'knoweſt that my hope was always in thy 'Mercy. And now alſo dying in the Pro-'feſſion of thy holy Name, O Chriſt, I 'give up the Ghoſt. Therefore receive 'me according, to thy great Mercy, and 'do not make me aſham'd of my hope. 'open to me, haſtning to it, the Gate of 'Life, and avert the power of Darkneſs 'from me. Let thy right hand lead me 'into the place of my reſt, and my laſt 'abode which thou haſt prepared for thy 'Servants that fear thee.

Let us imitate *Eligius* in his Prayer, and thus ſalute Chriſt our Redeemer.

O good Jeſus, illuminate thou my eyes, leſt I ſleep the ſleep of Death; leſt my enemy ſay, I have prevailed againſt him.

O Lord Jeſus Chriſt, thou Son of the living God, interpoſe, I pray thee, thy Paſſion and Death, between the Judgment of God and my Soul.

Do not thou remember, O ſweet Jeſus, my Iniquity; let thy Mercy prevent me, for I am very poor.

O ſweet Jeſus Chriſt, write me among the number of thy Elect, by the virtue of thy bleſſed Sufferings.

Do not thou enter into Judgment with thy Servant, moſt merciful Jeſus; for no Fleſh living can be juſtified in thy ſight.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

The dying Perſon's true Confidence in God.

HEre I boldly ſay with St. *Bernard*: 'Let another pretend merit; and boaſt that he has born the burthen and 'heat of the day, it is good for me to 'cleave to God, and place my hope in the 'Lord God. And although I am conſcious to my ſelf, that my paſt Life hath 'been ſo depraved, that I merit to be forſaken by God, yet I will not give over 'continually to truſt in God's great Goodneſs, and hope that ſince hitherto 'his Grace hath afforded me ſtrength 'for all things, ſo he will yet give me 'ſtrength, that I may bear all things patiently: And this Patience of mine, acted by the Merits of Chriſt's Suffering '(which indeed infinitely exceeds) will 'mitigate my Pains, and encreaſe my Reward in Heaven.

O my God, I ask this one thing of thee, that thou wouldſt never ſuffer me to fall from thy goodneſs, however low and weak I am. Yea although I ſhould be in Terror and Conſternation, ſeeming ready to fall, yet I will remember *Peter* the Apoſtle, who by his little Faith began to ſink by one

one puff of wind; and I will do what he did: I'll call on Chriſt; *Lord ſave me.* And I hope he will put forth his hand, that I periſh not. But if God ſhall ſuffer me to act *Peter*'s part, and fall (which God of his infinite Mercy forbid) I hope yet he will look upon me with an eye of Mercy, as he did on *Peter*, and reſtore me again to a new hope of Life. This I am ſure of, that God will never forſake me, unleſs for my own fault. I know St. *Auſtin*'s word to be true: *God can deliver any one without Merits, becauſe he is good; but he cannot condemn any one without ſin, becauſe he is Juſt.* Therefore I commit my ſelf to him with all hope and confidence. If he ſuffer me to periſh for my ſins, at leaſt his Juſtice will be praiſed in me. But I hope, and ſtedfaſtly too, that his great Goodneſs will faithfully keep my Soul, that his Mercy rather than his Juſtice may be magnified in me, nothing can happen to me which God wills not. And whatſoever he wills to whomſoever it ſeems bad, it is nevertheleſs really good. Whatſoever is thy Will, O my God, that I will and deſire.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIV.

The dying Perſons laſt Words.

THE Emperor *Auguſtus* dying, expired with theſe words: *Livia, live mindful of our Marriage-Relation and Farewell.* But how much more holily do Chriſtians do, who direct their laſt words, when they die, to their Original Creator.

That holy Man *Dionyſius*, the *Areopagite*, being ſentenced to Death, received his Sentence with Chriſtian Generoſity, contemning the Reproach of the ſtanders-by, ſaying: *Let the laſt words of my Lord on the Croſs, be my laſt Words in this Life: My Father, into thy Hands I commend my Spirit: Baſil* the Great, being at the Point of Death having exhorted his Friends, he made uſe of the Words of Chriſt to Chriſt himſelf; *Into thy Hands, O Lord, I commend my Spirit.* And breathed out his Soul with the very words.

Siſoius an Abbot a holy Man, when he was near his end, had many Spectators of his Death, whom he thus beſpake with a chearful countenance; *ſee*, ſays he: *Here's the Abbot* Anthony *coming to me.* And preſently, *Look here is a whole Company of Prophets come.* And immediately; *All the Congregation of the Apoſtles is come to ſee me*; and ſeeming to talk with theſe, he was asked

ed with whom he talked? *The Angels*, ſaith he; *Are come to carry my Soul ſome where elſe; and I asked them to give me a little more ſpace of Repentance. To whom they Anſwered; Father, thou doſt not ſtand in need of more Repentance.* He anſwered them; *I han't yet began my Repentance. This ſerene and chearful Countenance did abundantly declare his ſubmiſſion.* And at length *Siſoius* crys out with a loud Voice: *See, ſee, my Lord's come.* And ended words and Life together. This is a happy Death that's preceded by the triumph of Eternity. And although Kings do not ſtand round our dying bed, yet 'tis enough that the King of Kings is there; in calling on whom let the dying Man's voice expire.

St. *Bernard*, as though he pointed out Chriſt to dying Perſons, ſaith: *O Chriſtian, do not deſpair in this Infirmity, Chriſt has taught thee, what thou oughteſt to ſay in all dangers, whom thou oughteſt to flee to, to call upon, and hope in: in God the Father, who can't forſake them that hope in him, and do good. That do good, I ſay; for to hope in the Lord, and not to do good, is not hope, but preſumption.* Do thou therefore ſo act, that at the hour of Death thou maiſt ſay in truth; *In thee, O Lord, I have hoped, let me not be aſhamed for ever.* Therefore let a dying Man's laſt be directed to God:

our

our Prayers to him; to him our laſt Hopes, let our laſt breathings be in his Name; let the *dying Perſon* ſay from his Heart: *I turn unto thee O Lord, I direct my Eyes unto thee.*

CHAP. XLV.

The Conformation of Human Will to the Divine, is of great moment, eſpecially at the end of Life.

Ludovicus Bloſius thus ſpeaks concerning the agreement of our Will with the Divine:

There is nothing more profitable for us in our laſt moments then a total reſignation of our ſelves to the divine Will, and that with Humility, Affection, and full Confidence in the great Mercy and Goodneſs of God; for he that dies with this perfect Reſignation, and holy Confidence in God, cannot but go to Heaven. For as no Puniſhment can happen to God, ſo neither can it to a Man, that by this conformity and love is united by love to God. In this mind that penitent Thief died on the Croſs, who did not entreat for bodily deliverance, but reſigning himſelf up to the will of God, ſuffer'd willingly for his

his ſins, and commits himſelf to Chriſt to do what he will with him. And if when Death comes on, the infirmity of nature grieveth, or is afraid, this ſorrow or fear is to be caſt on God by reſignation, and certain hope is to be conceived concerning him. Let the Death of Chriſt comfort thy Death. He hath gone before; and innumerable others, elect Perſons have gone before; therefore let it not irk thee to follow.

CHAP. XLVI.

Let the Dying Perſon Imitate the two Thieves in Golgotha.

LORD remember me when thou comeſt to thy Kingdom. O happy Thief, who haſt made better proficiency in Vertue in three Hours, than unhappy *Iſcariot* in Three Years. Thou furniſheſt me with words and a form of Prayers, which thou uſeſt as a Patron and Advocate for Chriſt. O God! What an Abyſs are thy Judgments? thy Friends and Kinsfolks hold their peace; thy Diſciples forſake thee; the Angels are out of the way; neither is the Mother ſuffered to defend the Innocency of her Son. And where are the Eleven thouſand

thouſand and more that were filled by this Crucified Lord? Who is there among this great multitude that does ſo much as mutter one word for ſo great a Benefactor? Chriſt's cauſe is put on Thieves for Patronage: The Thief was Chriſt's Attorney againſt his fellow Thief; he aſſerts his Innocence, and wipes off the opprobious Terms, and reproves the Spectators of Parricide. Was not the Son of God aſham'd to have his Cauſe pleaded by a Highwayman? Nay, he acted the Orator too in the Cauſe of our Lord. Saith he: *We indeed ſuffer juſtly, for we receive according to our merits; but this Man has done no evil.*

O how truly may I ſay that of my ſelf? And I indeed die juſtly, for I receive the reward of my Deeds: but this, my Lord, and my God, hath done nothing worthy of death. And now I rightly uſe this Prayer: Lord, remember me when thou comeſt unto thy Kingdom. And ſince thou art in thy Kingdom, look upon me groaning in this exile, and admit me into thy Kingdom when I go hence, I Entreat thee, O Jeſus, by thy Scourging, the Thorns, thy Croſs, and all thy Pains, and Death it ſelf.

Therefore what remains but that I caſt my ſoul into his Arms; who only conſiders my Labours and Pains. He knows what

what will conduce to the Salvation of my Soul, and has decreed from all Eternity after what manner we ſhall return to him.

CHAP. XLVIII.

The Heliotropium, *an Antidote againſt all Diſeaſes and Death.*

THE *Heliotropium*, whether Herb or Flower, turns it ſelf about with the Sun, as daily experience teacheth us, and always attends its motion, and turns toward it every Hour, and on a cloudy day too; there is ſo much love in this Flower to this Planet. But at night it contracts it ſelf as it were with deſire of the Sun. So let human deſire always be diſpoſed toward divine Pleaſure; ſo turn and place it ſelf, to be ready at its beck every Hour, let the day be never ſo cloudy. And human Life has not a more lowring day Than that of Death. And upon this day moſt of all, let the *dying Perſon*, like a true *Heliotropium* turn himſelf to his Sun with ſtedfaſt and fixed Eyes. The words of our Saviour teach us this. *So Father, for ſo it pleaſeth thee.* Let the dying Perſon ſpeak after this manner. Imitate thy Lord wholly in all things, doing, avoiding,

ing, bearing or ſuffering: Say always: *So Father, ſo Father, ſo my Father.* Although he ſhould ſay this over a thouſand or Three thouſand times in one day. And this is moſt chiefly to be ſaid, and repeated, when adverſity is moſt preſſing; in all things ſubjecting thy will to the Will of God. Say this continually waking and going to ſleep, ſick or well, or dying, as though thou ſaidſt: O Lord, I can deny thee nothing, that thou knoweſt. O Lord, I have hoped in thee: I have ſaid thou art my God: my Times are in thine Hand: My Health, my Sickneſs, my Proſperity or Adverſity; my Life and my Death are in thine hand, O Lord. As thou wil't ſo be it. O Lord, it ſhall be grateful to me *to live or die*, according to thy Will, becauſe thou art my God and Father. Therefore as thou wil't as thou diſpoſeſt, as thou ordereſt, and permitteſt all things to be done, ſo let them be done; ſo Father; ſo let them be done toward me, and let nothing be done in me or from me, that is but the leaſt againſt thee. So Father; ſo let it be done, now and always, even to Eternity.

Philip. II King of *Spain*, a Prince endow'd with all Virtue, arrived to that conformity to the Will of God, even while among Men: that being devoted to the Divine

Divine Will, he almoſt infinitely repeated theſe words of our Saviour: *Father, not my will, but thine be done.* And when the Paſſion of our Saviour was read out of the Evangeliſt *Matthew*, againſt his Impoſthume was cut, the King commanded the Reader to ſtop at theſe words of our Lord: *Father, not my will, but thine be done.* So much did this Great King imitate this *Heliotropium*, ſick, well, or dying.

Surely all Diſeaſes, and Death, are Cured by this *Heliotropium. He is far from all harm that is ſo near the Divine Pleaſure.*

CHAP. XLIX.

Prayers to be ſaid by, or for the ſick Perſon

Prayer I. The Prayer of *Jerome* in the Agony of Death, as *Euſebius* writes.

HOly Jeſus, my Strength and Refreſhment, my Redeemer, and my Deliverer, in whom I have hoped, in whom I have believ'd, and whom I have loved. My greateſt delight, my ſtrong Tower, and my hope from my Youth. Call me, O Guide of my life, and I will anſwer thee. Stretch out the right hand of thy

Mercy

Mercy to the work of thy hands, which thou the Creator of all things haſt created out of the duſt of the Earth, and framed together with Bones and Sinews; to whom dying thou gaveſt life. It is the time that duſt return to duſt, and the Spirit to God that gave it. Open, O Lord, I entreat thee to it the Gate of Life; thou that hangeſt for me like a Thief upon a Tree, receive me, O merciful God, according to the multitude of thy Mercy, for thou receiveſt the Thief that came to thee on the Croſs. I am ſick, my life grows low, and therefore I come to thee the Phyſician. Heal me, O Lord, and I ſhall be healed; becauſe I truſt in thee, I ſhall not be aſhamed for ever. But who am I, moſt holy God, that preſumes to ſpeak ſo boldly to thee? I am a ſinner brought up in ſin, a rotten Carcaſs, a ſtinking Veſſel, meat for Worms. Spare me, O Lord; for what Victory would it be, if thou ſhouldſt fight againſt me and overcome me, who am leſs before thee than Chaff before the wind? Forgive all my ſins, and raiſe me from the Dunghill. Ariſe and help me, O Lord, ariſe and caſt me not off for ever. Let my Requeſt come before thee, O Lord, and let thine hand ſave me. I am the Man that going from Jericho *fell among Thieves; do thou, O holy* Samaritan, *receive me. I have ſinned too much in my life, and done evil before thee: from the ſole of the foot to the crown of the head there is no ſound-*

neſs

neſs in me, Surely, unleſs thou hadſt holpen me by thy dying on the Croſs, my Soul deſerved to dwell in Hell. O holy Jeſus, I am part of ſo great price thou ſheddeſt thy precious Blood for, do not thou ſend me away from thee. I am that loſt Sheep, O good Shepherd, do thou ſeek for me, and put me into thy Sheepfold, that thou mayſt be juſtified in thy words, for thou haſt promiſed me, that whenſoever a ſinner ſhall cry unto thee, he ſhall be ſafe. I grieve, I know my Iniquity, and my faults are before me. Indeed I am not worthy to be called thy Son, becauſe I have ſinned againſt Heaven and in thy ſight. But thou wilt give me joy and repoſe; turn away thy Face from my Sins, blot out my Iniquity according to thy great Mercy. Caſt me not away from thy preſence, nor do unto me according to my ſins, nor reward me according to my Iniquities, but help me, O God of my Salvation, and deliver me for thy name ſake. Deal bountifully with me, that I may dwell in thy houſe all the days of my life, that I may praiſe thee with them that dwell therein for ever.

Burn-

Prayer II. To Jeſus Chriſt the Saviour of the World.

O Jeſus Chriſt the Fountain of Mercy, ſhew thy mercy to a poor Creature; help me in this my neceſſity. My Creator and my Redeemer, interpoſe thy Paſſion, Death and Sufferings between thy Judgment and my Soul, I give my ſelf wholly to thee, do not reject me; I am come unto thee, do not thou caſt me off. Now, Lord, ſhew me mercy according to thy pleaſure, and make my Spirit reſt in peace. Thou haſt redeemed me, O God of Truth, let that ſweet word, O Lord Jeſus, ſound in my ears; To day thou ſhalt be with me in Paradiſe. *Receive me, O Crucified Jeſus, into thy loving Arms, which were ſtretched out on the Croſs for me; take me into thy beloved Embraces, and draw my Soul unto thee; take me, O good Jeſus, into thy Mercy; take my Soul into peace.* Amen.

Prayer III. A Prayer to give Thanks at the hour of Death: By St. *Iſidorus* the Martyr.

Glory be to thee, O Lord Jeſus Chriſt, that haſt vouchſafed to call me to the Grace of true Faith. Glory be unto thee, that thou haſt been ſo bountiful to me for ſo many Years,

Tears, and although liable to ſin; and haſt afforded me ſo many Bleſſings through my whole life. I bleſs thee, O my loving God, that by thy will and pleaſure I am now called unto thee out of this World. O Lord, I come with Thanks unto thee willingly, and humbly commit my ſelf unto thee. But I pray thee, my God, receive me into thy Mercy, and my Soul into thy holy Hands; for to thee, O Lord, alone do I commend my Spirit, who gaveſt it me, and only invoke thee the true God, that I may receive a good Inheritance among thy Saints; and that thou wouldeſt ſhew me thy rich Mercy, delivering me from the Inſults of my Enemies, and from all Afflictions and Diſtreſs, becauſe thou art God alone, who redeemeſt them from all Neceſſity, who call upon thee, and hope in thee: Glory and Praiſe belongs to thee for ever and ever. Amen.

Theſe two Prayers, I would have thoſe that are in Health often ſay over, that they may the more ſeriouſly think of that laſt Agony, and the Appearance of the dying Perſon at God's Tribunal. At what time a Man ſcarce perceives himſelf to live, and is as it were in the midſt between this World and that to come.

Prayer

Prayer IV.

O Lord Jeſus Chriſt, I believe thou art my God and Redeemer, I believe thou wert born for my Salvation, and ſufferedſt on the Croſs for that end. O Lord Jeſus, I am ſorry that I have offended thy Goodneſs, and I am ſorry I am no more ſorry for all my Offences ungratefully committed againſt thee my Creator and Redeemer. I humbly ask Pardon for all my ſins, by thy Blood; I reſolve firmly to abſtain from them, and amend my life if I ſhall live. And if I have forgotten any thing, or am ignorant of any thing by which I offend thy Majeſty, I deſire to be informed and repent of it; and in the mean time beg Pardon for all.

And my God, I heartily forgive all that have offended me, and if I have offended any one, I deſire them to forgive me. If I have any thing of any bodies that I detain, I deſire according to my Ability to make ſatisfaction. I hope in thy divine Mercy, and in thy Blood ſo plentifully ſhed for me with ſo great love. I entreat thee by thy Death and Paſſion, that thou wouldeſt ſave me though unworthy, and fill me with Joy by thy Countenance. Strengthen me, O Lord Jeſus, againſt all the Inſults of Satan, and defend me with the Shield of thy Mercy, for all my hope and confidence is

placed in the protection of thy Goodneſs. Indeed I have nothing of Merits to alledge unto thee; nay, in truth, I ſee ſo much of my own Unworthineſs, but I hope to be ſaved by thy Mercy. Therefore will I lay me down and ſleep, for thou, O Lord, alone makeſt me to be in ſafety. Praiſe and Glory to thee for ever and ever. Amen.

The Epilogue, *and Monition to the Reader.*

READER,

IF thou art wiſe often make uſe of theſe Prayers, while thou art in Health, for thy ſelf (*mutatis mutandis*) that are to be ſaid by the dying Perſon. I think there is ſcarce any think can be thought on more efficacious to promote a holy Life, than that inevitable ſtate of a dying Man.

Then ſhall that Propheſy of the Lord clearly be opened and explained to dying Perſons themſelves: *The days ſhall come upon thee, that thine Enemies ſhall caſt a Trench about thee, and compaſs thee round, and keep thee in on every ſide, and ſhall lay thee even with the ground, and ſhall not leave in thee one ſtone upon another.* Theſe things come

to

to pass in a dying Person, as we are eye-witness of. Sorrows compass him about, divers Solitudes trouble him, Pains torment him, the Tempter tempts him, his past Sins lay him even with the ground, future Torments affright him, all created things forsake him. And although the most skilful Physicians encompass the bed of a dying Man, none can help but the Physician that is from Heaven. It is the Eternal Law of the whole World given at the beginning; *To be born, to die; to grow up, and perish:* Nor would the Disposer of all things suffer any thing to be fixed and stable but himself. All things run round in the fatal Circle of Generation and Corruption; and although some things are long liv'd in this Machine, yet there is nothing eternal. Therefore, *Reader*, I entreat thee by thy own Salvation remember Eternity. Life is a moment; alas it is but a moment! but upon this moment depends either an everlasting *Good*, or an everlasting *Evil.* Labour is short; all pleasure vanisheth; Eternity alone knows no end: Remember Eternity.

FINIS.

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